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A
SYNOPSIS
OF
P O P E R Y,
AS IT WAS
AND
AS IT IS.

BY WILLIAM HOGAN, Esq.,
FORMERLY ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

BOSTON:
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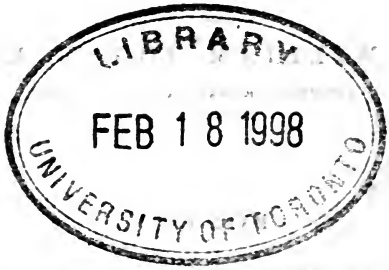
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P R E F A C E .

IN submitting the following pages to the public, I can say, with truth, that I am actuated by no other motive than a sincere desire to promote the interest, and contribute all in my power to perpetuate the free institutions, of this, my adopted country.

It is many years since I have had any intercourse or connection with the church or priests of Rome; and I vainly imagined that, after the first outbreak of their animosity, for repudiating their doctrines, it would succeed into a calm indifference. I was aware of the custom, in that church, to defame and calumniate all who "went out from her;" but especially those who have held any distinguished position.

Against such, appeals are immediately made to the people by their priests, until, finally, maddened by sophistry, fanaticism, and falsehoods, they look upon the seceder as one whom it is their duty to destroy; and in whose word, honor, and virtue, no confidence is to be reposed. The object of the Romish church, in this, cannot be mistaken. It is too plain to escape even the least observant eye. A lawyer who can render legally valueless the testimony of opposing witnesses, seldom fails in establishing his case; and hence it is that the Romish church never fails to destroy, if she can, the credibility of all who break loose from

her, knowing them to be the best witnesses of her iniquities. But for some years back, and until recently, the violence of Popish priests against myself seemed to slumber. This was natural. In the body ecclesiastic, as well as in the natural body, a morbid excitement often succeeds a stupor; and recently these *gentlemen* have assailed me again. To apparent indifference succeeded a frantic zeal; and from one end of this continent to the other, they have tried to injure me, by appeals to the public through their presses, and especially through the *confessional*. All this I would have disregarded, as usual, but I find that these priests have become politicians, and that every blow aimed at me, for the free exercise of my judgment as to the best mode of worshipping God, is aimed at the constitution of my adopted country, which grants this blessing, without let or hindrance, to all the children of men.

Well aware that Americans are not acquainted with the designs of Popery against their country and its institutions, I feel it my duty to lay before them the following pages: The perusal of them will satisfy every American that our country is in danger, not so much from enemies abroad as from foes within. They will find that Papists have reduced political, as well as religious corruption, to a system, and are, at this moment, practising it amongst us, upon a great and gigantic scale.

THE FOLLOWING PAGES

ARE

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

AMERICAN REPUBLICANS,

BY

THE AUTHOR.



SYNOPSIS OF POPERY,

AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS.

WHEN this country renounced its allegiance to the British crown, and proclaimed itself independent, Popery was on the wane in Europe; it was there getting more sickly, more languid and feeble, until it had little more than a mere nominal existence; but while its blossoms were fading, its thorns retained their vitality, inflicting pains and wounds on all who came in contact with them. The Jesuits, one of the most influential orders of friars belonging to the Roman church, continued still active as ever in their fiendish avocations; they roamed about, like so many gnomes, from country to country, and from people to people, carrying with them, and strewing on their paths, the seeds of moral death on all that was precious and valuable in the social system. Whatever they touched was blighted; whatever they said or preached breathed treachery; wherever they went, vice, crime, and duplicity marked their track. But dark as the times were then, enshrouded as they had been in ignorance, and idolatrous as the people were, they began to manifest some dissatisfaction at the machinations of Jesuits in their efforts to acquire temporal power. They began to feel it in

the loss of their property, out of which they too late saw themselves gradually swindled; they felt it in the loss of their liberty and civil rights, out of which they had been persuaded, all for **THE GOOD OF THE CHURCH**. Endurance became intolerable, and those unhallowed agents had to be partially suppressed.

The Popish church, at this time, seeing the influence of her most active agents gradually diminishing, her ancient glories fading, and her power vanishing from her grasp; and scarcely able to breathe any longer in the putrid atmosphere which her own corruption and impurities had created, very naturally turned her eyes towards this brilliant new world. It was then young and beautiful; it abounded in all the luxuries of nature; it promised all that was desirable to man. The **HOLY CHURCH**, seeing these irresistible temptations, thirsting with avarice, and yearning for the reëstablishment of her falling greatness, soon commenced pouring in among its unsuspecting people hordes of Jesuits and other friars, with a view of forming among them institutions which were already found to be destructive to the peace and morals of all social and religious principles in Europe. We now see Popish colleges, and nunneries, and monastic institutions, springing up in our hitherto happy republic; and, if similar causes continue, as they have ever done, to produce similar effects, it needs no prophet's eye to see, nor inspired tongue to tell, what the consequences must be to posterity. Many suppose that Popery has been modified; that it is different now from what it was in ancient times; that the spirit which actuated Papists in those dark days ceases to influence them now that the faggot, the rack, and vari-

ous other modes of torture, are not still in use in the Roman church, and that it has long ceased to lay claim, by divine right, to temporal sovereignty, or to any other of those prerogatives which they formerly insisted upon. There are some so fastidiously liberal as to grant them all immunities which may be with safety granted to other sects; others there are, so patriotic as to hold at defiance all their power; and others so self-conceited as to fancy themselves an over-match even for Jesuits, in religious chicanery and political intrigue.

All this arises, not from want of true zeal in American Protestants, but because they are unacquainted with the canons of the Romish church. These canons are inaccessible to the majority of the American people, even of theologians, and with the purport and meaning of them none but those who have been educated Roman Catholic priests have much or any acquaintance. I hesitate not to say—although I do so with the utmost respect and deference—that there are but few American theologians who have much acquaintance with the doctrines or canons of the Romish church. They form no part of their studies; a knowledge of them is not necessary in the legitimate discharge of their pastoral duties; and hence it is, that in many of their controversies with Romish priests, they are not unfrequently browbeaten, bullied, and often almost ignominiously driven from the arena of controversy by men who, in point of general information, virtue, piety, zeal, and scriptural knowledge, are greatly their inferiors. He who argues with Catholic priests must have had his education with them; he must be of them and from among them. He must know, from experience, that they will stop at no falsehood where

the good of the church is concerned; he must know that they will scruple at no forgery when they desire to establish any point of doctrine, fundamental or not fundamental, which is taught by their church; he must be aware that it is a standing rule with Popish priests, in all their controversies with Protestants, to admit nothing and deny every thing, and that, if still driven into difficulty, they will still have recourse to the archives of the church, where they keep piles of decretals, canons, rescripts, bulls, excommunications, interdicts, &c., ready for all such emergencies; some of them dated from three hundred to a thousand years before they were written or even thought of; showing more clearly, perhaps, than anything else, the extreme ignorance of mankind between the third and ninth centuries, when most of these forgeries were palmed upon the world. With the aid of these miserable forgeries, they attempt to prove, among other things, that the *divine right of the Pope* to the sovereignty of this world was acknowledged by the fathers of the church, in the earliest days of Christianity.

There are to be found now, in the Vatican at Rome, canons and decretals which go to show that the Pope was considered "equal to God," as early as the third century. More of these impious forgeries attempt to show that some of the most pious fathers of the church, in the days of her unquestioned sanctity and piety, acknowledged "Mary, the mother of Jesus, to be equal to God the Son, and deserved supreme adoration." With these forged instruments, they attempt to show that the primitive Christians believed in the real and actual presence of the whole body and blood of Christ, in the wafer which they call the *Eucharist*.

Monstrous, horrible, and impious, as these absurdities are, I once believed them myself. So much for the prejudices of education.

The object of the following pages is to show, first, the origin of Papal power; secondly, to call the attention of Americans to its rapid growth in many of the nations of the earth; and, thirdly, to put my fellow citizens on their guard against giving it any countenance or support within the limits of the United States.

ORIGIN OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

We have no authentic evidence that the bishops or presbyters of the primitive Christian church laid claims to temporal power, much less to universal sovereignty, such as Popes have arrogated to themselves, in subsequent times, even down to the present day. Constantine, as we are informed by the best authorities, was the first to unite civil and ecclesiastical power. He introduced Christianity among the Romans by civil authority. This occurred between the years 272 and 337; but never during his reign, nor before it, was there an instance of a bishop or presbyter of the church aspiring to temporal jurisdiction. They were poor and persecuted; they were meek and humble; they were well content with the privilege of worshipping God in peace. The instructions of their divine Master were fresh in their minds—they almost still rung in their ears. They felt that they were sent into the world with special instructions to “preach the gospel to every creature.” Their heavenly Master told them that his

“kingdom was not of this world.” They felt the full force of that high and holy admonition, “Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.” They cheerfully submitted to the civil authorities. They claimed not the right of giving away kingdoms, crowning emperors, deposing princes, and absolving their subjects from their oaths of allegiance. These pure Christians and devout men asked for no distinctions, but those of virtue and zeal in the cause of Christ; they sought for no wealth but that of Heaven; they desired no crown but that of glory; they sought no tiara save that of martyrdom; they were surrounded by no court but that of the poor; no college of cardinals waited on their pleasure; there were no *nuncios* sent from their court; no foreign ambassadors passed between them and the powers of this earth. The only court with which they had business to transact, and in which their treasures were laid up, was the court of Heaven; and their only ambassadors at that court were the angels of heaven, sent forth to minister unto them.

But this state of things did not last long. As a modern writer beautifully expresses it, “the trail of the serpent is over us all.” The Emperor Constantine, seeing the poverty of the primitive church, — her vast and progressive increase in numbers and the consequent demand upon her charities, — granted to her bishops permission to hold property, real and personal. This concession on the part of Constantine, simple and trifling as it seemed to be; this commingling of the things of heaven and earth, was unnatural. It contained within itself the principles of dissolution, or rather of entire destruction; and became, in time, the source from which have sprung most of the wars, massacres,

and bloody strifes, that have desolated and divided into fragmentary sections, the richest, the fairest, and the finest portions of the globe, during the last fifteen hundred years; and will continue to do so, unto the end of time, unless the advance of civilization, and the great progress which the human mind has made in ethics, morals, and metaphysics, on this continent, puts an immediate check to Popish interference with the policy of our country.

Could we suppose an individual, who knew nothing of ancient times; who was an entire stranger to the darkness which pervaded Europe during the middle ages; who had no acquaintance with the pretensions, arrogance and insolence of Roman pontiffs; who knew no other constitution and no other laws but those of our own country; he could not but feel surprised at being first told, that there now lived in Rome, an upstart ecclesiastic, called a *Pope*, who has the hardihood to assert that he is Sovereign Lord, and that too by divine right, of these United States, as well as of all other kingdoms of this world. He goes even further, and contends that his predecessors had similar divine rights, and that all the citizens and inhabitants of this country owed allegiance to him personally, and to no one else, unless delegated by him to receive it. But strange as this may appear, it is no less true, as I will show from authorities, which cannot be questioned, by those who claim such extravagant immunities.

The Pope of Rome predicates his claim to universal sovereignty upon the power of *loosing* and *binding* on *earth* and in *heaven*; which, in the exuberance of their fancy, Roman Catholic writers contend was given to St. Peter. Their next step is to prove, that this supremacy was acknowledged

by the primitive fathers of the church, and consequently their rights and claims are beyond dispute. But before I proceed to give any of the authorities, upon which Roman Catholic writers rest the antiquity of the recognition of their Pope's temporal power, it may not be amiss to inform the reader, that the very first on which they rely is one of the most unblushing forgeries on record; and is dated about six hundred years previous to the time at which it purports to have been written. It is taken from the words of a conveyance of certain temporal concessions, said to be made by the Emperor Constantine to Pope Sylvester, some time between the second and third centuries. It is in the following words :

“ We attribute to the chair of St. Peter all imperial dignity, glory, and power. We give to Pope Sylvester, and to his successors, our palace of Lateran, one of the finest palaces on earth; we give him our crown, our mitre, our diadem, and all our imperial vestments; we resign to him all our imperial dignity. We give the Holy Pontiff, as a free gift, the city of Rome, and all the western cities of Italy, as well as the western cities of other countries. To make room for him, we abdicate our sovereignty over all these provinces, and we withdraw from Rome, transferring the seat of our empire to Byzantium; since it is not just that a terrestrial emperor shall retain any power where God has placed the head of the church.”

It would be a waste of time to show that no such donation as the above ever existed. No mention is made of it in any history of the Popes that has ever been written, or in any other document which had reference to them during the reign of Constantine. It is a forgery so shallow, unreal, and unsubstantial,

that there is no well-educated historian, and never has been one, who gave it any credence. The historian Flewry pronounces it a falsehood; and he, being a Roman Catholic, must be considered good authority upon all matters relating to the *holy church*. The quotation, however, from this supposed deed of concession, by Constantine to Pope Sylvester, is not without instruction to the citizens of this country. It should arouse them to a sense of the dangers which are hovering over them. It should remind them that every thing is perishable. The fairest flower must fade; the loveliest lily must wither; the laughing rose must droop; even our fair republic may lose its bloom, and pass away. A state of things may arise in this country, when its executive may be a Papist, its judiciary Papists, and a majority of its population may be Papists. These things are not beyond the range of possibility; and are you sure that your own descendants, and those of the pilgrim fathers, may not, one day or other, give this republic as a free gift to the head of the Papal church? You are now strong — so was Rome. Your power is now irresistible — so was that of Rome and other countries. Your arms are invincible — so were those of Rome. You are now distinguished all over the world, for your progress in the arts and sciences; the world looks to you as models of patriotism and pure republicanism — so did the world once look to Rome. But what is Rome now, and what drove her from the high position she once occupied? I will tell you; — the intrigues of the Popish church. And a similar fate awaits you, unless you cut off all connection, of whatever name, between the citizens of the United States and the church of Rome. While this sink of iniquity breathes, it will carry with it destruction and death wherever it goeth.

We have had several histories of the Popes, and the first mention made of donations to them, at least of any comparative value, is by Anastasius, who wrote about the beginning of the tenth century, or a little before the close of the ninth. He informs us that Charlemagne conferred upon the Holy See (as that hotbed of iniquity is impiously, even at the present day, called) *whole provinces*, and acknowledged that they belonged to the Pope *by divine right*; though it is well understood, and denied by no competent historian, that Charlemagne never even owned these provinces. It is well known to the readers of history, that there existed no empire of any extent, but that of the East, until the beginning of the eighth century. Charlemagne assumed the title of King of Italy, in the year eight hundred. He received homage from the Pope, and so far from being subject to him, he acknowledged no divine right in him; but on the contrary, he held the Pope in strict subjection to himself. He even went so far as to prohibit the *Holy See* from receiving donations of any kind, when given without the consent or to the prejudice of those who had just and equitable claims to them.

This, if there were no other proof, is sufficient to show that neither the Popes nor the Holy See had any pretensions to universal supremacy, or to supremacy of any kind, as far down as the eighth century. It will not be denied that the civil authorities of Rome were liberally disposed towards the Popes or fathers of the church in the early days of Christianity. The Emperor Theodosius the Great, who died in the year three hundred and ninety five, recommended to all his subjects to pay "a due respect to the See of Rome." Valention III. commanded his subjects "*not to depart from*

the faith and customs of the Holy See." It will however be borne in mind, that this Valentian was acknowledged emperor at the age of six, and his affairs were managed principally by his mother. So dissipated were his habits, that he finally fell a victim to them. But up to this period there is no evidence whatever that the Popes either claimed or exercised temporal authority.

About this time several councils met for the purpose of adjusting disputes that arose between the sons of the successor of Charlemagne, who unwisely, as historians suppose, divided his empire into three equal parts among them. It was at one of these councils, that the doctrine of the *divine right of Popes to temporal authority* was first broached by the production of some of those forged documents to which I have heretofore alluded. Pope Gregory the Fourth took an active part in fomenting the dissensions which necessarily arose from the division which the successor of Charlemagne had made of his empire among his sons. The Pope, with that craft peculiar to all ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic denominations, was active in widening the breach between father and sons, and having effected this to his content, his next move was to sow further dissensions between the sons themselves, and finally to create such a general confusion and dissatisfaction among all parties, as to render a mediator necessary. Having attained his object, he offered his services to the Imperial Father, and it was accepted. He presented himself at his camp, obtained an entrance, and what were the consequences? History tells the tale — it was a tale of treachery.

This serpent, clothed in his pontificals, enters the camp, tampers with the chief officers of the emperor's army, absolves them from all further allegiance

to him, and promises them forgiveness both here and hereafter. Some adherents of the emperor, indignant at this conduct of the Pope, remonstrated with him; and what was his answer? "Know you," said this insolent Pope, addressing himself to the people, "that my chair is above the chair of the emperor." But this Pope did no more than every succeeding one would have done under similar circumstances. If we look back to the page of history, from the present period to the days of Charlemagne, Louis Debonaire, and Gregory the Fourth, we shall find that it has been an invariable practice with the Roman See to sow dissensions and disunion in every government where it has obtained a footing, with the ultimate view of its final overthrow and subjecting it to Popish vassalage.

Americans will bear in mind that Roman Catholics believe their church to be infallible; that she never changes; that what was deemed right by her in the days of Gregory and those of his immediate successors, is right now, and, *vice versa*, what she deems right now was right then. In a word, the church of Rome is *infallible*. This is believed by every one of her members at the present day. It is taught by every Popish bishop and priest in the United States.

The following curse is contained in the Roman Catholic BREVIARY, in which, every Romish priest reads his prayers three times every day. "*Qui dicit ecclesiam catholicam Romanam non esse infallibilem, anathema sit* — Whoever says that the Roman Catholic church is not infallible, let him be accursed." Such is the belief of every Roman Catholic. Will not Protestant Americans pause and reflect for a moment? The population of the United States is about twenty millions, and about

two millions are Papists. Consequently, seventeen millions and a half of our people are *accursed* and *damned*, according to the doctrine of the Romish ritual; and yet we Protestants are called upon to extend the hand of friendship to these Papists, and our legislators are asked to grant them charters to build colleges, churches, nunneries, and monk-houses, not for the purpose of teaching the growing generation the revealed will of God, as read in the Scriptures, but to persuade them that all other religions, except that of Rome, are erroneous; that their parents, brothers, and sisters, are heretics, accursed forever, and by implication entitled to no allegiance from them.

The Pope is now setting on foot a movement which is intended to embrace the whole world, and of which he desires Rome to be the sole representative, centre, and circumference. The powers of the Pope have met with several severe shocks since the Reformation. His forces have been broken, his armies of Jesuits, his friars of all orders, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Capuchins, have been scattered and enfeebled. He determined to arm himself afresh, and this new world appeared to him as the safest ground on which he could unite his scattered forces in Europe. This he well knows cannot be done, without throwing some fire-brand of dissension among our people, which at this moment he is trying to effect; and which nothing but the resistance offered to him by AMERICAN REPUBLICANS can check or prevent.

On the continuance, strength, and union of this party, depends the stability of our government. This the Romish priests and bishops well know, and are beginning to feel; and hence they are denouncing them from their pulpits, and in all their

presses. But no Protestant opposes this party. Why call it a party? It is no party. It is but the spontaneous move of the good and the virtuous of all parties who love their God, their Bibles, and their country, and upon whose strong arm and bold hearts rests the question whether Americans shall be free or the slaves of his royal holiness the Pope of Rome. Often have I lifted my voice, a feeble one, indeed, in favor of *American Republicans*. I believe their cause is the cause of God and freedom, and upon them every American and every Protestant foreigner must rely for protection against the merciless spirit of Popery.

It requires no stretch of imagination to fancy a difference of opinion, or even of interest, between the citizens of this country. Suppose, for instance, that the North and South were at variance; suppose them actually at war with each other; what would be the course of the Pope's emissaries, hundreds of whom are now roaming through this land? The safest course and the surest mode of ascertaining what they would do in such an event, is to look back and ascertain what they have invariably done under similar circumstances. It is seldom wrong, and as a general principle it is safe, to judge of the future from the past; and if so, there can be no doubt of the course which Jesuits and Roman Catholics would pursue in the event of any difficulties or collisions between the people of the different sections of this country. Would they try to reconcile them? Did they ever do so in a like case? What was the conduct of the Jesuits and Popes as early as the eleventh century, when the Roman people differed in opinion as to their form of government, and some points of religious faith? The Pope laid an interdict upon the whole people; the weaker

party was overpowered by the Papal authorities; and their leader, as Flewry informs us, was burned alive by order of the Pope Adrian. Frederick, called Barbarossa, who was the tool of the Pope on this occasion, became the next victim to his barbarity. And why? what had he done? what crime did he commit against the state? His only crime was, — he refused to hold the Pope's stirrup. For this he incurred the displeasure of Adrian, nor did he ever enjoy a day's peace until the Pope seduced him into an expedition against Saladin; where, together with thousands of others, who were persuaded to undertake that religious crusade, he died after several hard fought victories.

— The history of the Popes, in all ages, shows that they never abandon any temporal or spiritual authority to which they lay claim; and had they the power of enforcing it now, they would exact from this country the same obedience which they did in the most benighted days of the middle ages. Should a separation of these States take place: should the chain that has bound us together for the last half century, in links of love and social happiness, be unfortunately broken, by any untoward circumstances; think you, fellow citizens, that foreign Papists in this country would try to reweld it? Far from it. They would unite in breaking it, link by link, until not a particle of it remained. This they have done in every country where they obtained a footing; this they are doing now, under various pretences, all over Europe; and should this country escape the fate of others, where Jesuits and Popes dare to exercise their supposed authorities, it will stand prominent and proudly, though solitary and alone, amid the records of ages, and ruins of time. I have no such hope. The efforts which are now making to check

the progress of Popery, may, perhaps, retard the day of our downfall; but come it must, unless the allegiance, which is now demanded by the Pope of Rome from his subjects in the United States, is unqualifiedly forbidden. The Pope is a temporal prince. Like other kings and princes, he should never be permitted to meddle, directly or indirectly, temporally or spiritually, with this country. He should not be permitted to appoint bishop or priest to any church, diocese, living, or office in the United States. The Pope's *bulls*, rescripts, letters, &c., &c., should not be published or read from any pulpit this side of the Atlantic; and, though Roman Catholics should not be prevented from the free exercise of their religion, they should be compelled to do so without reference to foreign dictation. If they must have a Pope, let him be an American, and sworn to support our constitution. Let him, and all Roman Catholics, be denied the right of voting, or of holding any office of honor, profit, or trust, under the government of the United States, until they forswear all allegiance, in spiritual as well as temporal affairs, to all foreign potentates and Popes. Until this is done, an oath of allegiance to this government, by a Roman Catholic, is entitled to no credit, and should not be received. This will appear evident to Americans, if they will turn their attention for a moment to the following oath, which is taken by every Romish bishop, before he is permitted to officiate, as such, in any of these United States: —

“I do solemnly swear, on the holy evangelist, and before Almighty God, to defend the domains of St. Peter against every aggressor; to preserve, augment, and extend, the rights, honors, privileges, and powers of the LORD POPE, and his successors; to

observe, and with all my might to enforce, his decrees, ordinances, reservations, provisions, and all dispositions whatever, emanating from the COURT OF ROME; to *persecute and combat, to the last extremity, heretics, scismatics, and all who will not pay to the sovereign pontiff all the obedience which the sovereign shall require.*"

While this oath is obligatory upon Romish bishops, they are not to be trusted. They should not be permitted to interfere, directly nor indirectly, with the institutions, laws, or ordinances of any Protestant country. Their oaths should not be taken in courts of justice; their followers, every one of whom is bound by a similar oath of allegiance, should be excluded from our grand juries, from our petit juries, but more especially, from our halls of legislation; for wherever and whenever the supposed interest of the Pope clashes with that of the civil authority, or even with the administration of reciprocal justice, a Papist, under the control of his bishop, will not hesitate to sacrifice the good of the country, the interest, life, and prosperity of his fellow-being, for the good of the church. Of the truth of this, history abounds with examples, and Popish writers are replete with authorities.

Thomas Aquinas, whose authority no Roman Catholic questions, says in his work *de Regem.*, "The Pope, as supreme king of all the world, may impose taxes and destroy towns and castles for the preservation of Christianity." The American reader will bear in mind, that by Christianity, St. Thomas means Popery. Pope Gregory the Seventh, about the year one thousand and fifty, has made use of the following language, and proclaimed it as the doctrine of the Romish Church. "The Pope

ought to be called Universal Bishop. He alone ought to wear the tokens of imperial dignity; all princes ought to kiss his feet; he has power to depose emperors and kings, and is to be judged by none." Pope John the Twelfth, in the year nine hundred and fifty-six, announced the following to be the universal belief, that "Whosoever shall venture to maintain that our lord the Pope cannot decree what he pleases, let him be accursed." Pope Boniface the Eighth, in 1294, declares, *ex cathedra*, "that God has set Popes over kings and kingdoms, and whoever thinks otherwise declares him accursed." The same Pope, in another place, says, "We therefore declare, say, define, and pronounce it to be necessary to salvation, that every human creature should be obedient to the Roman pontiff." The Pope of the present day, as every Roman Catholic writer maintains and teaches the laity to believe, has the same power *now* that the Popes had at any period of church history.

The council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, declares that Pius the Fifth, who was then Pope of Rome, "was prince over all nations and kingdoms, having power to pluck up, destroy, scatter, ruin, plant, and build." Cardinal Zeba, a sound theologian according to Popish belief, maintains, with much ingenuity, "that the Pope can do all things which he wishes, and is empowered by God to do many things which he himself cannot do." All writers upon canon law compliment the Pope by calling him *our Lord the Pope*, and this title was confirmed to him by the council of Lateran. In the fourth session of that council, it is maintained "that all mortals are to be judged by the Pope, and the Pope by nobody at all." Massonius, who wrote the life of Pope

John the Ninth, tells us that a bishop of Rome, namely, a Pope, cannot commit even sin without praise."

Were there no other reproach upon the Romish church but the bare utterance of such blasphemy as this, it would be enough to disgust mankind; it should raise every voice in her condemnation, and every hand to pull down this masterpiece of satanic ingenuity. But strange as it may appear, the present Pope maintains similar claims, and enforces obedience; nay, more; — in this year of our Lord, 1845, insists upon the right of deposing all in power, and of absolving their subjects from further allegiance.

But, extravagant as Papal pretensions were between the ninth and tenth centuries, it was only about the middle of the eleventh that they began to show themselves in the full blaze of their hideous deformity. Hildebrand, whom we have had occasion to mention as Gregory the Seventh, shook off all civil restraint, and proclaimed the universal and unbounded empire of the Popes over the rest of the world.

As Shoberl expresses it, "he caused to be drawn up a declaration of independence in all things, temporal and spiritual, expressly specifying the Pope's divine right of deposing all princes, giving away all kingdoms, abrogating existing laws, and substituting in their place such as the holy Pope for the time being may approve of." This declaration, or bill of rights, is correctly translated by Shoberl, and published in his work, entitled, "The Rise and Progress of the Papal Power." Many, probably, may read this volume, who have had no opportunity of seeing Shoberl's work; and others there are, who may refuse giving his statement that

credence which circumstances compel them to give the writer.

Having been educated a Roman Catholic priest, and the fact being well known that admission cannot be had into her priesthood without being well versed, at least in her own doctrines, it is fairly to be presumed that my statements are entitled to full credit, when those of Protestants may be denied by Romish priests, who, while united with that church, are compelled, under pain of being cursed, to subscribe to any falsehood, however gross, provided it subserves the interest of the Pope; and deny any truth, however plain, rather than contradict or weaken the authorities by which the impious follies and wicked pretensions of the church of Rome are supported. I will give this bill of rights to my readers. It should be in the hands of every American. It should find a place in every primary school in the United States. It should be among the first lessons of infancy, so that every child, when he grows up and sees a Roman Catholic bishop or priest, should pause and ask himself, Does that man believe those things? Are we called on to pass laws for the support and protection of churches, where such doctrines, as this *bill* contains, are promulgated? Can we trust the man who promulgates them, or those who subscribe to them? Is it safe to live in the same community with them? Do they not endanger our civil institutions? Do they not jeopardize the morals of our children? Will it not, at some future day, be a blot upon the page of our history, and a foul stain upon our character for intelligence, that we have ever sanctioned such doctrines, or that we had ever allowed men who professed them, any participation in our civil

rights? But let Pope Gregory's declaration of Papal divine rights speak for itself.

"The Romish church is the only one that God has founded.

"The title of universal belongs to the Roman pontiff alone.

"He alone can depose and absolve bishops.

"His legate presides over all the bishops in every council, and may pronounce sentence of deposition against them.

"The Pope can depose absent persons.

"It is not lawful to live with such as have been excommunicated.

"He has the power, according to circumstances, to make new laws, to create new churches, to transform a chapter into an abbey, and to divide a rich bishopric into two, or to unite two poor bishoprics.

"He alone has a right to assume the attributes of empire.

"All princes must kiss his feet.

"His name is the only one to be uttered in the churches.

"It is the only name in the world.

"He has a right to depose emperors.

"He has a right to remove bishops from one see to another.

"He has a right to appoint a clerk [priest] in every church.

"He, whom he has appointed, may govern another church, and cannot receive a higher benefice from any private bishop.

"No council can call itself general without the order of the Pope.

"No chapter, no book, can be reputed canonical without his authority.

“No one can invalidate his sentences; he can abrogate those of all other persons.

“He cannot be judged by any one.

“All persons whatsoever are forbidden to presume to condemn him who is called to the apostolical chair.

“To this chair must be brought the more important causes of all the churches.

“The Roman church is never wrong, and will never fall into error.

“Every Roman pontiff, canonically ordained, becomes holy.

“It is lawful to accuse when he permits, or when he commands.

“He may, without synod, depose and absolve bishops.

“He is no Catholic who is not united to the Romish church.

“The Pope can release the subjects of bad princes from all oaths of allegiance.”

Those who have not been educated Roman Catholics, or who have not lived in Catholic countries, will find it difficult to suppose that such pretensions as the above should ever have been entertained or submitted to: extravagant, absurd, wild, and wicked as they are, they have been acquiesced in by the court of Rome; and are, at this day, contended for, and would be enforced, in this country, had that church the power to do so. She has never resigned the rights claimed in the above declaration; and there is not a Roman Catholic who dares assert the contrary, without a dispensation from his bishop or his priest to tell a deliberate falsehood, with a view of deceiving Americans for the good of *the church*. This, however, they can always obtain and grant to each other, as circumstances may require.

While a Roman Catholic priest, I have often received and given such indulgences myself; and there is not a period in the Christian world, since the days of Pope Gregory, when all the powers and prerogatives, enumerated in the above Papal bill of rights, were not claimed and acted upon by Popes of Rome, down to the hour at which I write. Let us test the truth of this assertion by the unerring rule of history, although it may seem unnecessary, as no Roman Catholic will deny it; at any rate, it will not be questioned by those who have any acquaintance with the history of their own church. I am well aware that the majority of Roman Catholics in this country know nothing of the religion which they profess, and for which they are willing to fight, contend, and shed the blood of their fellow beings. I am not even hazarding an assertion, when I say there is not one of them who has read the gospels through, or who knows any more about the religion he professes, than he does about the Koran of Mohammed. He is told by the priest, "that Christ established a church on earth; that it is infallible; and that they must submit implicitly to what its popes, priests, and bishops teach, under pain of eternal damnation." This is all the great mass of Roman Catholics know of religion; this is all they are required to learn; and hence it is that these people are unacquainted with the pretensions of the Pope, the intrigues of Jesuits, or the impositions practised upon them by their bishops and priests.

But to the history of Papal pretensions. As early as the year 1066, Gregory, who was then Pope, summoned William the Conqueror, king of England, to repair to Rome, prostrate himself upon his knees, and do homage to his holiness. This William refused; but his holiness deemed it expe-

dient to compromise the matter, though he did not yield a jot of his very modest pretensions. This humble follower of the Redeemer looked upon Sardinia and Russia as a portion of his dominions. The following extract of a letter of his, to the sovereign of Russia, is a fair sample of the insolence of this man Pope, or rather this God Pope, as his subjects considered him. "We have given you a crown to your son, who is to come and to receive it at our hands on taking an oath of allegiance to us." He also commanded the emperor of Greece "to abdicate his crown," and he also deposed the king of Poland. This modest Pope wrote to the different princes of Spain, "that it would be much better to give up their country to the Saracens, than not pay homage to the See of Rome." He excommunicated Philip the First of France, because he refused to "pay homage to him." Writing to the French bishops, he says, "Separate yourselves from the communion of Philip; let the celebration of the holy mass be interdicted throughout all France; and know that, with the assistance of God, we will deliver that kingdom from such an oppressor." This same Pope excommunicated Henry the Fourth, "because he refused to acknowledge him as his superior," and absolved his subjects from their oath of allegiance to him: and what was the result? Henry was obliged to submit. Having repaired to the Pope's court, he was stopped at the entrance, and before he was permitted to appear in the presence of this ruffian Pope, who was then shut up with Matilda, countess of Tuscany, one of the numerous women with whom he lived on terms of *intimacy*, he was compelled to undress and put on a hair shirt. The Pope then condescended to say, "that Henry should fast three days, before he

could be permitted to kiss his holiness's toe; and he would then absolve him upon promise of good behavior."

Alexander the Third, about the year 1160, deposed Frederic First, king of Denmark; and placing his foot upon his neck, he impiously exclaimed, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder." This practice and these pretensions to sovereign power, continued down to the days of Elizabeth; and from thence down to the present moment. Pope Pius V. excommunicated Elizabeth, and absolved her subjects from their oath of allegiance; and while doing so, addressed to himself the following words from the Psalmist: "See, I have this day set thee over the nations, and over the kingdoms, to root out and to pull down, to destroy, to build up, and to throw down." More of this hereafter.

Such were the doctrines of the Romish church in 1558. Such were the practices of that church for centuries previous; nor is there one single instance on record of her having modified or abridged the extent or magnitude of her claims, unless when compelled to do so by coercion; and even then she did not abandon her claim, but only ceased to exercise it in obedience to the law of force. The Romish church, in this country, as I shall show, claims the same temporal powers now which she has always claimed and exercised for so many centuries. She would now depose the executive of this country, as she did Philip of France, if she dared do so. The Pope would absolve our citizens from their oath of allegiance, had he the power of carrying his dispensation into effect; and what is the duty of Americans under such circumstances? Are you to submit passively? Is it your duty to wait and

witness the growth of Popery among you, to nourish and feed it with the life blood of your existence as a nation, until the monster outgrows your own strength and strangles you, to satiate its inordinate appetite? I lay it down as a sound principle in political as well as moral ethics, that if a government finds, within the limits of its jurisdiction, any sect or party, of whatever doctrine, creed, or denomination, professing principles incompatible with its permanency, or subversive of the unalienable right of self government, and worshipping God, according to the dictates of each and every man's conscience, that sect or party should be removed beyond its limits, or at least excluded from any participation in the formation or administration of its laws.

Would it, for instance, be wise in our government to encourage the Mormons to introduce among us, as the law of the land, the ravings and prophecies of Joe Smith? Suppose that sect maintained that Joe Smith was their *Lord God*; that the kingdoms of this world were his; that he claimed and did actually exercise the right of dethroning kings, and was endeavoring, by every means in his power, to place himself in a position to exercise, at no distant period, the right of deposing our presidents, state governors, and absolving our people from their oaths of allegiance. Should not that sect, as such, be instantly crushed? Should it not, at least, be forbidden to interfere, directly or indirectly, with our civil institutions? Let us suppose the prophet Joe Smith to hold the seat of his government in Europe, and that Europe was full to overflowing with Mormons; we may further suppose this great high priest to have thousands and millions of subordinate officers, sworn and bound together by oaths cemented in blood, to sustain

him as their sovereign ruler, by every means which human ingenuity could devise, and at every sacrifice of truth and honor. Suppose, further, that this high priest was annually sending thousands of his subjects to this country, with no other view but to possess your fertile lands and overthrow your government, and substituting in its place that of this *foreign priest* and tyrant; would you permit them to land upon your shores? Would you allow them to pollute the purity of your soil? Would you allow their unclean hands to touch the altars of your liberty? Would you not first insist that they should purge themselves from the sins and slime of Mormonism, and free themselves from all further connection with this monster man, and would-be God, who impiously demanded blind obedience and unqualified homage? I could answer for you, but I will not; the history of your republic answers for you; the movements, which are now going forth from one end of your country to the other, are answering for you, in tones too solemn and too loud to be drowned by the roaring of Popish bulls. But it is much to be feared that Americans do not yet fully understand the dangers to be apprehended from the existence of Popery in the United States. It is difficult to persuade a single-hearted and single-minded republican, whose lungs were first inflated by the breath of freedom, whose first thoughts were, that all men had a natural right to worship God as they pleased—that any man could be found, so lost to reason, interest, and principle, as to desire to barter those high privileges, which he may enjoy in this country, for oppression and blind submission to the dictates of a Pope, or even any body of men, civil or ecclesiastic; still less can an American believe, without

difficulty, that he who sees the excellence and practical operation of our form of government, will try to overthrow it, by submitting to any creed, to any king or Pope, who requires from him allegiance, incompatible with that which he has already sworn to maintain. Nor, generally speaking, will men do those things.

While man believes in the moral obligations of an oath, he will not easily violate it. While he believes that there is an all-seeing Providence, to whom alone he is accountable for his actions, he will be cautious in committing offences; but once satisfy a man, that there is, within his reach, a power which can pardon his sins, even those of perjury; which can change abstract evil into good, and he will stop at nothing. While the pardon of offences is a marketable article, it never will want for a purchaser, so prone are we to the commission of crime. Let man have an adviser, in whom he is taught to place unlimited confidence, on whom he looks as the representative of his God on earth, and he soon becomes his ready tool for good or for evil. Such precisely is the position in which ninety-nine out of a hundred Roman Catholics are placed. They are told by their priests, that, as members of society, the first allegiance they owe is to the head of their church, the Pope of Rome, and the next to the government, *de facto*, under which they live; but these well-practised ecclesiastical impostors never forget to add, that the first allegiance, being of a spiritual character, absorbs and supersedes the latter; thus annulling, and rendering the oath of allegiance, which they take to our government, something worse than even mere mockery; and hence it is, that very few Catholics, particularly the Irish, ever read the constitu-

tion of the United States, nor do they require it to be read for them. They know not, they care not what it is. It is enough for them to believe that the oath, which they take to support it, is not obligatory. Of this they are assured by their priests. Yet strange, these very priests tell them they commit mortal sin by becoming Freemasons, or uniting themselves with that excellent and benevolent association, the Odd Fellows. And why, reader, do they do this? Why prevent them from uniting with Odd Fellows or Freemasons? Why has the Pope recently cursed all ODD FELLOWS? Why has he sent a bull to this country, cautioning Catholics against having any thing to do with them? Why have the Romish priests, from one end of this country to the other, echoed these curses? Did the Pope discover any bad thing in the constitution or rules of action of Freemasons or Odd Fellows? Are these institutions aiming at the overthrow of any fixed principles in morals, in religion, or in virtue? No such allegation is made. Why then do Popes and priests forbid Roman Catholics from uniting with them? It is expressly because the Pope knows nothing about those excellent institutions. It is because he is aware he can make no use of them; but let those societies beware, if they wish to keep their secrets. They should not allow any man to join them until he first swears that he is not a Roman Catholic; otherwise some Jesuits will get among them, and the next packet will convey their doings to his royal holiness the Pope.

I cannot illustrate more clearly the value which foreign Roman priests and their followers put upon an oath of allegiance to this government, than by stating a conversation which occurred between

myself and a Jesuit, the Rev. Dr. De Barth, then vicar-general of the diocese of Pennsylvania, and residing in Philadelphia. It took place some years ago, and his opinion of the validity of an oath of allegiance to this government, is the same now that is held by all Papists. I will give it by way of question and answer, just as it occurred.

Question by Mr. De Barth. Do you intend becoming a citizen of the United States?

Answer. I believe not, sir. I don't think I could conscientiously take an oath of allegiance to this government, without violating that which I have taken at my ordination.

Mr. De B. You are entirely mistaken. Any part of your oath of allegiance to this country, which may be incompatible with your *first* and *greater* allegiance to the head of your church, cannot be binding on you.

Ans. I have doubts upon that subject.

Mr. De B. What! doubt your superior, sir? This looks badly. It threatens heresy. Have you been conversing with any heretics of this country? Declare your intentions, sir, to become a citizen. Take the oath; it is necessary you should be empowered to hold real estate for the good of *the church*. The church must have her property out of the hands of trustees; in this country they are all heretics; we must get rid of them in St. Mary's church.

This led me into an examination of the allegiance which I swore to the Pope at my ordination. I found that I owed him none; that I was the dupe of an early education; that I owed allegiance only to my God and the country which protected my life, my liberty, and my freedom of conscience; and without further conversation with this intriguing

and debauched Jesuit — as I subsequently found him — I became a citizen of the United States as soon as possible; renouncing all allegiance, temporal and spiritual, to his *holiness the Pope*; and firmly resolved to induce all others, who, like myself, had been the dupes of Popish intrigue, to cut loose from them. I determined to support no civil constitution but that of the United States, and to have no one for my guidance in spiritual matters but my own conscience and the word of God.

POPISH BISHOPS AND PRIESTS ABSOLVE ALLEGIANCE TO PROTESTANT GOVERNMENTS.

I am aware of the difficulty there is in persuading Protestant Americans, that Roman Catholic bishops and priests teach their people to believe, that they, the priests, possess the power of absolving them, either from their oath of allegiance or any other crime. It is, however, time to speak plainly to Americans. It is time to let them know that there exists in the midst of them a body of people, amounting in number to about two millions, who believe in this doctrine, so corrupt in itself, and so well calculated to disturb the peace and harmony of society. There is not a priest or bishop in the United States who dares deny this; they act upon it every day. It is customary with the priests to confess weekly, and to forgive each other's sins; and I am sorry to say, from my knowledge of them, since my infancy to the present moment, that there is not a more corrupt, licentious body of men in the world. But I will not be judge, accuser, and witness, in this case. I know well that Americans

will take the *ipse dixit* of no man. They are not in the habit of lightly judging any individual or body of men, in any case. I will, therefore, lay before them the Roman Catholic doctrine on the subject of penance and confession, as taught by the council of Trent, and now believed and practised by Roman Catholics in the United States. I will only add, that I have taught these doctrines myself, when a Roman Catholic priest, and while groping my way through the darkness of Popery. There are many now living who heard and received them from me, and to whom I have no apology to make for the errors into which I led them, except that, like themselves, I was the dupe of early education. The following are some of the canons of the council of Trent concerning penance or confession :

“Whoever shall say, that those words of the Lord and Saviour : Receive the Holy Ghost ; *whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained* ; are not to be understood of the power of remitting and retaining sins in the sacrament of penance, as the Catholic church has always understood, from the beginning ; but shall falsely apply them against the institution of this sacrament, to the authority of preaching the gospel ; let him be accursed !

“Whoever shall deny that sacramental confession has either been instituted by divine command, or is necessary to salvation ; or shall say that the mode of secretly confessing to a priest alone, which the Catholic church always has observed from the beginning, and still observes, is foreign from the institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention ; let him be accursed !

“Whoever shall affirm, that in the sacrament of penance, it is not necessary by divine command, for

the remission of sins, to confess all and every mortal sin, of which recollection may be had, with due and diligent premeditation, including secret offences, and those which are against the two last precepts of the decalogue, and the circumstances which change the species of sin: but that this confession is useful only for the instruction and consolation of the penitent, and was anciently observed, only as a canonical satisfaction imposed upon him; or shall say, that they who endeavor to confess all their sins, wish to leave nothing for the divine mercy to pardon; or finally, that it is not proper to confess venial sins; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the confession of all sins, such as the church observes, is impossible, and that it is a human tradition, to be abolished by the pious; or that all and every one of Christ’s faithful, of both sexes, are not bound to observe it once in the year, according to the constitution of the great Lateran council, and that for this reason, Christ’s faithful should be advised not to confess in the time of Lent; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the sacramental absolution of the priest is not a judicial act, but a mere ministry to pronounce and declare, that sins are remitted to the person making confession, provided that he only believes that he is absolved, even though the priest should not absolve seriously, but in joke; or shall say, that the confession of a penitent is not requisite, in order that the priest may absolve him; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that priests who are living in mortal sin do not possess the power of binding and loosing; or that the priests are not the only

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ministers of absolution, but that it was said to all and every one of Christ's faithful: *Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth, shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth, shall be loosed also in heaven; and whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained:* by virtue of which words, any one may forgive sin; public sins, by reproof only, if the offender shall acquiesce; and private sins, by voluntary confession; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that bishops have not the right of reserving cases to themselves, except such as relate to the external polity of the church, and therefore that the reservation of cases does not hinder the priest from truly absolving from reserved cases; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the whole penalty, together with the guilt, is always remitted by God, and that the satisfaction of penitents is nothing else than the faith by which they apprehend that Christ has satisfied for them; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that satisfaction is by no means made to God, through Christ's merits, for sins as to their temporal penalty, by punishments inflicted by him, and patiently borne, or enjoined by the priests, though not undergone voluntarily, as fastings, prayers, alms, or also other works of piety, and therefore that the best penance is nothing more than a new life; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the satisfactions by which penitents redeem themselves from sin through Jesus Christ, are no part of the service of God, but traditions of men, obscuring the doctrine

concerning grace, and the true worship of God, and the actual benefit of Christ's death; let him be accursed!

“Whoever shall say, that the keys of the church were given only for loosing, not also for binding, and that therefore the priests, when they impose punishments upon those who confess, act against the design of the keys, and contrary to the institution of Christ; and that it is a fiction; that when by virtue of the keys the eternal penalty has been removed, the temporal punishment may still often remain to be suffered; let him be accursed!”

I must be permitted here to remind Americans, that all Roman Catholics are taught to believe, and distinctly to understand, that whatever they confess to their priests, is not to be revealed; nor is the individual, who confesses, permitted to reveal whatever the priest says or does to him or her, except to another priest. For instance, should a priest insult or attempt to seduce a woman, and succeed in doing so, she dare not reveal it under pain of damnation, except to another priest in confession, who is bound also to secrecy; and thus, priests, bishops, popes, and all females of that denomination, may be guilty of licentiousness,—the bare mention of which would pollute the pages of this or any other work,—with impunity. The priests can first pardon the woman, and then themselves, according to the doctrines of the *infallible church* of Rome. This is not all. It is not enough that the sanction of the church should be given to these enormities; but priests also claim the right of concealing, from the civil authorities, any knowledge which they may have of crimes against the state as well as the power of forgiving them. The following is the language of the church upon that subject. Attend

to it, fellow citizens, and tremble at the dangers that threaten the destruction of your republic, from the introduction of Popery among you.

“Although the life or salvation of a man, or the ruin of the state, should depend upon it, what is discovered in confession cannot be revealed. The secret of *the seal*—confession—is more binding than the obligation of an oath.” If a confessor is asked, what he knows of a fact communicated to him, he must answer that he does not know it; and, if necessary, confirm it by an oath; and “this is no perjury,” says the Popish church, “BECAUSE *he knows it* not as man, but as GOD.” There is Popery for you, in its naked beauty! If a man wishes to murder, or to rob you, he may go to his priest, apprise him of his intention, confess to him that he will assuredly murder and rob you, or that he has done so already, and yet this priest may be your next door neighbor, and he will not make it known; and why, reader? Because he knows it *as God*, and as *God* he tells the murderer to come to him and he will forgive him. It is not at all impossible but the day may come when this country may be at war with Europe. We can easily fancy the despots of Europe forming another HOLY *alliance*, for the laudable purpose of suppressing democracy. France, Austria, Spain, Italy, and a large portion of Germany and Switzerland, together with the HOLY SEE, would necessarily constitute that holy junto; and if so, and war were declared by them against this country, what would be the consequence? Inevitable ruin; certain defeat; not caused by foes abroad, but by foes within, leagued by the most solemn ties, and bound by the most fearful oaths to sacrifice our country, and all we value, for the advancement of the Roman church.

That there is a foe in the midst of us, capable of doing so, no man acquainted with the doctrines and statistics of the Roman Catholic church in this country can deny.

It has now : — Dioceses, 21 ; apostolic vicarate, 1 ; number of bishops, 17 ; bishops elect, 8 ; priests, 634 ; churches, 611 ; other stations, 461 ; ecclesiastical seminaries, 19 ; clerical students, 261 ; literary institutions for young men, 16 ; female academies, 48 ; elementary schools, *passim*, throughout most of the dioceses ; periodicals, 15 ; population, 1,300,000. Late accounts carry the population up to 2,000,000.

The increase of the Romish church, in this country, since 1836, amounts to 12 bishops, 293 priests, 772 churches and other stations, 1,400,000 individuals, and other things in proportion.

Should the said church go on increasing for the next thirty years as she has done for the last eight years, the Papists would be a majority of the population of the United States, and the Pope our supreme temporal ruler.

I have stated to you before what the doctrines of these two millions are in relation to the power of the Pope ; and I repeat it now, and most solemnly assure you, that there is not a Roman Catholic in Europe or the United States who does not believe that the Pope has as good a right to govern this country as he has to govern Italy ; and that he is, and of right ought to be, our king. Pope Gregory VII. has declared. " that the Pope alone ought to wear the tokens of imperial dignity, and that all princes ought to kiss his feet." There is not a Roman Catholic clergyman, whether bishop or priest, who does not believe that it is the duty

of our president, our governors, and magistrates, to do the same.

Bellarmino, one of the best authorities among Catholic writers, says, "The supremacy of the Pope over all persons and things is the main substance of Christianity." Mark that, fellow-citizens! That is the belief of Bishop Hughes, of New York; that is the belief of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, and of every other Roman Catholic bishop in the United States, as I will soon show.

Pope Boniface VIII. says, "It is necessary to salvation that all Christians be subject to the Pope." Bzovius, an orthodox Roman Catholic writer, whose authority no bishop or priest will venture to question, says of the Pope — "He is judge in heaven, and in all earthly jurisdiction supreme; he is the arbiter of the world." Moscovius, another eminent Popish writer, informs us that "God's tribunal and the Pope's tribunal are the same." Pope Paul IV., in one of his bulls, published in the year 1557, declares, that "all Protestants, be they kings or subjects, are cursed;" and this doctrine is an integral portion of the law of the Roman Catholic church, as may be seen in the fifth book of the decretals of the council of Trent. This is not all. We find in the forty-third canon of the council of Lateran, that "all bishops and priests are forbidden from taking any oath of allegiance," except to the Pope.

We find in another part of the decrees of the council of Lateran, held under Pope Innocent III., the following denunciation:— "All magistrates who interpose against priests in any criminal case, whether it be for murder or high treason, let him be excommunicated." Bear that in mind, Ameri-

can Protestants! If a priest murder one of you, if he commit high treason against your government, your magistrates dare not interfere, under pain of being *damned*. So says the INFALLIBLE ROMAN CHURCH; and so will she act, should she ever acquire the power of doing so, in this country.

It is said by Lessius, an eminent Jesuit writer, and professor of divinity in the Roman Catholic college of Louvaine, who wrote about the year 1620, and whose authority no Roman Catholic dare doubt, under pain of eternal damnation, that "the Pope can annul and cancel every possible obligation arising from an oath." This he taught to his students in the college of Louvaine. This same doctrine has been taught in the college of Maynooth, Ireland, where I was educated myself. It is taught there at the present day. See the works of De La Hogue.

Judge you, Americans, what safety there is for your republic, while you support and sustain among you a sect numbering two millions, who are sworn to uphold such doctrines as the foregoing. The very domestics in your houses are spies for the priests. Nothing transpires under your own roofs which is not immediately known to the bishop or priest to whom your servants confess. But you may say, "The confessor will not reveal it." Here you are partly right, and partly mistaken; and it is proper to explain the course adopted by priests in such matters as confession.

If it be the *interest* of the church, that what is confessed should be made public, the priest tells the party to make it known to him, "*out of the confessional*," and then he uses it to suit his own views; perhaps for the destruction of the reputation, or

fortune, of the very man, or family, employing this domestic. But it may be replied that Roman Catholics are good-natured people; that they are generous and industrious. Admitted: I will even go further; there is not a people in the world more so. Nature has done much for them, especially those of them who are natives of Ireland; but the want of a correct education has corrupted their hearts, and embittered their feelings; they are not to be trusted with the care or management of the affairs of Protestant families.

It is not generally known, nor perhaps suspected, by Protestant parents, who employ Roman Catholic domestics, in nursing and taking care of their children, that these nurses are in the habit of taking their children privately to the houses of their priests and bishops, and there getting them baptized, according to the Roman Catholic ritual. I state this as a fact, within my own knowledge. While I officiated as a Roman Catholic priest, in Philadelphia, I baptized hundreds, I may say thousands, of Protestant children, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, brought to me secretly, by their Roman Catholic nurses; and I should have continued to do so till this day, had not the Lord, in his mercy, been pleased to visit me, and show me the wiles, treachery, infamy, corruption, and intrigue of the church, of which the circumstances of birth and education caused me to be a member. It was usual with me in Philadelphia, in St. Mary's church, of which I was pastor, to have service every morning at seven o'clock; and often when I returned home, between eight and eleven, have I found three, four, and sometimes six and eight children, whose parents were Protestants, waiting for me, in the arms of their Roman Catholic nurses,

tō be baptized. This is a common practice in every Protestant country, where there are Roman Catholic priests; but as far as my experience goes, it prevails to a greater extent in the United States than elsewhere; and I should not be in the least surprised, if at this time, in the city of Boston, nearly all the infants, nursed by Roman Catholic women, are baptized by their priests and bishops. Roman Catholic women are unwilling to come in contact, even with *heretic* infants. They believe them *damned*, unless baptized by a Romish priest. There is another fact, indirectly connected with this subject, which is not generally known. It is believed by Roman Catholics, that all mothers, after their confinement, are to be *churched* by some Romish priest or bishop. This *churching* is performed by the repetition of a few prayers, in Latin, a sprinkling of holy water, and the woman who does not submit to this mummery, is believed by any Roman Catholic nurse whom she may employ, to be eternally *damned*, together with her child. They go so far as to say, that the very ground upon which the unchurched mother walks is *accursed*; that the very house in which she lives is *accursed*; and that all she says and does is *accursed*.

So firmly have the Romish priests and bishops fastened this belief upon the minds of their *dupes*, that at this moment in Ireland, and I may venture to say in this city of Boston, no Catholic woman will leave her bed after confinement, without being *churched*, lest the ground on which she walks may be *accursed*. Until this ceremony is performed, none of her Catholic neighbors will hold any intercourse with her. How then can Protestant mothers expect otherwise, than that Catholic nurses will

have *their* children baptized by priests! or what security can they have that they will not, under the direction of priests, try to turn the minds of their children from the contemplation of truth, and pure gospel light, to the foul sources of Popery and superstition! Look to this, American mothers.

It may not be amiss in this connection, to lay before American Protestants, the doctrine of the Romish church upon baptism; and, lest I may be accused of setting down aught in malice, I shall do so in the words of the council of Trent.

*Canons of the Council of Trent concerning
Baptism.*

“1. Whoever shall say that the baptism of John had the same virtue as the baptism of Christ; let him be accursed!

“2. Whoever shall say that true and natural water is not absolutely necessary for baptism, and therefore wrests those words of our Lord Jesus Christ, as though they had been a kind of metaphor: ‘Except a man be born of water, and the Holy Spirit;’ let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall say that in the Roman church, which is the mother and mistress of all churches, the doctrine concerning the sacrament of baptism is not true; let him be accursed!

“4. Whoever shall say that the baptism which is also given by heretics, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, with the intention of doing what the church does, is not true baptism; let him be accursed!

[Here is another of those rules, by which the holy Romish church leaves herself room to impose upon the public. Can any man believe, can any one even suppose a case, where a heretic acts, or intends

to act, according to the intention of the church of Rome? The very act of heresy was against that church and her doctrines; and the truth is, if the church would speak honestly, or her priests and bishops do so for her, all who are not baptized in the Romish church, and who are baptized, are eternally damned. So thinks, and so teaches, the Popish church.]

“5. Whoever shall say that baptism is optional, that is, not necessary to salvation; let him be accursed!

“6. Whoever shall say that a baptized person cannot, even if he would, lose grace, how much soever he may sin, unless he is unwilling to believe; let him be accursed!

“7. Whoever shall say that baptized persons, by baptism itself, become debtors to preserve faith alone, and not the whole law of Christ; let him be accursed!

“8. Whoever shall say that baptized persons are free from all precepts of holy church, which are either written or traditional, so that they are not bound to observe them, unless they choose to submit themselves to them of their own accord; let him be accursed!

“9. Whoever shall say that men are so to be recalled to the memory of the baptism which they have received, that they may regard all the vows which are made after baptism as null and void, by virtue of the promise already made in baptism itself, as if by it they detract from the faith which they have professed, and from the baptism itself; let him be accursed!

“10. Whoever shall say that all the sins which are committed after baptism, by the mere remembrance and faith of the baptism received, are

either dismissed or become venial; let him be accursed!

“11. Whoever shall say that a baptism, truly and with due ceremony conferred, is to be repeated on him who has denied the faith of Christ among infidels, when he is converted to repentance; let him be accursed!

“12. Whoever shall say that no one is to be baptized, except at that age at which Christ was baptized, or in the article of death; let him be accursed!

“13. Whoever shall say that infants, because they have not the act of faith, are not to be reckoned among believers after having received baptism, and on this account are to be re-baptized when they arrive at years of discretion; or that it is better that their baptism be omitted, than that they should be baptized in the faith only of the church, when they do not believe by their own act; let him be accursed!

“14. Whoever shall say that baptized children of this kind, when they have grown up, are to be asked whether they wish to have that ratified which their sponsors promised in their name when they were baptized; and that when they reply that they are unwilling, they are to be left to their own choice; and that they are not in the meantime to be compelled by any other punishment, to a Christian life, except that they be prohibited the enjoyment of the Eucharist, and the other sacraments, until they repent; let him be accursed!”

This last canon, as the reader perceives, explains fully why Roman Catholics are so anxious for the baptism of Protestant children by their priests. It gives them the power of compelling those children, should they deem it expedient to do so, to profess

the Catholic faith, and thereby strengthening her power. They try to alienate the children from the parents; or calculating upon that natural affection, with which a parent clings to a child, they hope to bring over the parent also to the *Catholic faith*; or, failing in this, they hope to break up those alliances of blood which nature has established, and that community of interest and feeling, which society has sanctioned, and religion and nature have blessed, between parent and child.

A true Papist will stop at nothing to advance the power of the Pope, or the interest of the holy church. Heretics, by which the reader will understand all who do not belong to the Roman Catholic church, are to be destroyed, cost what it will. Death, and the destruction of heretics, is the watchword of Popery. Down with Protestant governments, kings, presidents, governors, judges, and all other civil and religious authorities, is the war-cry in Popish countries. They desire neither to live nor die with us. They refuse to be laid down in the same common earth with us. Need this be proved to Americans? One would suppose not. Our intercourse with Roman Catholic countries is such, at present, that there can be no longer any doubt of this fact.

Our commercial transactions with Spain, Portugal, South America, Mexico, and the neighboring Island of Cuba, enables many of our people to judge for themselves, and say what is now the condition of Protestants in those countries where Popery predominates. Can a Protestant worship God in those countries, according to the dictates of his own conscience? He cannot. They are all told by their priests, that a Protestant is a thing too unclean to worship God, until he is first baptized,

and then shrived or confessed by their priests. A Protestant cannot even carry his Bible with him, into these countries. Many of my fellow-citizens, who may see this statement, will bear testimony to its truth. When a Protestant arrives at any port in a *purely* Catholic country, his trunks and his person are examined; and if a BIBLE is found in them, or about him, it is taken from him. The ministers of his religion dare not accompany him, or if he does, his lips are sealed, under pain of a lingering death. Should sickness lay its heavy hand upon him, there is no minister to attend him, no Bible allowed him, from which he may quench his thirst for the waters of life. Should death visit him, there is *no one to close* the eyes of the lonely Protestant stranger. A good Roman Catholic would not touch the *accursed heretic*, and when dead he is not allowed the rights of Christian interment; he must be cast by the wayside, as suitable food for the hog, the dog, and the buzzard. How many a worthy American have I seen myself, in Cuba, cast away when dead, as you would a carion, not even a coffin to cover him; and why all this? Because he was a heretic; because he did not believe in the supremacy of the Pope, and the infallibility of the Romish church; and yet those inhuman wretches, those libels upon religion and humanity, come among us, ask you for lands on which to build churches and pulpits, from which they curse you and your children; become citizens of your republic, inmates in your families, with smiles on their faces and curses in their hearts for you. Let not this language be deemed exaggeration. I have heard it, I have witnessed it, I have seen it. And yet Americans, heedlessly fancying themselves and their institutions secure, refuse

these, their sworn enemies, and foes of their religion, nothing they ask for. Such is the listlessness and apathy of our people upon this subject, that, as far as I am acquainted, no appeal has ever been made to our government, to ask even for a modification of those barbarities, with which our Protestant citizens are treated, in Roman Catholic countries; nor has there been any effort made to alter our free constitution, so as to enable us to retaliate upon those Popish monsters, and obtain from the blood-thirsty cowards, at the point of the bayonet, those common privileges, which are almost among the necessary appurtenances of humanity, and which even a Pagan would scarcely deny to a fellow-being.

I hold it as undeniable, that even as Protestants, we are, at least by implication, entitled by our treaties of alliance with Popish countries, to far different treatment from that which we receive; and had the question been considered by *our people*, either in their primary meetings, or through their representatives, they would have long since, insisted upon due protection and respect for the natural rights of their citizens abroad. These natural rights can neither be sold nor exchanged; their free exercise is guaranteed by implication in every treaty we make with foreign nations, and cannot be violated by them without giving just cause of war.

Let political casuists say what they please, there is no principle better established in political ethics, than that all international treaties of amity and commerce, should be formed, and if formed, should be kept, upon principles of justice and reciprocity. The same national amity and courtesy, which our Protestant country extends to Popish nations and

their people, should be extended by them to us. By national friendship and comity, is not, I apprehend, and should not, be meant or understood, the privilege of selling a bale of cotton here or a bag of coffee there. It includes the free exercise of the rights of the parties thereto, so far, at least, as they are not incompatible with each other, or with the general principles of natural or national law. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Italian, the Mexican, or Cuban, may worship his God, the Virgin Mary, or any saint he pleases, and no American will disturb him; no American will forbid him. If he dies, his priests may have him buried where he will. This is as it should be. Man has a natural right to worship God; it is a right implanted in his very nature. As well may we say to a man, thou shalt not breathe the air of our country, as say, thou shalt not worship the God that gave thee birth; and as well also may we say, thou shalt not worship that God except according to the mode which we prescribe, as forbid him doing so at all. The natural right of worshipping God, or a first cause, implies the right of doing so according to the dictates of each man's conscience, provided, in doing it, we interfere with none of those laws, which civilized nations should reverence. This is the principle on which we act with Popish countries and people, and upon the principle of reciprocal justice, we ought to demand similar treatment from them.

We have friendly treaties with these people. Friendly, forsooth! Can that man or that nation be friendly, who forbids us to read our Bibles within their territories, or to bury our dead among their dead, or to worship God according to the usages of our forefathers, or the dictates of our own con-

science? Such treaties should rather be termed *treaties for the abrogation of natural rights of Americans within Popish dominions*. We enjoy no rights there; and if we have any by implication, under our treaties, they are impiously wrested from us by a wicked rabble of priests and bishops, distinguished only for their ignorance, rapacity, and licentiousness.

I solemnly call upon every American citizen, who reveres his God, respects his fellow-citizens, or values the happiness of his country, to submit no longer to Popish insolence abroad, and to allow them no rights in this country, which they are not willing to reciprocate. If our existing treaties of *amity* with Popish powers are not sufficient to protest us in the free exercise of our religion, when among them, let us break them, let us tear them asunder, and scatter them as chaff before the wind. They were never binding upon us. They were made in violation of natural rights, which God alone could give, and man cannot take away. Call upon your government to protect you; choose no man as your representative who will allow Popery to flourish in this free soil, and witness the religion of your forefathers trampled upon, with impunity, by Papists in a neighboring country; and if you cannot obtain your rights by law, you will show the world that you have, at least, moral and physical courage enough to redress your wrongs.

Let not Papists, who, at the distance of a few days' sail from your ports, would deny your brother the rights of Christian interment, or the consolation of dying with his Bible in his hand, dare call upon your aid, to propagate a religion, which inculcates principles worse and more dangerous than were ever practised in Pagan lands.

Much sympathy is felt and expressed, particularly in this state of Massachusetts, where I write, for some of her colored population, because it is deemed necessary, in slave states, to prevent them from commingling with their slaves, lest they may excite them to dissatisfaction with their condition, and ultimately to insurrection. It is deemed a matter of such magnitude that Massachusetts, in the plenitude of its sympathy, felt herself called upon to send an ambassador to South Carolina, to protect her citizens, and demand redress for this supposed outrage upon her rights. It is not my intention to enter into the merits or demerits of the question at issue between the states of Massachusetts and South Carolina. I will merely state, that the former consists in this, viz: by a law of the state of South Carolina, every free person of color, entering that state, is liable to be imprisoned till he leaves the state. This is done by South Carolina and some other slave states, as a necessary measure of precaution; but the prisoner is kindly treated; at least, we hear nothing to the contrary; no such complaint is made by Massachusetts. The prisoner is allowed the free exercise of his religion; his friends may visit him almost at any hour; his spiritual instructor is never denied access to him; he may have his Bible with him, or any other books he may think proper. But this will not satisfy the sympathizing people of Massachusetts. They call public meetings of their citizens; threaten to dissolve the union; and declare they will raise a sufficient military force to invade South Carolina, and redress this outrage upon a citizen's rights, at the point of the bayonet.

Man is truly a strange being, and various indeed are the currents of his sympathies, but still more va-

rious and unaccountable are the causes which often set them in motion. It is comparatively but seldom, that a colored citizen of the North goes to slave states; but if there should be the least infraction of his civil rights, the whole North flies into a passion; and yet this very people of the North can see the citizens of their own country, kindred, and blood, in a neighboring Popish port of Havana, for instance, deprived of all their rights, both conventional and natural, without a murmur. Not a complaint is heard in New England, from the son, whose father is confined in the dungeons of Cuba, not because he is suspected of any intention to create insurrection, but simply because he refused to kneel to some wooden image, which a parcel of debauched priests are lugging about the streets; or because he expresses his belief that such processions and mummeries are worse than Pagan idolatry.

The American Protestant, who will dare worship his God publicly, or even in private, within the walls of his own house, unless with closed doors, and without the knowledge of the Popish spies of the Inquisition, is liable to imprisonment, from which, in all probability, he is never to be released. If a Bible be found in his house, it is burned, and he and his family are cast into jail. This is the case in every country where the Popish church has power enough to make its religion that of the state; and yet we have treaties of *amity* with these countries. What a burlesque upon *amity*! what a mockery of friendly relations, with a people who deny us the exercise of the natural right which every man has, to worship God as he pleases! who compel our fathers, brothers, and our sons, to bow the knee, in idolatrous worship, to

wooden images, and particles of bread, which are paraded as *Gods*, through the streets, in Roman Catholic countries. Friendly relations, forsooth; with a people who consider us damned, and already consigned to perdition! And yet we hear no complaint in Massachusetts, of cruelties to our citizens; nothing is said of the violation of those friendly relations, secured to us by treaty, and annually declared by our presidents, in their messages, to exist and to be maintained between our people and those Popish countries. When we hear of an American citizen in Cuba, when we hear of his natural rights being trampled under foot, by Catholic governors, bishops, and priests, no complaint is made of a violation of friendly alliance; no meeting is called to express sympathy for the individual sufferer, or indignation against the treacherous government of Popery; no act of our legislature has been passed, making appropriations to send ambassadors to these neighboring nations, for injuries done to our citizens; and yet it is a well-known fact, that where one colored citizen of New England is imprisoned, for a few days, in South Carolina, there are a thousand of our enterprising seamen and merchants, confined in the dungeons of Spain, Italy, Portugal, Mexico, and Cuba, at our very door. How long will these outrages be tolerated? A Popish captain comes here; the hands before the mast are Papists; the ship may have her chaplain, or may have as many *little gods*, and saints, indulgences, scapulas, beads, and rosaries, as they please; they may land, captain, crew, saints, and all, and no one molests them; but if an American ship arrives at the very port from which the other sailed, her captain and crew are forbidden even to carry their Bible on shore; but should the ship have a Protestant chaplain, and that chaplain

venture on shore, with his congregation of sailors — all American freemen — he dare not take his Bible with him, or hold religious worship on this Popish soil; and should this captain, chaplain, or any of the crew die, he is not allowed Christian burial, unless he can buy the privilege from profligate priests, at an enormous sacrifice of money, and after certain purifications effected by holy water, and smoking, which they call *incense*. This is what our government calls *friendly relations*.

How long shall we be amused by the executive messages, annually informing us of receiving “assurances of friendship from Popish countries?” Let the people take this subject into their own hands; let them have no alliance, no treaty, no commerce with a people, who will deny them the right of worshipping God peaceably and respectfully, or who will refuse them the right of burying their dead decently and with due solemnity. The treaties which are made with Papists begin, on their part, with the most solemn avowal of good faith, in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. They assure us of their friendly sentiments towards us under this solemn and awful sanction; but no sooner is this promise made — no sooner have they pledged their honor, their faith, and all that is holy, to support it — than they disregard all those obligations, feeling and believing that they are already dispensed with by their church, which teaches them to hold no faith with heretics. The priests, however, and bishops, more crafty than the mass of their people, plead *state necessity* for withholding from us privileges which we give them. This is a shallow pretext, and worthy only of the source from which it comes. Can any case be supposed, or any necessity arise, to violate the eternal princi-

ples of right and wrong, of justice and truth? Are moral and national obligations anything more than mere dead letters and leaden rules, which can be bent by hands strong enough to do so, and to suit their own purposes and designs?

Suppose a man in private life — suppose further, that man to be a Papist — he enters into a treaty of alliance and friendship with a Protestant; he calls God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to witness that he will fulfil his engagement; we can easily fancy the Protestant, within the jurisdiction of that Papist, reading his Bible, without interfering or any way molesting the individual within whose jurisdiction he is. Let us imagine this Protestant seized by the Papist, thrown into prison by him, while alive, and if dead, thrown away as food for the birds of prey. Would you call this fulfilling the obligations of friendship or friendly alliance? Would the Protestant ever enter into such a treaty of alliance again? Would not every Protestant who witnessed this transaction look upon the Papist who committed it, even though he be but a private individual, as a bad man, with whom no further intercourse ought to be had? Assuredly, he would. But let it be borne in mind, that actions do not change their nature; immutable principles are always the same; they do not change with the paucity or number of actors; what is bad in an individual will be wrong in a nation, and in every individual of that nation. The only difference is, that an act of perfidy and bad faith in a nation is, if possible, worse in itself, and infinitely more mischievous, than if committed by an individual.

Our political sophists may deny this, and gloss over the conduct of Popish governments towards

our citizens while among them; but they cannot long hide from our people that the eternal laws of truth cannot be violated; nor can their meaning be frittered away by the technicalities of treaties. Truth, whether moral or political, is like the sun of heaven; it is but one—it is the same every where. It is sometimes clouded, it is true, but these clouds are momentary; they pass away, and it shines again in its native brilliancy. The day is fast coming, and I trust it has even arrived, when Americans will see, that by a treaty of amity is not meant the right of shipping our commodities to Popish countries, and receiving theirs in exchange; reserving to one party the privilege of denying to the other a right dearer to him than all earthly considerations; and which is guarantied to him by the eternal laws of God, while the other party is under no restraint as to the full and free enjoyment of those natural rights. And here, I beg leave to say to our legislators, that Protestant Americans, upon due reflection, will not long give their assent to any treaty, nor form an alliance with any country, which shall deny them the free exercise of their religion.

The American, who will enter into an alliance with the Pope, or a Popish country, explicitly agrees to deny his God, and forswear the religion of his forefathers. He virtually consents that the party with which he makes the agreement shall be privileged to curse and damn him, his country, his religion, and his rights. This needs no proof. Look around you, and see your citizens in Mexico denying their God by submitting to Popish laws, which forbid their worship according to the dictates of their conscience. Were your puritan forefathers to witness this, would they not exclaim,

“Shame upon our degenerate sons, who will barter their religion and their birthright for the petty advantages of commerce!” No wonder that Popish priests and Popish presses should call Americans *cowards and the sons of cowards*. Who but a coward, and what but a nation of cowards, would surrender that liberty of conscience which their forefathers purchased at the price of blood? This Americans do by assenting to a treaty with any country which does not guarantee to them the right of worshipping God without hindrance. Americans will not forget, though they cannot too often be reminded of the fact, that those countries where their feelings are thus outraged are, *de facto*, governed by the Pope and his vicegerents, whose actions for centuries back have proved them to have been no other than conspirators against the improvement and happiness of the human race. What were the means by which they conducted their governments? The very same that they are now in every Roman Catholic country, all over the globe; craft, dissimulation, oppression, extortion, and above all, fire, faggot, and the sword. There is not an article of their faith, nor a sacrament of their church, which is not enforced by curses, as I shall show in the sequel. These vicegerents of the humble Redeemer have the insolence to ape the very thunders of heaven. History informs us, that their robes have been crimsoned in blood. Their images of saints, some of which I have seen in Mexico, made of solid gold, and many of them six feet high and well-proportioned, were wrung from the poor.

Many of those countries, which they now possess, and where God and nature have scattered plenty, have been made barren by Popish avarice,

and the licentiousness of its priests. The fields, which laughed with plenty, they have watered with hunger and distress. They found the world gay with flowers, and with roses: they dyed it with blood. They and their doctrines acted upon it like the blast of an east wind. Popery, since the eighth century in particular, has been what a pestilence or conflagration is to a city.

Come with me, in imagination, to Italy, and judge for yourselves. Pass on with me, to Spain, Portugal, South America, and you will see that I am not exaggerating. You will find that I have only told truth, but not the whole truth. No tongue can tell it. We have no language to express it. I will give you a few instances of the fruits of Popery in the neighboring island of Cuba. What I am about stating has come under my own observation; and is, besides, a matter of record, and accessible to many. The natives of Cuba pay fifteen millions per annum to her *most Christian Majesty*, the queen of Spain. They support an army of sixteen thousand men, every one of whom is a native of old Spain, kept there for the sole purpose of extorting this enormous annual tribute. The number of priests there is immense. They, too, must be supported at the point of the bayonet. These priests are known to be the most profligate vagabonds in creation. And why, it will naturally be asked, should such men be tolerated? Why supply them with money to gamble at the faro table, at cock-fights and bull-fights? The reason is plain; they act as spies for the Pope, who, in reality, manages the government of old Spain, and contrives to draw, from that already impoverished and distracted country, the last dollar of a people whom God has endowed with every virtue, and a capacity

of cultivating them, had not the curse of Popery fallen upon them.

Such is the avarice of the Popish church and Popish tyrants, that, if a farmer in Cuba kills even a beef for his own use, he must pay the government ten per cent. upon its value. When I was in Cuba, the farmer must pay ten and a half dollars duty upon every barrel of flour imported into the island; when he might raise, in the field, before his own door, the finest wheat in the world, if the government would let him. Such are but a few of the blessings of Popish governments. Do Americans desire this republic reduced to such a state of vassalage as this? or will you profit by these lessons, which experience is daily teaching you? Wherever you turn your eyes, and see Popery in the ascendant, you will find it the Pandora's box, out of which every curse has issued, without even leaving hope behind. It should, therefore, be suppressed on its appearance in any country. It should be the duty of every good man to extirpate it, and sweep it, if possible, from the face of the globe. It is nothing better than a political machine, cunningly devised, for the propagation of despotism. It is the masterpiece of satanic wickedness. Execrated and exploded be this infernal machine! and thanks forever be to that God, who has shown me its intricacies, in time to save me from becoming what, I know of my own knowledge, Roman Catholic priests are — hypocrites, infidels, and licentious debauchees, under the mask of sanctity and holiness. Their religion is supported by *curses*, as I have before stated, and will now prove from the doctrines of their own church. The reader has already been told, that the Popish church maintains the doctrines that a belief in seven sacraments is

necessary to salvation. These sacraments are designated as follows: *Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, Penance, Extreme Unction, Holy Orders, and Matrimony*. And she enforces this by *curses*. I have already enumerated the curses with which she enforces her belief in baptism. The next sacrament is Confirmation, enforced by the following eloquent curses, pronounced by the infallible council of Trent: —

“1. Whoever shall say that the confirmation of baptized persons is a needless ceremony, and not rather a true and proper sacrament: or that anciently it was nothing else than a kind of catechizing, by which the youth expressed the reason of their faith before the church; let him be accursed!

“2. Whoever shall say that they do despite to the Holy Spirit who attributes any virtue to the holy chrism of confirmation; let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall say, the ordinary minister of holy confirmation is not the bishop alone, but any mere priest whatsoever; let him be accursed!”

The next sacrament is the Eucharist. The following is the doctrine of the Romish church in relation to this: —

Decree of the Council of Florence for the Instruction of the Armenians.

“The third is the sacrament of the Eucharist, the matter of which is wheaten bread, and wine from the vine; with which, before the consecration, a very small quantity of water should be mixed. But water is thus mixed, since it is believed that the Lord himself instituted this sacrament in wine, mixed with water: besides, because this agrees with the representation of our Lord's passion: because it is recorded that blood and water flowed

forth from the side of Christ : and also because this is proper to signify the effect of this sacrament, which is the union of Christian people with Christ : for water signifies the people, according to Rev. xvii. 15. *And he said to me, the waters, which thou sawest, where the harlot sitteth, are peoples, and nations, and tongues.*

“The form of this sacrament are the words of the Saviour, by which this sacrament is performed : for the priest, speaking in the person of Christ, performs this sacrament : for, by virtue of the words themselves, the substance of the bread is converted into the body, and the substance of the wine into the blood, of Christ ; yet so that Christ is contained entire under the form of bread, and entire under the form of wine : Christ is entire also under every part of the consecrated host, and of the consecrated wine, after a separation has been made. The effect of this sacrament, which it produces in the soul of a worthy partaker, is the union of the person to Christ,” &c.

Canons of the Council of Trent, concerning the Most Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist.

“1. Whoever shall deny that, in the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist are contained truly, really, and substantially, the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore the entire Christ, but shall say that he is in it only as in a sign, or figure, or virtue ; let him be accursed !

“2 Whoever shall say that in the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, the substance of bread and wine remains together with the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and shall deny that wonderful and singular conversion of the whole substance

of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood, only the forms of bread and wine remaining, which conversion indeed the Catholic church most aptly calls transubstantiation ; let him be accursed !

“ 3. Whoever shall deny that in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, the entire Christ is contained under each kind, and under the single parts of each kind, when a separation is made ; let him be accursed !

“ 4. Whoever shall say that the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are not present in the admirable Eucharist so soon as the consecration is performed, but only in the use when it is received, and neither before nor after, and that the true body of our Lord does not remain in the hosts, or consecrated morsels, which are reserved or left after the communion ; let him be accursed !

“ 5. Whoever shall say either that remission of sins is the principal fruit of the most holy Eucharist, or that no other effects proceed from it ; let him be accursed !

“ 6. Whoever shall affirm that in the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, is not to be adored, even with the external worship of latria, and therefore that the Eucharist is to be honored neither with peculiar festive celebration, nor to be solemnly carried about in processions according to the laudable and universal rite and custom of the church, or that it is not to be held up publicly before the people that it may be adored, and that its worshippers are idolaters ; let him be accursed !

“ 7. Whoever shall say that it is not lawful that the holy Eucharist be reserved in the sacristy. but that it must necessarily be distributed to those who

are present immediately after the consecration ; or that it is not proper that it be carried in procession to the sick ; let him be accursed !

“ 8. Whoever shall say that Christ, as exhibited in the Eucharist, is eaten only spiritually, and not also sacramentally and really ; let him be accursed !

“ 9. Whoever shall deny that each and every one of Christ’s faithful, of both sexes, when they have attained to years of discretion, are obliged, at least once every year, at Easter, to commune according to the precept of holy mother church ; let him be accursed !

“ 10. Whoever shall say that it is not lawful for the officiating priest to administer the communion to himself ; let him be accursed !

“ 11. Whoever shall affirm that faith alone is a sufficient preparation for taking the sacrament of the most holy Eucharist ; let him be accursed ! And lest so great a sacrament be taken unworthily, and therefore to death and condemnation, the said holy synod doth decree and declare, that sacramental confession must necessarily precede in the case of those whom conscience accuses of mortal sin, if a confessor is at hand, however contrite they may suppose themselves to be. But if any one shall presume to teach, preach, or pertinaciously assert, or in publicly disputing, to defend the contrary, let him by this very act be excommunicated.”

Canons of the same Council concerning the Communion of Children, and in both Kinds.

“ 1. Whoever shall say that each and every one of Christ’s faithful ought to take both kinds of the most holy sacrament of the Eucharist, by the command of God, or because necessary to salvation ; let him be accursed !

“2. Whoever shall say that the holy Catholic church has not been induced, by just causes and reasons, to administer the communion to the laity, and also to the clergy not officiating, only under the form of bread; or that she has erred in this; let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall deny that the whole and entire Christ, the fountain and author of all graces, is received under the one form of bread, because, as some falsely assert, he is not received under both kinds, according to the institution of Christ; let him be accursed!

“4. Whoever shall say that the communion of the Eucharist is necessary for little children before they have attained to years of discretion; let him be accursed!” &c.

The next in order is Extreme Unction.

*Canons of the Council of Trent concerning
Extreme Unction.*

“1. Whoever shall say that extreme unction is not truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ our Lord, and promulgated by the blessed apostle James, but only a rite received from the fathers, or a human invention; let him be accursed!

“2. Whoever shall say that the sacred anointing of the sick does not confer grace, nor remit sins, nor raise up the sick, but that it has now ceased, as if the gift of healing existed only in past ages; let him be accursed!

“3. Whoever shall say that the ceremony of extreme unction in the practice which the holy Roman church observes, are repugnant to the meaning of the blessed apostle James, and that, therefore, they are to be changed; let him be accursed!”

The sixth sacrament is that of Orders.

Canons of the Council of Trent concerning Orders.

“ 1. Whoever shall say that in the New Testament, there is not a visible and external priesthood: or that there is not any power of consecrating and offering the true body and blood of the Lord, and of remitting and retaining sins: but only the office and naked ministry of preaching the gospel; or that they who do not preach are surely not priests; let him be accursed!

“ 2. Whoever shall say that besides the priesthood there are not other orders in the Catholic church, both greater and inferior, by which as by certain steps, the priesthood may be attained; let him be accursed!

“ 3. Whoever shall say that orders, or sacred ordination, is not truly and properly a sacrament instituted by Christ the Lord; or that it is a certain human invention, devised by men ignorant of ecclesiastical things, or that it is only a certain ceremony of choosing the ministers of the word of God and of the sacraments; let him be accursed!

“ 4. Whoever shall say that by sacred ordination the Holy Spirit is not given, and that therefore the bishops say in vain, Receive the Holy Ghost: or that by it character is not impressed: or that he who has once been a priest may again become a layman; let him be accursed!

“ 5. Whoever shall say that the sacred unction which the church uses in holy ordination is not only not required, but is contemptible and pernicious; likewise also the other ceremonies of orders; let him be accursed!

“ 6. Whoever shall say that in the Catholic church there is not a hierarchy instituted by divine

appointment, which consists of bishops, priests, and ministers ; let him be accursed !

“7. Whoever shall say that bishops are not superior to priests, or that they have not the power of confirming and ordaining ; or that which they have is common to them with the priests ; or that orders conferred by them without the consent or call of the people or the secular power, are null and void ; or that they who have been neither duly ordained nor sent by ecclesiastical and canonical power, but come from some other source, are lawful ministers of the word and sacraments ; let him be accursed !

“8. Whoever shall say that the bishops, who are appointed by the authority of the Roman pontiff, are not lawful and true bishops, but a human invention ; let him be accursed !”

*Canons of the Council of Trent concerning
Marriage.*

“1. Whoever shall say that marriage is not truly and properly one of the seven sacraments of the evangelical laws instituted by Christ the Lord, but that it is invented by men in the church and does not confer grace ; let him be accursed !

“2. Whoever shall say that it is lawful for Christians to have several wives at once, and that this is forbidden by no divine law ; let him be accursed !

“3. Whoever shall say that only those degrees of relationship and affinity, which are expressed in Leviticus, can hinder marriage from being contracted, and annul the contract ; and that the church cannot dispense in any of them, or appoint that more may hinder and annul ; let him be accursed !

“4. Whoever shall say that the Church could

not constitute impediments annulling marriage, or that in constituting them, she has erred; let him be accursed!

“5. Whoever shall say that the bond of marriage may be dissolved on account of heresy, or mutual dislike, or voluntary absence from the husband or wife; let him be accursed!

“6. Whoever shall say that a marriage solemnized, but not consummated, is not annulled by the solemn profession of a religious order by one of the parties; let him be accursed!

“7. Whoever shall say that the church errs, when she has taught and teaches that according to the evangelical and apostolical doctrine, the bond of marriage cannot be dissolved on account of the adultery of one or the other of the parties, and that neither of them, not even the innocent party who has given no cause for the adultery, may contract another marriage, whilst the party is living, and that he commits adultery, who marries another after putting away his adulterous wife, or she, who marries another, after putting away her adulterous husband; let him be accursed!

“8. Whoever shall say that the church is in error when, for many reasons, she decrees that a separation may be made between married persons, as to the bed, or as to intercourse, either for a certain, or an uncertain time; let him be accursed.

“9. Whoever shall say that the clergy, constituted in sacred order, or regulars, who have solemnly professed chastity, may contract marriage, and that the contract is valid, notwithstanding ecclesiastical law, or vow, and that to maintain the opposite, is nothing else than to condemn marriage; and that all may contract marriage, who do not think that they have the gift of chastity, even though they have vowed it; let him be accursed: as God

does not deny this to those who seek it aright, nor does he suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear.

“ 10. Whoever shall say that the married state is to be preferred to a state of virginity, or celibacy, and that it is not better and more blessed to remain in virginity, or celibacy, than to be joined in marriage ; let him be accursed !

“ 11. Whoever shall affirm that the prohibition of the solemnization of marriage, at certain times of the year, is a tyrannical superstition, borrowed from the superstitions of the Pagans, or shall condemn the benedictions, and other ceremonies, which the church uses at those times ; let him be accursed !

“ 12. Whoever shall affirm that matrimonial causes do not belong to the ecclesiastical judges ; let him be accursed ! ”

The atrocity of the above doctrines, is evident to every reflecting mind. Protestants can now see for themselves, whether they can safely hold any communion with them, or have any confidence in Roman Catholics. There is not a Protestant Christian in the United States, nor in the world, who is not publicly and solemnly denounced, as an accursed being, by the Roman Catholic church, and by each and every one of its members ; but in addition to those curses, which I have enumerated, there is another more solemn ; one which is annually pronounced against them, by the Pope of Rome, and by every bishop and priest in this country. It is known by the title of *Bulla in cenâ Domini*. The curse contained in this bull, is pronounced annually at Rome, by the Pope, on Thursday before Good Friday. It includes every living being who is not a Roman Catholic. All our pres-

idents, vice-presidents, members of congress, governors, magistrates, municipal authorities, officers of our navy and army, all our Protestant clergymen, whether Unitarians, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Baptists, or Methodists; and upon all these, without distinction, the Pope of Rome, dressed in his royal robes, invokes the curse of Heaven, once at least every year. Every priest in the Roman church is bound to do the same. It was a part of my own duty, and one which I never failed to discharge, until I protested against the doctrines of the Romish church. The Popish priests never deemed it prudent to pronounce this curse publicly, in the United States, but while I was among them, we never omitted to do so privately, on the morning of Thursday before Good Friday. It commences with the following words on the part of the Pope:—

“We, therefore, following the ancient custom of our predecessors, of holy memory, do firstly — excommunicate and curse, in the name of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and by the authority of St. Peter and St. Paul, and by our own authority, all Heretics, Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Calvinists, Huguenots, Anabaptists, Trinitarians, and all apostates from the faith, and all who read their books,” &c., &c. This curse includes every soul in the United States, who is not a Roman Catholic. Will you, Americans give these men and their doctrines footing among you? Will they longer dare to curse you and your children with impunity?

In the 6th section of the above bull, the Pope and his priests curse all civil powers, who impose taxes without the consent of the Roman court.

In the 12th section, they curse all who maltreat

cardinals, bishops, or priests. You are, therefore, to take heed and not quarrel with priests, though they insult your wives, or debauch your families. In the 15th section, all are cursed, who take away jurisdiction from the court of Rome, and prefer leaving causes of difference between them and priests, to our civil tribunals.

In the 17th section, all are cursed, who in any case appeal to civil tribunals, when the difficulty is between Romish priests and citizens.

In the 18th section, the Pope curses all who take away church property.

In the 19th section, the Pope curses all who, without express license from him, impose taxes on priests, monasteries, nunneries, or churches. Our legislature is sitting while I write. Take heed, gentlemen, lest you tax the Roman Catholic bishop Fenwick, or any of his priests. Be sure you do not tax his real estate, his nunneries, or other property. If you do, you are doubly damned.

In the 20th section, the church curses all judges, and magistrates, who shall sit in judgment on a bishop or priest, without license from the holy see.

In the 22d section, this *bull* is declared to be binding forever, and it is brought to a conclusion by a solemn assurance that if any priest shall violate it, he shall incur the wrath of Almighty God, and of St. Peter and Paul.

I would again ask Americans whether Roman Catholic priests, or bishop, or the two millions of followers which they have in this country, are any longer to be trusted. I tell Americans, and I proclaim it to the world, that they are spies upon our republic; they are the sworn foes of our laws, of our principles, and of our government; and they are united by the most fearful oath never to rest while

our religious liberty lasts, and to use every means which ingenuity can devise, and treachery and perjury accomplish, to effect its overthrow, and substitute in its place, the religion of the Pope; a religion, if such a name can be given to a most infamous system of policy, which for sixteen hundred years has deluged Europe in blood.

I make these assertions, not at random, not upon hearsay, not upon the authority of Protestant writers, but upon that of Roman Catholic theologians, and upon my own personal knowledge. I solemnly declare it to be my deliberate opinion, that it is the duty of all civil governments on the face of the earth, to unite in excluding, from their territories, all Roman Catholic priests and bishops, as their deadly enemies, and the sworn transgressors of all national law; and for us in this country to countenance them, while they have any connection with the Pope of Rome, or profess to owe him any allegiance, is nothing short of a species of insanity. The *bull* of which I have spoken, is taught in every Roman Catholic college in the United States. The students in those institutions are educated in the belief that their church, which is infallible, requires of them to be unfaithful to this heretical government, and not only that, but to betray it, whenever the interest of the church demands it.

Every Irish Roman Catholic priest, who comes to this country, is instructed by his bishop, to pull down, if possible, the standard of heresy, which he is told he will find waving over the United States, and erect in its place that of the Pope, which he swears to defend.

These are the principles of priests and their followers, who are coming amongst you in thousands; whom you have encouraged for the last fifty years, until at last, you have emboldened them, by your

mistaken sensibility and mock philanthropy, to say and proclaim to the universe, *Americans shan't rule us*. This was their motto, during the last presidential election; a motto devised and blessed by those turbulent demagogues and pensioned agents of the Pope, in New York. But they are not the only Papists who have proclaimed that Americans shall not rule them. The same has been done in Philadelphia and Boston. These men are at the bottom of all the riots, tumults, and popular commotions, which have occurred in this country for several years back. Witness the disturbances in Philadelphia, in 1821 and 1822, by an Irish bishop, in trying to get possession, in the name of the Pope, of church property, estimated to be worth over a million of dollars. (I shall refer to this hereafter.) Witness the riots in the same city last May, where several Americans have been sacrificed to the fury of a Popish mob. Witness the proceeding in this city of Boston, on the occasion of a nun having made her escape from the convent in Charlestown, to avoid, I have no doubt, what delicacy forbade her to mention. Other causes were assigned for her escape, and some were weak enough to deem them sufficient; but from my own knowledge of convents, there can be no doubt of the real cause of the escape of the virtuous young lady, of whom mention is made.

Here is another instance of the morbid and mistaken sensibility of many of our people. A certain number of Popish agents have applied to our legislature to build a *jail*, which they call a convent, in our very midst. To this jail, they attach a school, for the education of young ladies, and for this ostensible purpose, numbers of older ones are kept in the *jail* or convent, by the Pope's agents.

The young ladies, who are sent to this school, are treated with kindness and attention ; every thing is done to please, to flatter them, and even to cultivate their minds. The interior of the jail or nunnery is depicted in the most delightful colors. The happiness of the inmates is said to be equal to the saints in paradise. No opportunity is lost to impress on the minds of their pupils, the temporal as well as eternal beatitudes of this convent, until, finally, the young minds of the scholars become perfectly enchanted, and, in the full glow of their youthful imagination, they determine to become NUNS. This step, too, they are taught to take with apparent caution ; they must serve a noviciate, go through all the ceremony of wearing a white veil ; the old nuns representing to them the happiness they are about to enjoy, when they are about to assume the black veil. But when this is done, the poor innocent victims soon feel the horrors of their condition. They are confined to solitary cells, to which no one has access *but the priests*, and thus, in our very midst, a free born American citizen is seduced from her parents, from her guardians, and fellow-citizens, and no one is permitted to go and ask her freely how she likes her condition. She is confined there with more severity, and watched more closely, than any female in a Turkish Seraglio ; and as we all recollect, a few years ago, a Popish bishop, with his priests, and some thousands of their *subjects*, viz., Irish Papists, threatened to sack the city of Boston, because the people deemed it necessary to pull down that synagogue of satan, the Charlestown nunnery. I am not an advocate of mobs or riots ; I would observe the law of the land, and see it enforced at every risk ; but there is a point at which no man would support even the civil law.

There are laws founded upon necessity, and the eternal laws of morality, which have a paramount claim upon our allegiance. Suppose some hoary-headed profligate should obtain a charter to build a house on Mount Benedict; suppose further, he attaches a school to it, to be governed by the faded victims of his former dissipation, with a view of making money for himself; suppose he and they had the address to gather around them some of the most innocent, lovely, and respectable females in the country; let us even suppose that ninety-nine in a hundred of those young ladies left that school with unblemished reputation and high accomplishments; and we had that evidence that *only one* in a hundred fell victims to the designs of the founders of this corrupt institution; who would hesitate to determine what should be done with this institution, or this nunnery, as Roman Catholic priests would call it? An answer is not necessary. But suppose the hoary-headed gentleman should apply to the legislature to rebuild it, would they do so? There was a time when their acquaintance with Popery might have induced them to say aye, if such a resolution were introduced; but now that they have seen Popery in its native colors, withered should be the tongue of him who would advance such a proposition; and paralyzed should be the arm of the American who would support it. But it may be replied, that the Roman Catholic church is different now from what it was in ancient times; that it has essentially changed in its doctrine and in its discipline.

Others may say that Protestants, too, have been intolerant, and guilty of many cruelties, in the propagation of their religion. This is freely admitted: but there is this wide difference between the two religions. The Popish creed inculcates persecution

and utter extermination of all who do not believe in its doctrines; while on the contrary, the creed of the latter has never, and does not now, inculcate any other doctrine, than Jesus Christ, and him crucified. In plain English, the Romish church curses all who differ from her; while the Protestant church blesses all, though they may be in error, and sincerely prays for their conversion. The spirit of the latter breathes nothing but love, joy, peace, and good will to mankind; that of the former, malice, hatred, ill will, and persecution. This has been her uniform theory from the middle of the third century, and as I will now show you, from the lips of her own divines, and canonized saints, her members have never ceased to reduce it to practice. Cyril, who is to this day invoked, and prayed to as a saint, taught and practised the above Romish doctrine. He was bishop of Alexandria, in the year four hundred and twelve. There is not a Roman Catholic, who is not taught to pray to him; and, of course, they can have no objection to my giving him as authority. Whatever St. Cyril believed, is believed by Papists now. Whatever he did was right, and according to sound doctrine consequently as Holy Mother, the church, never errs, and never can err, it must be right now. Let us see what this saint has done and believed, in his time. Socrates, a native of Constantinople, gives the following account of a portion of the life of St. Cyril, and other bishops of Alexandria. I take it from his ecclesiastical history.

The bishops of Alexandria had begun, says Socrates, to exceed the limits of ecclesiastical power, and to intermeddle with civil affairs, imitating, thereby, the bishop of Rome, whose sacred authority had, long since, been changed into dominion and empire.

The governors of Alexandria, looking upon the increase of the Romish episcopal power as a diminution of the civil, watched the bishops, in order to restrain them within the limits of the spiritual, and prevent their encroaching on the temporal jurisdiction. But Cyril, from the very beginning of his episcopacy, bade defiance to civil power, acting in such manner as showed but too plainly that he would be kept within no bounds. Soon after his installation, he caused, by his own authority, the churches, which the Novitians were allowed to have in Alexandria, to be shut up, seized on the sacred utensils, and plundering the house of their bishop, Theapemptus, drove him out of the city, stripped of every thing he possessed. Not long after this, Cyril put himself at the head of a *Christian* mob, and, without the knowledge of the governor, took possession of the Jewish synagogue, drove the Jews out of Alexandria, pillaged their houses, and allowed the *Christians* — all Papists — who were concerned with him in the riot, to appropriate to themselves all their effects. This the governor highly resented, and not only rebuked Cyril very severely, for thus encroaching on his jurisdiction, and usurping a power that did not belong to him, but wrote to the emperor, complaining of him for snatching the sword of justice from him, to put it into the hands of the undeserving multitude.

This occasioned a misunderstanding, or rather an avowed enmity between *St. Cyril* and the governor. With the *saint* sided the clergy, the greater part of the mob, and the monks; with the governor, the soldiery and the better class of citizens. As the two parties were strangely animated against each other, there happened daily skirmishes in the streets of Alexandria. The friends of the gov-

ernor, generally speaking, made their party good, having the soldiery on their side. But one day, as the governor was going out in his chariot, attended by his guards, he found himself, very unexpectedly, surrounded by no fewer than five hundred monks. The monks were, in those days, the standing army of the bishops, but are now of the Pope's alone. The monks in the service of St. Cyril, having surrounded the governor's chariot, dispersed the small guard that attended it, fell upon him, dangerously wounded him, and determined to put an end to the quarrel between him and St. Cyril, by taking his life.

The citizens, alarmed at his danger, flew to his rescue, put the cowardly monks to flight, and having seized on the monk by whom the governor was wounded, delivered him into his hands. The governor, to deter others, caused the monk to be put to death. But St. Cyril, partly to reward the zeal which the monk had exerted in attempting to assassinate his antagonist, caused him to be honored as a holy martyr. The partizans of St. Cyril, enraged at the death of the monk, and under the advice of this Romish *saint*, determined to revenge it; and the person they singled out among the friends of the governor to wreak their rage and revenge on, was one who, of all the inhabitants of Alexandria, deserved it the least. This was the famous and celebrated Hypatia, the wonder of her age for beauty, for virtue, and knowledge. She kept a public school of philosophy in Alexandria, where she was born, and her reputation was so great, that not only disciples flocked from all parts to hear her, but the greatest philosophers used to consult her as an oracle, with respect to the most abstruse points of astronomy, geometry, and the

Platonic philosophy, which she was particularly well versed in. Though she was very beautiful, and freely conversed with men of all ranks, yet they were so awed by her known virtue and modesty, that none ever presumed to show, in her presence, the least symptom of passion. The governor entertained the highest opinion of her abilities, often consulted her, and in all perplexed cases governed himself by her advice. As she was the person in Alexandria whom he most valued, St. Cyril and his friends, to wound him the more effectually, entered into a conspiracy to destroy this beautiful and innocent lady.

This barbarous resolution being taken, as she was one day returning home in her chariot, a band of the dregs of the people, encouraged and headed by one of *St. Cyril's* priests, attacked her in her chariot, pulled her out of it, and throwing her on the ground, dragged her to the great church called *Cæsareum*; there they stripped her naked, and with sharp tiles, either brought with them or found there, continued cutting, tearing, and mangling her flesh, till nature, yielding to pain, she expired under their hands. Her death did not satisfy their rage and fury. They tore her body in pieces, dragged her mangled limbs through all the streets of Alexandria, and then gathering them together, burned them. Such was the end of the famous Hypatia, the most learned person of the age she lived in; but she was not a Roman Catholic. Can you, Americans, believe that this very Cyril is now a saint in the Roman Catholic church; that he is daily prayed to, honored, and worshipped by Papists? Can you believe that the Catholics whom you employ in your houses, the nuns to whom you intrust the education of your children, daily invoke the intercession of this murderous Cyril?

And think you, fellow-citizens, that the spirit of the Popish bishop, Cyril, has died with him, or that the church, which approved of his conduct, would refuse to sanction a similar act at this day? If you do, you are mistaken. Was the conduct of Cyril ever censured by the church? Were the murders and atrocities which he committed, and caused to be committed, even disapproved by the holy mother? If they were, I would ask at what council was it done? Where and when was such a council held? Who was the presiding Pope? The fact is, so far from incurring the displeasure of the Romish church, this notorious Popish murderer of Jews and heretics was *canonized and sainted*; and similar distinctions would be now awarded to him who would commit similar crimes, if his holiness the Pope deemed it prudent to have such crimes committed.

We saw an instance of the spirit which actuated Cyril, some years ago, in this city, when, in the case of the Ursuline Convent, to which I have already referred, every Papist within fifty miles of Boston, who was able to bear arms, volunteered his aid to his bishop, in taking vengeance upon our citizens, merely because they would not sanction among them the existence of a house, called a nunnery, and used as a jail, for the confinement of some of our most virtuous females, against their will. Had Miss Reed, who escaped from that den of profligacy, been caught by her Popish pursuers, and without the knowledge of our citizens, what would have been her fate? She might not have been torn to pieces, as Hypatia was, but her torments would not have been less cruel. She would have been kept upon her bare knees, perhaps ten hours in the twenty-four, for months.

She would be obliged to pray to the same *St. Cyril*, and a string of such vagabonds, for the *remission of her sins*. She would be compelled to kiss the ground and lick it with her tongue, at stated intervals, and bread and water her diet, until the zeal of her holy confessors was perfectly satisfied. And if those who aided her escape were detected, what would have been their fate? Thanks to our republican government, they could not be punished in this country; but had they committed the deed under a purely Catholic government, the *infallible* church would consign them to the inquisition, and have broken them upon the rack.

This is the church, and her members are the men, whom you are countenancing amongst you. The Romish church never surrendered the right which she once claimed of destroying heretics. She only suspends it for the moment, until her strength and numbers shall enable her to enforce it. But there are some who will not believe this, especially when Catholic priests and bishops deny it. Many Protestants, who are natives of this country, and unacquainted with Roman Catholic doctrines, will not believe it. Many, even, of our Protestant clergymen will scarcely believe it; such is the craft and consummate falsehood of priests and bishops, that I have never met with one Protestant who entertained the most remote idea that keeping no faith with heretics, and persecuting them to death, formed any portion of the doctrine of the church of Rome.

This is owing to the fact of their being born in a free country, at a distance from the seat of Romish power, and their having little access and no acquaintance with the standard works of Popery. Many, even, of the native born Americans, who

have become Roman Catholics, know little or nothing of the doctrines of the church into which they have permitted themselves to be seduced. I will hazard the assertion, that there are not ten lay members amongst them, in the United States, who have read the works of Belarmine, the canons, or decrees of the various councils that have been held in the Popish church, or even the *corpus juris canonici*, containing the decrees of the council of Trent.

If the writings of De La Hogue, used in the college of Maynooth, Ireland, or the works of Antoine or Den, taught in that college when I was a student there, were thoroughly read, and the doctrines contained in those standard works of Popery understood, there is not a moral man living who would not shun the church of Rome, as a thing too unclean, too impure, too licentious, too wicked, too corrupt, and of too persecuting a character to be allowed to exist at all. This their priests well know; and, having recently discovered that a few copies of Den's "Theology" had found their way into this country, they have the unblushing effrontery to deny that his work was ever approved of by the church, or was ever received as such in any college in Ireland. I studied in the college of Maynooth, and have read speculative theology under Dr. De La Hogue, and moral theology under Dr. Antoine, in the same class with several priests now in this country, and among other works which we read in that class was the "Moral Theology" of the Rev. Peter Den; especially his treatise *de Peccatis*.

I have the pleasure of an acquaintance with some native Americans who are become Roman Catholics. They are men of honor, moral worth, and possess highly cultivated minds. They were

religious men; and deeming a connection with some church to be necessary, and seeing nothing of the Romish church but its seductive and imposing ceremonies, they united themselves with it, or, if they happened to hesitate in joining it, and deemed it necessary to consult with Catholic priests and bishops, these crafty Jesuits soon furnished them with Catholic works manufactured for such occasions, and unobjectionable to the most pious Christian; taking good care, at the same time, to keep out of their way such works as I have alluded to, from which they may learn that there is no religion in the Popish church, and that it is no more than a political machine, devised for the suppression of republicanism, knowledge, and the liberties of man.

Let us pass over the time which intervened between the fourth and twelfth centuries. The history of the Popes and the Romish church, during that period, is replete with crimes committed by Popes, and atrocities sanctioned by the church, at the bare mention of which humanity shudders. The very earth is almost saturated with the blood which Popish despots caused to be shed under the mask of religion, but, in reality, for the advancement of their own temporal power.

I will now show that the spirit of Cyril had not died with him. During the reign of Pope Innocent III., that holy pontiff discovered that there was, in the province of Narbonne and in several other provinces of the south of France, a religious sect, called the Albigenses, who presumed to differ from the Romish church, and had the audacity to believe that the Bible was the only rule of faith. They rejected the external rites of the Romish church, except baptism and the Lord's supper.

They had no faith in images, indulgences, and other such semi-pagan mummeries. Auricular confession and the forgiveness of sins by man they rejected as impious. They looked upon nunneries as places of sin, instituted by priests, as a sort of substitute for the marriage of the clergy. They demolished such of them as were in existence among them, and declared the marriage of the clergy as lawful and honorable. They scouted at the idea of the temporal jurisdiction of the Pope over the nations of the earth, and looked upon him as emphatically *the Man of Sin*.

These crimes, of course, were not long overlooked by the *infallible church!* They were heresies. These people were heretics, and the holy mother, *in the plenitude of her affection* for her strayed children, determined that they should be exterminated. But how was this to be done? The holy father, Pope Innocent III., was not long in determining. He sent two spies amongst them, of the names of Guy and Regnier. These were Monks, whose hands were already stained with blood. They were empowered by the Pope, to use their own discretion in checking the heresy of the Albigenses by fire, sword, faggot, or the inquisition, which employed all those means upon such occasions.

The Albigenses however, were so numerous, their lives so pure, so chaste and correct, that this was not easily accomplished; and his holiness had to preach a crusade against them, and published a bull addressed to all the authorities of southern France, declaring them *accursed* and *excommunicated*, and giving absolution to all who should murder them and take possession of their property. Here are the words of the bull. "Ac-

ording to the canonical sanctions of the holy fathers, no faith ought to be kept with those who do not keep faith with God, or are separated from the communion of the faithful" — Papists. "We release, by our apostolical authority, all those who deem themselves bound to them by any oath, either of alliance or fealty; we permit every Catholic man to seize their persons, to take their lands, and keep them for the purpose of extirpating heresy."

Here, Americans, is a specimen of true, genuine Popery, as Innocent expresses it, "*sanctioned by the canons and holy fathers of the Romish church.*" People of New England, what think you of it? Bear in mind that this is not the act of a few fanatics; it is not the belief of a few zealots. If it were, it would be wrong to charge it to the Romish church. All denominations have had among them fanatics; but the extravagances of a few individuals are not chargeable to the body to which they might have belonged. Even our New England Presbyterian forefathers had among them persecutors; but who, in his sound mind, could charge this to the Presbyterian church? There is nothing in their creed or doctrines which sanctions the persecution of those who differ from them, and there the Romish church differs from all others. The persecution and destruction of heretics, and the confiscation of their property, is an *integral part* of the Roman Catholic faith, and the watchword of Papists.

The crusade against these unfortunate Albigenes commenced its march about the year 1209. Indulgences were offered to all who would unite in the war, and history informs us that the Pope and his vassals in the church raised an army of

monks and pious Papists, amounting to between three and five thousand men, who were to serve for forty days; at the termination of which, the Pope, in one of his heavenly transports, saw that "every one of the sect of the Albigenses should be massacred." To this army his *holiness* caused to be added, by an offer of indulgences, multitudes of peasants, with scythes and clubs, who were to be under the command of monks, and whose peculiar duty it was, to slaughter the wives and children of these *heretics*, while their husbands and fathers were engaged in the field with their adversaries. Horrible! Yet this is a true picture of what *has been*, and what *will be* in this country, at some future day, should Popery gain the ascendancy.

It is much to be lamented that the Christian League, as it is termed, had not looked to this, in place of going abroad in search of objects worthy of their philanthropy. They seem to me to have acted like a man who, while his own house is in a blaze, runs out to see if there be any of his neighbors' houses on fire, and leaves his own to smoulder into ruins. Assuredly, such a man would not be deemed prudent, nor should he even be considered sane.

Far be it from me to think or speak disrespectfully of the pious and reverend gentlemen who compose that league; but their solicitude for the welfare of a foreign country and a foreign people appears to me strange, when all their charities are much more needed at home. They desire the suppression of Popery, especially in Italy, where it is kept alive by Austrian bayonets and Popish bulls, and where it will live until those bayonets are broken and those bulls are burned. They can

no more suppress Popery in Italy, than they could confine a fire with a flaxen band.

The continuance of Popery depends upon this country alone. Extinguish it in the United States, and it dies every where. The old world is sick of it; it has cursed it long enough. It is for us alone to say whether it shall live or die. Americans alone can sound the death knell of Popery; and, if this Christian League will unite their energies and bring them all to bear, in excluding Popery from the United States, they will be conferring a blessing, not only upon this, but upon the old world.

But to return to our subject. Cruel, beyond measure, were the sufferings of the Albigenes, a few instances of which I beg to lay before my readers, as specimens of Popish charity and their mode of fulfilling that holy commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." When the Pope's army arrived at a place called Beziers, the citizens were, of course, alarmed. The Pope's legate sent many messengers among them, advising them to give up such heretics, with their wives and children, as continued obstinate among them. They replied in the following words — "*Rather than be base enough to do what is required of us, and abandon our religious principles, we will eat our children first, and our wives will die with us.*" On receiving this answer, the Pope's army, or rather incarnate devils, rushed upon them so suddenly, and in such numbers, that they had to surrender, after little or no resistance.

There were many among them who were not heretics, but, seeing the injustice done to their fellow-citizens, and knowing the purity of their lives, united with them in resisting oppression. Some

of the most merciful of the Pope's army, entertaining scruples as to what should be done to those who were not heretics and happened to fall into their hands, deemed it a duty which they owed to *holy mother*, to consult the Pope's legate upon this occasion; and what, Christian reader, think you was the reply of this representative of the *Roman Catholic church*? What was the answer of this imbodiment of Popery? It was what it would be this day, under similar circumstances. — "*Kill them all; the Lord will know his own!*" At this answer, the bells rung, by order of this legate, and never ceased to toll, until fifteen thousand were butchered upon the spot, according to the account given by the legate himself; although a contemporary historian, named Bernard Itier, and much better authority than this blood-thirsty legate, informs us that thirty-eight thousand were slaughtered in cold blood.

During this time, Pope Innocent and the infallible church were not idle in other parts of France. Wherever heresy existed, or heretical blood was to be shed, there were to be found the representatives of the holy church, until not a vestige of the Protestant doctrines of the Albigenses was to be seen. Nearly all its ministers and its followers suffered the most cruel deaths, and their church was drowned in the blood of its defenders. But the MAN OF SIN being still apprehensive that some vestige of Protestantism might remain, or that the life of some unfortunate member of the Albigenses might have escaped, the Popish murderers established, in those countries, that accursed tribunal, the Inquisition; some of whose members appeared in the guise and occupation of farmers, to act as spies among that

class of people ; others as merchants, mechanics, &c. To these were added female Jesuits, some of whom were shop-keepers, milliners, servant-maids, &c. ; and, suitably educated, whenever necessary, were ready to act their parts well.

Thus no man was safe. No family, no lady, was safe. They dreaded the very air they breathed. They knew not when the officers of the inquisition would call them from their homes, their children, their husbands, and their wives, to be cast into the dungeon of the inquisition, without knowing their offence, or who accused them.

This was Popery in the twelfth century ; this was Popery in the fourth century ; and this is Popery in the nineteenth century. Americans, are you aware that there are Jesuit nuns now in this country ? Are you aware of the reasons why they are so anxious to get Protestant rather than Catholic scholars into their schools ? The reason is this ; they are in this country spies upon your actions. Your thoughts, your designs, your influence, the probable amount of your wealth, and your political opinions, are known to your children. These Jesuit nuns worm themselves into your confidence ; the young hearts of their pupils are soon laid bare to these artful hypocrites ; and before you scarcely notice the absence of your children, your domestic secrets are known to some Popish agent, who makes such use of them as the holy church may direct. This is done daily. I make this statement of my own knowledge, and I warn you, if you value your domestic happiness, or the peace and harmony of your children, never permit one of them, male or female, to enter a school kept by nuns or Jesuits.

From these observations, the reader must have seen that Popery, in its teachings and actions, is,

and has been, the same always. What, then, becomes of the assertions, so frequently made by Roman Catholic priests and bishops, that the doctrines of the church, in relation to heretics, have been relaxed? Certain it is, at all events, that there has been no mitigation in the treatment of heretics down to the thirteenth century. Let us come down a little farther, and see if any had taken place during the thirteenth century. We discover none whatever.

It was during this century, that the "GREATER EXCOMMUNICATION," as it is called, was pronounced by the Pope, and the whole church, against all who should interfere with the clergy in the exercise of their *temporal* or *spiritual rights*. The curse was pronounced, by every parish priest, throughout the Papal world, four times a year, — *Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and All-Hallows day*. The curse is in the following words, and is now repeated on the same days, by the Pope and all the priests and bishops of the Romish church, not publicly, — that they dare not do, — but in private. "Let them be accursed, eating and drinking, walking and sitting, speaking, and holding their peace, waking and sleeping, rowing and riding, laughing and weeping, in house and in field, in water and on land, in all places; cursed be their heads and their thoughts, their eyes and their ears, their tongues and their lips, their teeth and their throats, their shoulders and their breasts, their feet and their legs, their thighs and their inward parts; let them remain accursed, from the sole of their foot to the crown of their heads; and just as this candle (the curser has a lighted candle in his hand, which he extinguishes) is deprived of its present light, so let them be deprived of their souls in hell."

Such is the curse which the Pope pronounced against all heretics in the thirteenth century! and however surprised you may be, a similar one is pronounced once a year against all Protestants. There are many Americans who cannot believe that such a curse as the above, has ever been pronounced against a fellow-being. I have conversed with some intelligent Protestants in this city, who doubted whether such an anathema was ever uttered, and seemed struck with horror, as well as surprise, when I informed them that it was pronounced against myself in Philadelphia in presence of, at least, three thousand people. The reader must know, by this, that I am a heretic, and look upon the introduction of Popery into the United States, as the greatest evil which Providence has permitted to fall upon us. Arise, fellow-citizens, in the fulness of your power,—every Protestant in this country is a heretic, as well as myself. We are all annually cursed and damned by a set of Popish agents, bishops, and priests; men who, from my own personal acquaintance with them, I know to be unworthy of your friendship or your support; who walk your streets with apparent sanctimoniousness, but whose lives in private are such as delicacy forbids me to mention.

These men, under pretence of being democrats, are attacking your liberties with the club of Hercules. They are acquiring gigantic force. You have recently witnessed the truth of this assertion; they fancied they had strength enough to cut you down as the legate of Pope Innocent did the Albigenses in the twelfth century. They bid defiance to reason, argument, and the law of your land; and it grieves me to see every thing yielding to their power, as chaff before the wind. But Providence

interposed, and these miserable dupes of Romish priests received a check, which, if followed up, will have a salutary effect in future. But, I pray you, be on your guard; watch the movements of Papists among you; have no confidence in them; have as little as possible to do with them. Trust them in nothing which may either directly or indirectly involve their religion. I most solemnly appeal to our national and state legislatures, to exclude them from every office of honor, profit, or trust, while they have any connection whatever, *spiritual* or *temporal*, with the Pope of Rome. Believe them not, when they tell you that their allegiance to the Pope is only *spiritual*. I understand what they mean by spiritual allegiance.

From what has been stated, it is clear that no modification had taken place in Popish pretensions during the thirteenth century, neither had the church relaxed one iota in her persecutions of heretics. On the contrary, her cruelties increased—the declarations of Popish priests to the contrary notwithstanding.

Let us now see what has been the conduct of the Popish church towards heretics, from the latter end of the thirteenth century to the conclusion of the fourteenth.

How was the illustrious John Wickliffe, professor of divinity in Oxford, treated by the church of Rome, during the reign of Boniface IX. But let us first see what the crimes of Wickliffe were, for which he had been so severely punished by the *holy Roman church*. The illustrious and good Wickliffe, the founder of the Reformation, whose very name every Christian venerates, maintained, 1st, That the Scriptures contain all truths necessary to salvation; 2d, That in the Scriptures only, is to be found, a perfect rule of Christian

practice ; 3d, He denied the authority of the Pope in temporal matters ; 4th, He maintained that the Pope was the MAN OF SIN, the *son of perdition*, to which St. Paul alluded, "sitting as God in the temple of God." As soon as the opinions of Wickliffe were ascertained, Gregory XI., the ruling Pope, addressed a BULL to the primate of England, ordering him to have Wickliffe arrested and imprisoned, until he received further instructions.

The popularity of Wickliffe was such, that this step was considered dangerous ; and we find that nothing further was done to this eminently pious man, than banishing him from the university of Oxford into private life, where he died in peace, and went to his grave with the blessings of the good and the virtuous. But this did not satisfy the Pope, nor the *infallible church*. O, no. The *holy mother* never forgives a heretic, dead or alive. As soon as Wickliffe departed this life, in the sixty-first year of his age, the church and Papists exhibited the wildest symptoms of joy. One of their writers, in giving an account of his death, uses the following language : " On the day of St. Thomas, the martyr, that limb of the devil, enemy of the church, deceiver of the people, idol of heretics, mirror of hypocrites, author of schism, sower of hatred, and inventor of lies, John Wickliffe, was, by the immediate judgment of God, suddenly struck with a palsy, which seized all the members of his body, when he was ready to vomit forth his blasphemies against the blessed St. Thomas, in a sermon which he had prepared to preach that day ! "

But holy mother was not yet satisfied. She had not the felicity of hanging Wickliffe ; her ears were not delighted with his groans upon the rack ;

she did not hear his flesh hissing amid the flames of the faggot, nor his bones breaking upon the wheel; she must, however, have all the revenge left to satiate her malice. Thirty years after the death of Wickliffe, the *infallible* council of Constance, at which the Pope presided, passed an order that the body and bones of John Wickliffe, if they might be known and discerned from the bodies of faithful people — Papists — should be taken from the ground and thrown *far away from the* burial of any church, according to the canon laws and decrees.

This decree was not put in execution for thirteen years afterwards. His grave was then opened and his body disinterred with great solemnity, and in the presence of the Catholic bishop of Lincoln, it was publicly burned, and the ashes thrown into a neighboring rivulet. But the indignities offered to Wickliffe, while living, and after his death, were not sufficient to appease the malice of Papists. Blood, and blood alone, could satiate their thirst for revenge. His followers were hunted up and mercilessly put to death. Among the first of his followers, who suffered, was Lord Cobham, a nobleman, distinguished for his valor, devotion to his country, and true piety. His character was without blemish, and his morals and patriotism undoubted; but he was a heretic; he was among the followers of Wickliffe; he believed in the Holy Scriptures. This was crime enough, and for this he was *excommunicated*. Cobham appealed to the Pope, but the appeal was refused: he was cited again; he was offered absolution, if he would sue for it, and submit to the Popish church. This he refused; the consequence was, he was thrown into

prison, from which he escaped and was not retaken for nearly four years, he was, however, finally captured after a most heroic resistance.

He might have escaped again, being an overmatch for his captor, had not a *pious Roman Catholic woman*, while he was nobly defending himself, taken up a stool, and with a desperate blow, broken both his legs. In this condition he was recommitted to prison until he was sentenced to death *for his heresy*. The sentence was, "that he should be drawn from his place of confinement through the city of London, to Temple Bar, there to be hanged, and burned hanging." The historian Bale gives a most affecting account of his execution.

"On the day appointed," says Bale, "he was brought out of the Tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then he was laid upon a hurdle as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into St. Giles's field, where they had set up a new gallows. When he arrived at the place of execution, and taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly on his knees, and prayed God to forgive his enemies. Then he stood up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them, in the most godly manner, to follow the laws of God, written in the Scriptures, and to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ, in their conversation and living, with many other special councils. Then was he hanged up there, by the middle, in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of the Lord, so long as life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hands of God, and so, most Christianly, departed home, his body being resolved to ashes."

Thus was a nobleman, and a noble Christian, most barbarously put to death for believing that the Bible contained God's truth; and therein differing from the Roman church, which teaches that the traditions of the fathers, and dreams of monks, are of equal authority.

Followers of Wickliffe, — and there are many of you in this country, who are an honor to his name, — have you ever reflected that there are nearly two millions of Papists in these United States, who entertain the same belief that the murderers of Cobham did; who believe that you are all *excommunicated*, as he was, and who, if they had the power, would consign yourselves, your wives, and children, to the same fate? and who are taught by their church, that, in so doing, they would be serving God? Romish priests may deny this. They do well. Otherwise, an indignant populace would tear them to pieces, or at least banish them from this land of freedom.

But I tell the priest or bishop, who dares deny it, that they are liars, — wilful and deliberate liars. I too have been a priest, and I solemnly declare to the world, and to my fellow-citizens of the United States in particular, *that to keep no faith with heretics, but to destroy them, is one of the most solemn duties of a Catholic*; and I go further, and state to you, that *if a bishop or priest denies this, upon oath, you are not to believe him*; his church requires from him to keep no faith with heretics, but to destroy and extirpate them. It allows him also to deny, under oath, the existence of such an obligation.

Do you, followers of Wickliffe, require any proof of this? It is a serious charge, and should not be lightly made. I therefore refer you to the letters of

Martin IV., who was Pope in the year 1417, and considered one of the best Popes the Romish church ever had. This Pope, in one of his letters to the Duke of Lithuania, makes use of the following strong and emphatic language. "*Be assured, thou sinnest mortally, if thou keep thy faith with heretics.*" St. Thomas Aquinas teaches the same doctrine. Innocent VIII., who was Pope in 1484, declares "*that all persons who are bound by any contract whatever to heretics are at liberty to break it, even though they had sworn an oath to fulfil it.*" You here see, that I have done no injustice to Roman Catholics, in putting you on your guard against them, and charging them with a willingness to destroy yourselves, your wives and children, *as heretics*, had they power and opportunity of doing so. I am supported by the authority of Pope Martin V., and Pope Innocent VIII.; and though in your estimation, those blood-thirsty vagabonds may give no weight to my testimony, still it cannot fail to be highly satisfactory to Papists. Some of the Catholics may tell you, that the followers of Wickliffe were a seditious people; that they threatened to overthrow the civil institutions of the country; that all law and order were set at defiance by them; and that this was the cause of their persecution. This is false in fact — it is historically false.

If the followers of Wickliffe, or Lollards, as they were called, were disturbers of the peace; if their lives were seditious, disorderly, and rebellious, why were they not indicted, under some statute of the realm, made and provided to take cognizance of such crimes? Why were they not even accused of such crimes? Was the meek, mild, and learned John Wickliffe, accused or indicted for disturbing the peace? Was

it for disturbing the peace, that his venerable bones were disinterred thirty years after being deposited in the cold grave? Was it for disturbing the peace, and for riotous proceedings, his bones were subsequently burned, and their ashes thrown into the next river? Was it for disturbing the peace, the learned and brave Cobham was hung in iron chains, by the middle.

No such accusation has ever been brought against these great and good men, or against thousands who suffered with them. They were accused only of *heresy*. Papists were their accusers; Papists were their judges; and Papists were their executioners.

But the malice of those blood-thirsty Catholics was not even then satiated. It is as fresh *now*, as it was then. Papists are not content, that hundreds of years ago, Wickliffe and his followers should be persecuted, and the greater portion of them massacred and burned. Their memories, also, are objects of Popish hatred, even to this day on which I write. They represent them as enemies of the human race. As despisers of chastity and morality. You will probably see these charges advanced against them in the Popish presses throughout the United States. But recollect, Americans, that age does not improve the piety of Papists. The older *holy mother* gets, the harder becomes her heart, and the more bitter her virulence. I might satisfy you, if necessary, on the testimony of the most respectable Protestant writers, that there lived not in the world, a people more simple, more pious, or virtuous than the Waldenses, or Wickliffites. It may be said of them, with truth, "*qualis pater tales filii.*" But I will not refer to Protestant authority; knavish, lying, Popish priests may question it! I refer you, for the character of this persecuted

people, to an early Popish historian, Florimond — History of Heresy, book vii. ch. 7.

“They” — the Waldenses — says this writer, “have nothing in their mouths but Christ the Saviour — they know nothing else than Jesus Christ. These people read the Bible continually, in such a manner that they know all the books of it by heart.” Horrid people these Wickliffites must be, to read the Bible until they know it by heart! And as these Bible-reading and Bible-loving people now constitute a vast majority of our citizens, I call upon them to rise in the full force of their moral power, and ward off from themselves and their children, the curse of Popery, or the fate of Wickliffe and his followers will assuredly be theirs. Many of you, Americans, are followers of Wickliffe. You believe as he believed! You live as he lived! You love peace as he loved it. Do you wish to continue as you are now? Or will you permit a flood of vile priests, monks, and nuns, to overrun your country, and seduce your children from the paths of virtue, in which your own example and the perusal of their Bibles have taught them to walk?

I now call your attention to the belief and practice of the Romish church in the fifteenth century, and you will find that heresy and heretics were still persecuted by her. Witness the conduct of Pope Innocent VIII. toward the Vaudois. He sent one of his Jesuit legates amongst them, with instructions to prevail on Louis XII. to extirpate them from his dominions, without even hearing any deputies which they might send him. The answer of Louis did him much credit — “Though I were at war with a Turk or the devil, I would hear what he had to say for himself.” They accordingly

made their defence ; and, upon this, the good King Louis sent commissioners to examine the state of things among them. The following was their report, as history informs us : “ Having made a strict inquiry into their mode of living, we cannot discover the least shadow of the crimes imputed to them. On the contrary, it appears that they piously observe the Sabbath, baptize their children after the manner of the primitive church, and are thoroughly instructed in the doctrine of the apostles’ creed, and in the law of God.” On hearing this report, the king exclaimed, in a passion, addressing himself to the Pope’s legate — “ By the holy mother of God, these heretics, whom you and the Pope urge me to destroy, are better men than you or myself.” He, however, soon departed this life, and every man acquainted with history knows what their sufferings were from the time of his death down to the days of Cromwell, who, whatever his faults may have been, fired with indignation at the barbarities committed by the Romish church, interposed in behalf of those persecuted people, and called upon Protestant princes and sovereigns to aid him in protecting them.

I will not burden the reader with a history of the sufferings of these people. It is familiar even to our schoolboys. I must, however, repeat the fact, that they were persecuted for no other reason than because they believed the Bible contained all the truths necessary to salvation, and because they did not believe in all the mummeries of Popery. Will Catholic bishops and priests still continue to assert that their church does not teach them to persecute heretics, and to hold no faith with them? Will they continue to assert, that the Pope of Rome does not claim temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction over

the kingdoms of the earth? or if they do, are we compelled to listen to them?

There is scarcely any one who does not recollect the conduct of the holy see, as it is nicknamed, towards Queen Elizabeth, on her ascension to the throne of England. The queen sent a messenger to the court of Rome, to inform the Pope of the event. This was an act of state courtesy; but his holiness had the insolence to reply to the messenger who represented his sovereign: "Tell your mistress that England was held in fief of the apostolic see; that she could not succeed, being illegitimate; nor could she contradict the declarations made in that matter by his predecessors, Clement VII. and Paul III. Tell your mistress," said this insolent ecclesiastic, "that it was great boldness in her to assume the crown without my consent, for which, in reason, she deserves no favor at my hands; yet if she will *renounce* her pretensions and refer herself wholly to me, I would show a fatherly affection to her, and do every thing for her that could consist with the dignity of the *Roman see.*"

Fellow-citizens, do you want any other proof to satisfy you that the Pope of Rome claims universal jurisdiction over kings, queens, nations, kingdoms, and all mankind? It is only about three hundred years since this occurred; and is there evidence on record that the Pope has resigned the prerogative of universal dominion which he then claimed? You may laugh at the idea of his claiming it over this country; but, mark what I tell you, some successor of the present Pope will not only claim, but exercise it in less than half the time that has elapsed since the days of Elizabeth. Other objects may divert your attention from this subject; you

may sleep on in fancied security, but your sleep may be fatal.

“America,” as a talented writer (Giustiniani) expresses it, “is the promised land, the land of the Jesuits’ operations. To obtain the ascendancy, they have no need of a *mercenary Swiss guard*, or the assistance of the *holy alliance*, but a majority of votes, which can easily be obtained by an importation of Roman Catholics from Ireland, Bavaria, and Austria. Rome, viewed at a distance, is a colossus; near at hand, its grandeur diminishes, its charm is lost. But the Jesuits are every where the same—cunning, immoral, and sneaking intriguers, until they have obtained the ascendancy. Rome feels her weakness at home; she knows herself to be a mere *political* institution, dressed in the garment of Christianity. She takes good care to uphold that holy *militia*, the Jesuits, in order to appear what she is not. It is a strife for existence. I am not a politician,” says this writer, “but knowing the active spirit of Jesuitism, and the indifference of the generality of Protestants, I have no doubt whatever, that in *ten* years the Jesuits will have a mighty influence over the ballot-box, and in *twenty* they will direct it according to their own pleasure. Now they fawn, in ten years they will menace, and in twenty command.”

In this city they not only “fawn,” but they have proceeded to “menace.” Some of the knowing ones among the Catholics now boast that they have the power to govern this city, and they intend to exercise it. This is no idle threat. Even now, though they are actually less in numerical strength in the aggregate, than the Protestants, and pay far less for the support of our free schools, they, nevertheless, have succeeded in depriving Protestant

children of the privilege of using the Bible for a school-book, as they have been wont to do. Protestants may sleep on if they will, but they may be assured that they are sleeping on the sides of a burning volcano, and that ere long they will be awakened, but too late, we fear, by the angry thunders of the upheaving fires within, which shall scathe and desolate the fair heritage they now enjoy.

I entreat you, fellow-citizens, never to forget the solemn declaration of the father of your country: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens,) the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of a republican government." 'This is the warning of the immortal Washington, and should not pass unheeded. To the same effect spoke other revolutionary patriots. Jefferson says, "I hope we may find some means in future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence, political, commercial, or in whatever form it may be attempted. I can scarcely withhold myself from joining in the wish of Silas Deane — that there were an ocean of fire between this and the old world." And Madison said, "Foreign influence is truly a *Grecian horse* to the republic. We cannot be too careful to exclude its entrance."

The cruelty of Papists, the intrigue and craft of Popes, the hypocrisy of Jesuits, the dynasties which they have overthrown, the devastations and carnage which they had occasioned, for centuries back, were matters of historical notoriety, and were well known to our pure-minded and clear-headed forefathers. They dreaded similar occurrences in this

happy republic, which they have bequeathed to us as their trustees, to be handed down to posterity; and hence arose their warnings to be on our guard against all foreign interference with our institutions or our country.

Ponder upon those warnings, and let each and every Protestant in the Union pledge himself to guard our liberties, as the apple of his eye. I speak from experience. I am myself a foreigner by birth, though a resident of this country for thirty years. My life has been a checkered one. Born a Roman Catholic in the south of Ireland, educated a Roman Catholic priest, officiating in that capacity for some years, here, as well as in my native country, and for many years a member of the bar in South Carolina and Georgia, I could not fail to acquire a correct knowledge of the doctrines and practices of the Romish church. The result of my experience is, that the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church are fatal to the morals of any people; at variance with sound national policy and pure religion. It is a rank and poisonous weed, which will flourish even in the soil of liberty. Would that I could eradicate it! Would that you would enable me to tear up this Upas, which is spreading its poison, from one end of our land to the other! Would that you could aid me in muzzling those Popish bloodhounds, who are freely coursing over our eastern mountains and western valleys! Already have they scented blood, and I warn you to be on your guard or they will scent more.

I am no sectarian; I am not the tool of any party, either in church or state. I have never asked the countenance or support of any religious denomination, nor has any ever been tendered to me. I have stood alone in my opposition to that

hydra-headed monster, Popery. There is no abuse which I have not received; no calumny which has not been heaped upon me; no crime which they have not accused me of; no scurrilous epithet which they have not applied to me. All this I have met single-handed; but I would bear it again, rather than submit to the iniquitous doctrines of Popery. I would bear it again, rather than submit, as *native Americans* have done, and are doing, to be publicly denounced, as *cowards and sons of cowards and pirates*.

But, fellow-citizens, they do not consider you cowards and pirates alone; they will, by-and-by, apply to you a term, which you will better deserve. It is sweet, it is a euphonious name, and I trust you will bear it with as much Christian philanthropy, as you have that of cowards, and pirates — *Fools*. It is the only ignominious term, in the English language, which they have not applied to myself, and I assure my fellow-citizens, natives of this country, that if you are willing to be governed by the Pope of Rome, and his priests, and bishops, I shall never question your paramount claim to this preëminent distinction. Can you bear the following opprobrious language applied to you by the Jesuit, now the Boston Pilot, the organ of the bishop of that city. “How in the name of conscience,” says this Popish organ, “can a man have the impudence to find fault with honest emigrants, whose own fathers were *emigrant pirates*?” You are also complimented by the Literary and Catholic Sentinel, another Popish press, in Philadelphia. That blessed organ of Popery, the Sentinel, in its comments upon a sermon delivered by that eloquent Presbyterian divine, McCalla, thus eulogizes New England. He, Mr. McCalla, knew the char-

acter of his New England audience, that their minds were warped by fanaticism, darkened by bigotry, and vitiated by the abhorred, and atrocious principles inculcated by the *vile and sanguinary wretches, called the Pilgrim Fathers*. He well knew that the mental capacity of the generality of his hearers were chained down by ignorance."

Very flattering this, especially to Bostonians, and their puritan fathers. Their fathers were sanguinary wretches, if we believe Papists, and the people of Boston are an ignorant set of boobies. You, Americans, may bear all this; you know not the designs of Popery, but I do; and while I have liberty to write, I will write for liberty, and in opposition to Popery. Truth may be unpalatable to Papists, but it is my duty to record it.

Among the instructions which I received from my bishop in Ireland, when he sent me out to this country as a Catholic priest, was one to which I beg to call your attention. The same is given to every priest in the United States. "Let it be your first duty to extirpate heretics, but be cautious as to the manner of doing it. Do nothing without consulting the bishop of the diocese, in which you may be located; and if there be no bishop there, advise with the metropolitan bishop. He has his instructions from Rome, and he understands the character of the people. Be sure not to permit the members of our holy church, who may be under your charge, to read the Bible. It is the source of all heresies. Whenever you see an opportunity of building a church, make it known to your bishop. Let the land be purchased for the Pope, and his successors in office. Never yield or give up the *divine right*, which the head of the church has, by virtue of the *Keys*, to the government of North

America, as well as every other country. The confessional will enable you to know the people by degrees; with the aid of that *holy tribunal*, and our bishops, who are guided by the spirit of God, we may expect, at no distant day, to bring over North America to the bosom of our holy church."

This needs some explanation. By extirpating heresy, he meant the conversion of heretics to the Romish church, without violence, if possible, if not, by such means as the Romish church has adopted in all ages. You have already seen what these means were—I need not now repeat them; but you shall see them more plainly, when I lay before you, as I intend to do hereafter; the ways and means which the church has adopted, to bring over the Huguenots from the darkness of Protestant error, to the glorious light of Popish truth.

The Bible, as you are aware, is a forbidden book in the Romish church. I remember when acting as Popish priest, in Philadelphia, having ventured to suggest to the very Rev. Mr. De Barth, then acting as vicar-general of that diocese, the advantages of educating the poor, and circulating the Bible among them. He scouted at the idea, as heretical, and lodged a written complaint against me, before the archbishop of Baltimore, then Romish metropolitan. I was reprimanded verbally, through the aforesaid De Barth. He was too crafty to send it in writing; the Papists were not then strong enough to forbid, openly, the reading of the Bible. It was then too soon to seal up the fountain of eternal life in this free country. The most sympathizing Protestants could scarcely believe then, that in less than thirty years, Papists would not only dare forbid it to be read, by their

own people, and in their own schools, but cast it out of Protestant schools, as they did the other day in New York. What are we coming to, Americans? Your ancestors have come to this country, with no recommendations but holy lives; with no fortune but their pious hearts and strong arms; with no treasure but the word of God.

Will you now permit Papists to cast those Bibles out of your schools, to burn them on the public streets, as they have done in the state of New York, under the inspection of Popish priests, as proved on the oath of several respectable witnesses? That priest, however, did no more than every priest and bishop would do, did he deem it *expedient*; and here, fellow-citizens, let me assure you, that same power which authorizes that priest, or any other priest, to burn your Bibles, also authorizes him to burn every heretic or Protestant in this country.

The same power which authorizes them to officiate as priests, empowers them to *destroy heretics*, whenever it is *expedient*; and is ready to absolve them from the commission of this foul deed. *Saint Thomas Aquinas*, in his second book, chapter the 3d, page 58, says: "Heretics, may justly be killed." But you will answer, there is no danger of this. They can never acquire the power to enact any laws in this country which would sanction such a doctrine. How sadly mistaken you are! How lamentably unacquainted with the secret springs or machinery of Popery! I regret that circumstances oblige me so often to introduce my own name, but it cannot be well avoided, for the purpose of explaining certain Popish transactions in the United States. While I was a Romish priest in Philadelphia, and soon after my difference

with the archbishop of Baltimore, in relation to the introduction of the Bible, a consultation was held between the Popish priests in the diocese of Philadelphia, and it was secretly resolved by them, that the best mode of checking *Hogan's heresy*, as they were pleased to term my advocating the reading of the Bible, was to take possession of the church in which I officiated, in the name of the Pope. They accordingly wrote to his HOLINESS, humbly praying this MAN-GOD to send them out a bishop, and to give him, and his successors in office, a lease of St. Mary's church, in Philadelphia, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging. Accordingly his ROYAL HOLINESS the Pope sent them a bishop with the aforesaid lease. I was immediately ordered out of the church; and having refused to depart, unless the trustees thought proper to remove me, this emissary of the Pope, only a few days or weeks in this country, had me indited and imprisoned for disturbing public worship, or in other words, officiating in St. Mary's church, even with the full and undivided consent of the trustees.

But the bishop's legal right was questioned; the case was brought before the supreme court of Pennsylvania, Chief Justice Tighlman presiding. I was discharged from bail and custody, and the rights of the trustees, under their charter from the state, sustained. But the priests and bishops were not content with this decision. They put their heads once more together, and fancied that they discovered another mode by which they could rob the people of their rights, and defeat the intentions of the donors of the property of St. Mary's church; and what was their plan, think you, fellow-citizens?

The bishop called a meeting of all the priests

and leading Catholics in the diocese. Every lay member was ordered to bring with him a hickory stick. The meeting was held in the church of St. Joseph ; and at the hour of twelve at night, the *Romish bishop of the diocese of Pennsylvania*, an Irishman, not more than a few months in the country, attended in his pontificals, told the multitude who were there assembled to lay down their sticks in one pile, in order that he might *bless* them for their use. This was done as a matter of course. The bishop said mass, sprinkled holy water upon the sticks, blessed them, and this done, the whole party bound themselves by a solemn vow never to cease until they elected a legislature in Pennsylvania that would annul the charter of St. Mary's church ; and, as an American citizen, I blush to state the fact, they succeeded. The charter was annulled by an act of the legislature, and property, worth over a million of dollars, would have passed into the hands of the Pope and his agents, were there not a provision in the constitution of that state empowering the supreme court to decide upon the constitutionality of the acts of the legislature.

We brought the question of the constitutionality of the act, which annulled the charter, before the court, Justice Tighlman still presiding. The court decided in the negative, otherwise the trustees and myself would have been defeated ; I should have been fined and imprisoned, and they ousted out of their trust.

This, I believe, was the first attempt the Pope has made to establish his *temporal power* in this country ; and it is a source of consolation to me, dearer almost than existence itself, to be the first to meet this holy BULL. If I have not strangled him, and trampled him to death, I have, at least, the comfort of seeing his horns so blunted, that his

bellowings have been, ever since, comparatively harmless. But there seems a recuperative power in the **BEAST**. He is again attempting to plant his foot upon our soil, and establish his temporal power amongst us; and how is he trying to accomplish this, fellow-citizens? The Papists have united themselves together as a body, headed by their priests, and resolved to carry, through the ballot box, what they cannot otherwise accomplish, at least for the present. Popish priests have all become politicians; they publicly preach peace, good order, and obedience to the "powers that be," but they tell the people in the *confessional*, to disregard those instructions, and stop at nothing which may promote the interests of *the church*.

They have now, what they call "religious newspapers," under the supervision of their bishops, but in which not a word of pure religion, or Christian charity, is to be found. They are political presses, whose object is to overthrow our laws, our government, and introduce, in their stead, anarchy and confusion. These people — and here I allude to Irish Catholics and their priests in particular — have no regard for the obligations of an oath. Let the priest only tell them that it is for the *good of the church*, and they will stop at no crime; no, not even at murder; and they are daily becoming more audacious, in consequence of the support which they receive from unprincipled politicians, and the morbid indifference of Protestants.

I have shown you, in a former page, that the increase of Catholics, in this country, will soon give them a majority of voters: and who, think you, will they vote for? A Protestant is it? Any man distinguished for virtue, and for love of republican principles? Assuredly not.

Will they select such a man as the virtuous and pious Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey? Will they choose such a man as the upright and honorable Archer, of Virginia? Will they cast their votes for such a man as the honest John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; than whom, whatever may be his politics, there is not a greater or a better man of the age.

I might name hundreds, equally good and great men, who are disqualified, by their virtues, from receiving the votes of Popish vassals. None but mercenary demagogues, such as the Pope's tool, Daniel O'Connell, who *generously* sacrifices five thousand pounds a year to obtain fifty-six thousand, the sum which he received last year in order to *ameliorate the condition of the poor Irish*. Give the power, and they will elect such a political desperado as this restless O'Connell, a Jesuit by education, an intriguer by nature, and as great a coward as ever drew breath. This is the champion, and his followers—the Irish—are the people, who call Americans *cowards*, and their "pilgrim fathers," *pirates* and *sanguinary wretches*. These are the men, with Daniel O'Connell at their head, numbering nine millions of the "*bravest men in the world*," who have been for centuries, and are now, on their knees, begging favors from the British government. Americans, too, once asked for favors, or rather their just rights, from that government, but not having obtained them, they drew their swords, threw away their scabbards, and, though the whole population of the United States did not, at that time, amount to two and a half millions, they fought for their rights, and they won them. Yet these Popish braggarts, but wretched slaves, call you cowards,

and your fathers pirates. How long will you suffer this?

We know, from history, that Popery and liberty cannot coëxist in the same country. A Popish government has never advanced human happiness. It never promotes any object truly great or philanthropic. How deplorable would it be, did this country fall a prey to those who are trying to establish it amongst us. The truth is, Popish glory, the trappings of its court, have been always the silly objects of the Roman church, while the mass of her people has ever been left in the recesses of want, obscurity, and ignorance.

Americans, at present, seem sunk in a sort of political lethargy; and this is taken advantage of, by foreign priests and Jesuits; but I would tell those disturbers of our peace, not to trust too much to this apparent sluggishness; a calm often precedes a storm: the continued insolence, abuses, and threats of Papists, may arouse our young lion, and, if I mistake not — although, appearances are at present against it — his HOLINESS and his minions, who are trying to set up a power in this country unknown to our constitution, and not enumerated in our bill of rights, may have occasion to tremble.

To effect this, however, without the shedding of blood, it is necessary — indispensably necessary — that no Papist should hold office, or even vote, until he ceases to have any connection, or hold any alliance with the Pope, who is a *foreign potentate*, as well as head of the church. Let them come amongst us, if they will, but let it be with healing on their wings, and not to disturb our peace and tranquillity. Let them prove themselves the friends of liberty, religion, and mankind, and Americans will receive them with open arms, admit them to a

full participation in all their own privileges, and extend to them the hand of friendship; but never let this be done, until they forswear *expressly* and *without mental reservation*, all allegiance, of whatever kind, and under whatever name, to the Pope of Rome, who is a *foreign potentate*, and acknowledged as such by the powers of Europe. When a Papist refuses to do this, trust him not. I repeat it, trust him not, Americans. He is a spy amongst you, a traitor to your country, and the sworn enemy of your religion and your liberties.

This, however, they do not. They come amongst you with different motives and far different characters. Though I know them well, it would be impossible for me to express to you the designs which mark their entrance into this country. They cross the Atlantic, under instructions from their priests, and bring nothing with them but their bigotry, intolerance, and ignorance. Their tastes, their passions, and their native hatred of Protestants are wafted over to us, and are already corrupting the morals of our people. In their native country they feel, or pretend to feel, oppressed by British laws and British government. They are taught by their priests to despise their government, at home; that its laws are all penal, and that there is no crime in evading them.

There is not an Irish Catholic, who leaves that country, but feels it his duty to resist the laws of Protestant England, and evade, by perjury or otherwise, their execution. "In no country in the world," says a modern writer, "are the rights of property so recklessly violated: amongst no people on the face of the earth are the obligations of an oath, or the discharge of the moral duties, so utterly disregarded. Any man, the greatest cul-

prit, can find persons to prove an *alibi*; the most atrocious assassin has but to seek protection, to obtain it. And why is this so? Because the religious instruction of the people has been totally neglected; because their priests have become politicians; because their bishops, pitchforked from the potatoe-basket to the palace, have become drunk with the incense offered to their vanity; and the patronage granted in return for their unprincipled support, instead of checking the misconduct of the subordinates, stimulate them to still further violence, and stop at nothing which can forward their objects. Because the opinions of the people are formed on the statements and advice of mendicant agitators, who have but one object in view — their own aggrandizement. Because a rabid and revolutionary press, concealing its ultimate designs under the motive of affording protection to the weak, seeks to overthrow all law and order, pandering to the worst passions of an ignorant and ferocious populace.”

Irish priests and Irish bishops complain of poverty and grievances at home. They complain that men of property leave their homes and spend their incomes abroad; but as this writer, to whom I have alluded expresses it, “What encouragement do they give to such as return from their residences abroad?” Allow me, fellow-citizens, to give you an instance of the treatment which Protestants of fortune receive from Irish Roman priests, when they do return to reside upon their estates in Ireland. I quote from the same author: —

“The Marquis of Waterford, a sportsman, boundless in his charities, frank and cordial in his manners, not obnoxious on account of his politics, and admitted on all hands to be one of the best

landlords in Ireland, comes to reside, and spend his eighty thousand sterling per annum, in the country. He gets up a splendid establishment in the county of Tipperary; and how is he treated? His hounds and horses were twice poisoned. There are scarcely any Protestants in the county of Tipperary. His offices were fired, and his servants, with difficulty, saved their lives. Compelled to abandon Tipperary — that sink of Popish iniquity, every nook and corner of which I am acquainted with — this generous and fine-hearted young nobleman retires to his family mansion, in Waterford; and how is he received there? I will not tell you; let his parish priest tell the story. "Men of Portlan," says this *holy Romish priest*, addressing the tenants and neighbors of the Marquis of Waterford, "you were the leading men who put down Beresford, in '26 (the marquis's father); I call on you now, having put down one set of tyrants, to put down another set of tyrants, the marquis himself."

Many of the Romish priests, which we have in this country, are from that very county of Tipperary, and thousands of the poor Irish amongst us have had their education, such as it is, from such worthy *apostolic successors* as the parish priest of the Marquis of Waterford.

Such are the people to whom you are yielding the destinies of this happy republic, by allowing them to vote at your elections, or to hold any office of honor or trust, while they have any connection with the head of their church, the Pope of Rome. Let the reader pass on from Popish Tipperary to Protestant Ulster, and he will see that the crimes of the Irish, and the miseries which many of them suffer, are to be attributed almost solely to their religion and their priests.

Mr. Kohl, a fair and very impartial writer, at least, upon Ireland, and who is often quoted by the great agitator, O'Connell, says, — in passing from that part of the country, where the majority of the inhabitants profess the Roman Catholic religion to that in which the great bulk of the population are Protestants or Presbyterians, — “On the other side of these miserable hills, whose inhabitants are years before they can afford to get the holes mended in their potatoe kettles, (the most important article of furniture in an Irish cabin,) the territory of Leinster and that of Munster begins. The coach rattled over the boundary line, and all at once we seemed to have entered a new world. I am not in the slightest degree exaggerating when I say, that everything was as suddenly changed as if by an enchanter's wand. The dirty cabins by the road side were succeeded by neat, pretty cottages; well cultivated fields and shady trees met the eye on every side. At first I could scarcely believe my own eyes, and thought the change must be merely local, caused by particular management of that particular state, but the improvement lasted, and continued to show me that I was among a totally different people, the Scottish settlers, and the industrious Presbyterians.”

We see, in this country, the same difference of character and habits, between the Irish Protestants and the Irish Catholics. The Irish Protestant, wherever you find him, laboring on his loom in the north of Ireland, working in a factory in New England, keeping a shop in New York, or cultivating a plantation in Carolina, values his home and integrity, as pearls of great price. He is generally temperate, frugal, and industrious. We seldom, or never, hear him accused of disturbing the peace, or fraudulently voting at elections; on the

whole, he arrives amongst us a worthy man, and, in time, becomes a useful citizen; and to what is this owing? It is owing to his education. He has been taught the Bible in his youth; from this he learned to love his God, above all things, and his neighbor as himself.

But how is it with the Roman Catholic, who comes amongst you? Scarce does he land on your shores, when he becomes more turbulent, more noisy, and more presumptuous, than when he left his native bogs. As soon as he confesses to his priest, he *hurrahs* for democracy, by which he means anarchy, confusion, and the downfall of *heretics*. He must vote; if he cannot do so fairly, his priest tells him how to evade the obligations of an oath. He will swear to support a constitution, which he never read, and never was read to him; he goes again to the confessional, and leaves that *sacred tribunal* with an oath upon his lips, that "Americans shall not rule him." He soon hears the words, "Pilgrim Fathers;" he goes to his priest, and asks what these words mean; he is told that they were *vile wretches, pirates*, who came to this country many years ago, and whose sons were *all cowards*, and thus we see that, as far as it is in their power, they are trying to reduce this country, and its native inhabitants, to a level with that in which their vile religion — Popery — has placed themselves. If we could cast our eyes over the history of the world, we should be struck with horror at the fatal consequences of Popery.

Wherever its followers have had an ascendancy, or wherever they have it now, they appear to be conspirators against the happiness of the human race. What were the means by which Popish kings, emperors, and princes, conducted their governments — *with the advice and consent of the*

Pope of Rome, the vicerent of heaven? Craft, extortion, fire, and sword. What are the means by which those governments, which at this day are under the Pope and his priests, are conducted?

The Pope apes the very thunders of heaven, and such are the "imitative powers" of his priests and bishops, that they are equally as destructive as the original. I have alluded to the contrast between the Catholic and Protestant people of Ireland. The one prosperous and happy; the other poor, miserable, and degraded. Heaven's vicerent, as the bishops call the POPE, and the Papists call the bishops, seldom bestow a thought upon their subjects, except to gull and inveigle them for the aggrandizement of their church; and we now see Ireland, one of the fairest countries upon earth, a country over which God has scattered plenty, and to which nature is peculiarly bountiful, reduced to want by insolent, haughty bishops, and vile, profligate priests.

That beautiful land which nature taught to smile with abundance, they have watered with tears, and with blood, all the result of Popery; and this has been its effect every where. It operates like the east wind, causing blasting, barrenness, and desolation, wherever it goes, and nothing but the herculean arm of this young and vigorous republic can check its progress among ourselves.

But I may be told that nothing is to be dreaded in this country from Papists; that they have neither numbers, nor means, to accomplish their designs upon our institutions. Let us see whether this is so. I have stated, in a former page, the number of bishops, priests, seminaries, and Papists, in this country. I have also shown you, to a demonstration, that if the number of emigrant Papists should continue to increase for the next thirty years, as

they have for the last eight, they will be a majority of the population of the United States, and the Pope our supreme temporal ruler.

Permit me, now, to give you some idea of what their means are, at least such portion of them as they derive from Europe, and you can judge for yourselves what they are in the United States. I will give you the amount sent from Europe, during the years 1841, 1842, and 1843. I quote from their own books and receipts.

	1841.	1842.	1843.
To Mr. Lefevre, coadjutor and administrator, at Detroit, . . .	\$1,971 60	\$1,010 95	\$7,447 64
Mr. Purcell, Bishop of Cincinnati, . . .	7,778 52	5,554 20	9,448 80
Mr. Fenwick, Bishop of Boston, . . .	3,700 28	3,063 32	2,866 40
Mr. Kenrick, coadjutor and administrator, Philadelphia, . . .	3,660 48	2,968 56	1,145 76
Mr. Hughes, coadjutor and administrator, of New York, . . .	8,236 08	10,885 72	9,020 22
Mr. Miles, Bishop of Nashville, . . .	4,575 60	4,452 84	4,006 16
Mr. Flaget, Bishop of Bardstown, . . .	8,676 06		
Mr. Hailandière, Bishop of Vincennes, . . .	8,291 88	12,245 87	10,603 36
For the Congregation of the Eudists, in the Diocese of Vincennes, . . .	3,720 00	3,463 32	1,860 00
Mr. Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, . . .	10,519 88	10,211 40	10,884 72
Mr. Chanels, Bishop of Natchez, . . .	4,775 40	3,958 08	2,291 72
Mr. Blanc, Bishop of New Orleans, . . .	2,745 35	1,979 04	4,583 04
Mr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, . . .	1,835 82	3,958 08	6,259 60
Mr. England, Bishop of Charleston, . . .	7,440 00	4,452 84	2,864 40
Mr. Whelan, Bishop of Richmond, . . .	4,575 60	4,947 60	6,235 68
The Missions of the Priests of Mercy in the United States, . . .	4,575 60	3,720 00	8,556 00
The Missions of the Lazarists in the United States, . . .	6,510 00		
The Missions of the Jesuits in the state of Missouri, . . .	7,513 60	5,580 00	5,952 00
The Missions of the Jesuits in the state of Kentucky, . . .	2,790 00	3,348 00	3,720 00
	103,891 75	85,799 82	97,745 50

With such an amount of funds annually, from abroad, in the hands of a body of men, who understand how to manage and appropriate them, perhaps better than any other association in the world, with the majority of the population of these United States, and having but one single object in view, namely, the supremacy of their Pope and their church; what have Americans not to fear? They will avail themselves of a corrupt state of representation; they will procure a majority in your national legislature, and then, I say, woe be to your liberties.

Your school-houses, which now ring, at stated hours, with the praises and glories of God on high, wherein children are given to drink of the waters of life, will be converted into monk-houses, and lying-in-hospitals; prayers to God will no longer be heard in them; vagabond saints and wooden images will be the only objects of adoration; ignorance and vice will take the place of intelligence and virtue; idleness will take the place of industry; and the free American who, heretofore, was taught to walk erect before God and man, will shrivel and dwindle into a thing fit only to crouch before a tyrant Pope, and become a hewer of wood and drawer of water, for lazy and gluttonous priests, who, for centuries, have been trying to extinguish the light of reason and science, and who, even at the present moment, aye, at our very doors, are trying to abolish some of the finest productions of genius.

Witness the prohibition, recently, in France, of the publication of the Wandering Jew. Witness the prohibition of its circulation in Cuba; and why is it prohibited? Because it exposes some of the trickery of Jesuitism — because it lays bare some

of the intrigues of that hellish association — and because holy mother church knows full well, that no honest or honorable man could see her in her native deformity, without a shudder of disgust — because she knows that herself and her priests are but whited sepulchres, filled not with dead men's bones, but with the living fires of despotism, avarice, lust, and treachery — because she knows that Eugene Sue, who has written the *Wandering Jew*, is a Roman Catholic, well acquainted with the practices of Jesuits, sanctioned by the church. A continuation of the *Wandering Jew*, and its circulation, might show the world, even if there were no better authority, that monasteries and nunneries, under the control of Jesuits, were but vast Sodoms and prisons, full of crime and pollution.

Eugene Sue could, and I believe would, show the world, if his health had not failed him, that Roman Catholic priests and bishops, though forbidden, under pain of *excommunication*, to marry, were allowed to keep concubines. I refer the reader to the memoirs of the Romish bishop, Scipio de Ricci, for the truth of this assertion. I also refer you to another valuable work, *Binnii Concillia*, first volume, page 737. You will find the same in a work called *Corpus Juris Canonici*, page 47, to be had in the Philadelphia Library. You will find the same permission sanctioned by the council of Toledo, at which Pope Leo presided. The only restriction put upon the licentiousness of priests, by the council of Toledo, was to forbid them from “keeping more than one concubine at a time, *at least in public.*”

Cardinal Campeggio expressly says, “that a priest who marries commits a more grievous sin than if he kept many concubines.” St. Bernard, who

died about the beginning of the twelfth century, and who must have been a very charitable man, as all Catholics now pray to him, tells the world that "bishops and priests commit acts in secret, which it would be scandalous to express."

Pope John XII., was convicted by a general council, of *fornication, murder, adultery, and incest*, but these were not sufficient to depose him. He still believed in holy mother, the church, and his own infallibility. There is not an individual who reads these statements, and is at all acquainted with history, who does not know that Pope Paul III., who convened the council of Trent, had made large sums of money from licenses given to houses of ill fame in that city.

The holy church to this day, in the city of Mexico, to my own knowledge, receives large sums from the same sources, and these are supported principally by monks, friars and priests. No wonder, then, that the publication of the Wandering Jew should be prevented in Catholic countries. The writer, Mr. Sue, is a man of the world, he has read the book of nature with as much attention as he has those in his library. He is a well-read historian, and possesses an admirable faculty of communicating his ideas. He clothes them with a simplicity and beauty, almost peculiar to himself. The man that could depict *Rodin*, the sanctimonious Jesuit, in his true character, as Mr. Sue has done, must necessarily be silenced in a Catholic country. It must not be known that Jesuits may come among us in the garb of merchants, or in any other disguise which they may please to assume; no intimation must be given, that the poisoned cup, the assassin's dagger, the desperate sea-captain, or the valiant soldier, could be concealed under a Jesuit's

cowl, or that he may throw off that cowl, at his pleasure, and exchange it for a pea-jacket, a dancing pump, the violin, the fencing foil, or even the costume of a barber, or tamer of wild beasts.

It will not answer the purposes of the HOLY CHURCH, that a man should live and write, who is capable of raising the curtain which hides its designs, and conceals the instruments, which she has ever used, and is now using, for the destruction of liberty. Such a man is the author of the Wandering Jew.

No man can look at the picture which he has drawn of Ignatius Morok, without recognizing, in its every feature, those of a Jesuit and a villain. He travelled about, in the assumed character of a "tamer of wild beasts," but in reality, he was a Jesuit missionary, and sent by that order, with full power to accomplish, by *any* means within his power, one of the most infamous acts of fraud that ever was committed by man.

He was accompanied, (as the reader of Eugene Sue will find,) by a *lay* Jesuit, named Karl, and I cannot give my readers a better idea of Jesuitism, as it ever has been, and is now, than by requesting of them to observe the course adopted by those two villains in accomplishing the object of their errand. Look at their treatment of the honest and faithful Dagobert. Look at the cruelties which they inflicted on the two innocent orphans, committed to his charge. See the schemes, by which they have made even the wife of Dagobert subservient to their designs. See the arts by which Jesuit priests crept into families, under various disguises, sowing amongst them discord, hatred, and domestic strife. They have put the father against the son, and the son against the father; husband against wife, and

wife against husband; brother against sister, and sister against brother. See how they have contrived to filch from the poor and almost starving, the last sou they possessed, to have masses said for the repose of the souls of those who were actually living, to the knowledge of the priest, though represented by him at the confessional, to have been long since dead!

See how one of those vagabond Jesuits, in the assumed character of a physician, aided by one of the sisters of that order, Madam de St. Dizier, imposed upon the heiress, Mademoiselle de Cardoville. He offered his services to accompany her to visit a friend of hers, but had a private understanding with a *lay Jesuit*, in the disguise of a hack-driver, to take them to a lunatic asylum, where he deposited the heiress. I will not quote from the "Wandering Jew," it would be depriving my readers of much pleasure; but I would recommend the perusal of it, in order to become acquainted with some of the prominent features of Jesuitism. The work appears as a romance, but it contains many sad and serious facts. It is a compendium of Jesuitism, and should be looked upon as a warning to the citizens of this new world. Americans will scarcely believe that we have any such Jesuits in this country, as are described in the *Wandering Jew*. I tell them they are mistaken; we have them in every state in the Union, but especially in New York, Maryland, District of Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. I speak from my own knowledge.

"Bred in the harem, all its ways I know."

A word to those who have daughters, and fortunes to give them; and also to those young ladies, who have fortunes in their own right.

Jesuits will leave nothing undone, to form acquaintance with the children of such as are supposed to be wealthy. The Catholic bishops of the United States, in their annual and semiannual *despatches* to Rome, boast that they are peculiarly *fortunate* in gaining *converts* from such families, and I trust a word of caution from me will not prove useless.

The mode which Jesuits have adopted, in approaching such families, are various: but the most general, and hitherto the most successful is, to induce their children to go to their colleges and schools. In these, every male and female teacher is to bend the minds of their scholars towards Popery, and to report progress twice a week to their *superiors*. But when parents do not send their children to Jesuit schools, the next expedient is to get Roman Catholic servants into the family, who are instructed in the *confessional* by the priests how to proceed, especially with their young daughters, in prepossessing their minds in favor of the Romish church, and the great beatitudes of a single life.

I have known cases myself, where it was not deemed prudent to go so far as to say one word in favor of the Catholic church, or of a single life. The young ladies may be *engaged*, and their young hearts *pledged*. A different course must now be pursued, and the Popish domestic has her instructions accordingly. She must find out to whom the lady is, or is likely to be, engaged; and it must be broken off, not abruptly — that is not the way Jesuits do things — it is to be done gradually. Their young minds must be poisoned, but the poison must be given in small quantities, until finally it produces the desired effect; and then the happiness and the glories of a *nun's* life are to be the

theme of conversation, more or less, according to the instructions received in the confessional.

It is not long since I met with a Protestant friend of mine, and in the course of conversation, some allusion was made to the subject of nunneries. He observed that their schools were excellent; that his daughter had just finished her education there, and had returned home in perfect ecstasy with her school, with the lady abbess who presided over it, and with all the nuns by whom she had been educated. "It is said," observed this gentleman to me, "that nuns try to tamper with the religious opinions of their pupils, and endeavor to make 'nuns of them,' but there is no truth in this; they never interfered with my daughter's religious opinions, nor did they insinuate to her the most remote idea of *taking the veil*, or *becoming a nun*."

I made no reply — courtesy forbade it. I might easily have answered my friend, but I feared the answer, which truth compelled me to give, would hurt his feelings. I might have said to him, Sir, your daughter had not a dollar in her own right, neither had you one to give her, and you must know that Jesuits seldom covet penniless applicants for the *black* or *white veil*. You should have also known that, although your daughter may have seemed very beautiful in your eyes, she was probably devoid of those external charms which would attract the libidinous eye of a Jesuit. When ladies are taken into a convent by Jesuits, they must be possessed of something more than ordinary attractions. These reverend Jesuits, having the liberty of choosing, are rather fastidious. *Verbum sat*.

Truly, and from my heart, I pity the female, who risks herself in the school of Jesuit nuns. She hazards all that is dear to her. Though she may

leave it, single-minded and innocent as she entered, — as I believe they all do who do not become nuns, — still the peril of going there at all is eminently hazardous and dangerous. But woe be to those who become *nuns*. I have been chaplain to one of those nunneries; and I assure my readers, on the honor of a man, who is entirely disinterested, and whose circumstances place him in an independent position, who wants neither favors nor patronage from any individual, that the very air we breathe, or the very ground upon which we walk, is not made more obedient or more subservient to our use, than a nun, who takes the *black veil*, is to the use of Popish priests and Jesuits.

The internal economy and abominations of a convent are horrible in the extreme. I dare not mention them, otherwise my book would, and ought to be, thrown out of every respectable house in the city. I will only call my reader's attention to the fact, that, in all Catholic countries, nunneries have *foundling hospitals* attached to them. This any man can see who goes to France, Spain, Portugal, or Mexico.

It will be seen, even in this country, that they have their private burying places and *secret vaults*. It is not more than five or six years, since a number of Jesuits, in Baltimore, petitioned the legislature of Maryland for leave to run a *subterraneous passage* from one of their chapels to a nunnery, distant only about five hundred yards. The object of the petitioners was too plain. It was the most daring outrage ever offered any deliberative body of men; but, much to the credit of the legislature of Maryland, they rejected the petition with undisguised marks of indignant scorn.

These statements will be rather unpalatable to

Jesuits, but my only regret is, that decency forbids a full development of the crimes committed, with perfect impunity, in Popish convents. In New York, every effort seems to be making, by the present legislature of that state, to suppress immorality. A bill is now before that body, making adultery a penitentiary offence; yet Popish priests are building *nunneries* there, and if Roman Catholic ladies think it proper to hold a fair to collect money for the building of those nunneries, these very New Yorkers will contribute their money freely; and thus, this ill-placed liberality, which Americans bestow, not only there but elsewhere, becomes the cause of evils which they seem desirous to crush.

How is it with us in Massachusetts? Look at our statute book, and if we are to judge from that, of the utter detestation with which our people look upon immorality of every kind, we deserve to be considered paragons of propriety. Should there be amongst us a house, even of *equivocal fame*, our guardians of the night and civil officers are allowed to demand entrance into it at any hour, and if refused, they may use force. Yet we have *convents* amongst us, *nunneries* and *nuns too*. Poor helpless females are confined in them, but not an officer in the state will presume to enter. If admission is asked, it may or may not be given by the mother abbess or one of the reverend bullies of the institution; but no force must be used. The poor imprisoned victims, whether content or not with her station, must bear it without a groan or a murmur.

This should not be in any civilized country; and I will venture the assertion, that it could not continue one hour, at least among the moral and charitable people of Boston, were they not utterly un-

acquainted with the iniquities of the Romish church.

This fully explains the opposition to the circulation of the *WANDERING JEW* by the *infallible church*.

I have given the reader but a faint view of the persecutions of Popery, down to the close of the fifteenth century, and revolting as they are, there is no record to be found from which we can even infer, that the church has ever altered her doctrine or practice, on the subject of exterminating heretics, namely, all who are not Roman Catholics. If there were any such record, it could not have escaped my notice. Some Pope or some council would, long since, have given it to the world.

I was, as has been stated, born a Roman Catholic, and educated a priest in that church. I solemnly declare to you, fellow-citizens of my adopted country, that nothing has been more forcibly impressed upon my mind, by my teachers, when a boy — by the priest to whom I confessed when young — by the professors under whom I read Popish theology — or by the bishop who ordained me, and with whom I lived subsequently as chaplain — than the obligation I was under of extirpating heresy, by argument, if possible; and, if not, by any other means, even to the shedding of blood. And there is not now, in this country, an Irish priest nor an Irish Roman Catholic, and *true* son of the church, who does not believe that, if he could collect all the heretics in the United States, and form them into one pile, he would be serving God in applying a torch to it. And, incredible as it may appear to you, their church teaches them that, in doing so, they would be serving you.

The doctrine is taught now, as it was in past

ages, by their priests, that *the body must be destroyed, for the good of the soul*. "It is a benefit," say the pious Popish priests, "to heretics *to be killed; the fewer will be his sins, and the shorter will be his hell!*" You naturally shudder at this doctrine, but it is not many years since Leo XII., in one of his *bulls of jubilee*, or indulgence to the faithful, announces publicly, and without shame, or sorrow, proclaims to Catholics, his *beloved subjects*, that in order to obtain the indulgence granted by that bull of jubilee, there are two conditions, without which, they can derive no benefit from it, namely, *the exaltation of the holy mother church*, and the *extirpation of heresy*. This "*blessed bull*" was published in 1825, and directed to the archbishop of Baltimore, and all other Popish bishops in the United States, to be made such use of as their *lordships* may think proper!

Will you believe it, Americans, that this doctrine is taught, this very day, in the college of Maynooth, Ireland. You will find it in De La Hogue's Tract. Theolog. ch. viii. p. 404, of the Dublin edition. No priest or bishop will question the authority of Dr. De La Hogue. He has been professor in that college for nearly half a century. I must, however, add here, for the information of all who are unacquainted with the doctrine of the pious frauds practised by Romish priests, that their respective bishops, or in his absence, the vicar-general, can give any of them a dispensation to deny any truth or to tell any falsehood for the "exaltation of holy mother church." I have received such dispensations myself, but, not having the fear of the Pope before my eyes, I took the liberty of disregarding them.

Many will ask me, Why have you not made these things known before now? There were many reasons why I suppressed them.

I knew my motives, however disinterested, might then be questioned ; secondly, the public mind was not prepared for the developments which I have made. Thirdly, my love of peace and quietness induced me to withdraw to a part of the country, distant from the scene of my controversy, hoping that the miscreant priests and bishops of the Romish church would permit me to pursue my new profession of the law, without interruption. But in this, as I ought to have known, I was disappointed. Although I have not, since I left Philadelphia, until very recently, even replied to the calumnies which vagabond Irish priests who infest this country, and the still greater vagabond bishops who govern them, together with the tools which they keep in their employment, have heaped upon me ; still they have, in the true spirit of their *vocation*, never ceased to pursue me with their vengeance.

No sooner had I abjured the Pope, disregarded his *bulls*, and thereby become a heretic, than they had me burnt in effigy ! But much more gratified would they be, had they my person in the place of the effigy. I still remained unmoved. Soon after this, Bishop England, of Charleston, South Carolina, established a press, called the "Catholic Miscellany," whose columns teemed, for months, — almost for years, — with the grossest and vilest abuse against me ; yet while this restless demagogue, who is now in his grave, was spewing forth his filthy abuse, I was prospering in my profession, and partially recovering my health, which I thought was radically destroyed by the persecutions I suffered in Philadelphia ; and thus, while the Pope in Rome, and the Romish bishops and priests of this country, were cursing me, Heaven was blessing my efforts and

gaining me the confidence of the virtuous and good, whom I had the pleasure of meeting in my intercourse with the world.

Strange indeed are the practices of Papists! Previous to my *heresy* in Philadelphia, there was not in that city a more popular man — not another more respected; I may almost say, that there was no man, of any pursuit or calling, whose friendship was more courted. Yet the moment I committed the *unpardonable sin* of differing with the Pope of Rome, every one of his faithful children, not only there but throughout the world, was bound by his oath of allegiance to persecute me in every possible way.

Never forget, Americans, that the same oath of allegiance, which binds them to persecute me, is also binding on them to persecute and destroy you. Some of you will say, this cannot be. A church, numbering among her priests such men as Massillon, Fenelon, Chevereux, and Taylor of Boston, cannot entertain, much less command, a spirit of persecution. True, as far as we can judge, these were godly men. They would be an honor to any religion. But in the Popish church, they were like stars that strayed from their homes, and losing their way, fell, by accident, upon the dark firmament of sin and Popery; but even there, their native light could not be obscured; on the contrary, the darker the clouds around them, the more beautiful and brilliant did their light appear. Poor Taylor, — “Peace be to thy memory, — we have been friends together.” Methinks I can, even now, feel the warm pressure of thy hand, see the charities of thy soul beaming in thy speaking eye and gentle countenance, yet thou too had been considered almost a heretic in the city of New York, and

would have been denounced as such by the rude and vulgar bishop of that diocese, had not the amiable Chevereux interfered.

Often have I regretted that this Mr. Taylor, who was my classmate, and companion of my youth, had not, in addition to his private virtues, more fortitude and decision of character. He was the Erasmus of his day, in the United States. He was born and educated a gentleman; so was the amiable but timid Erasmus. He was educated a Roman Catholic; so was Erasmus. He was a chaste and elegant classical scholar; so was Erasmus. Taylor, knowing full well the corruptions of the Romish church, went from New York to Rome, about the year 1822, in order to induce the Pope to modify such of its doctrines as were objectionable in this country. But he wanted courage, and hastily retreated back, lest he should be consigned to the inquisition. Erasmus, too, wanted courage, a quality as necessary for a reformer as it is to a general in storming a city and hence it is; that those two amiable men, similar in character and disposition, though living in ages widely apart, have lived ostensibly members of a church, whose doctrines they loathed from the very bottom of their souls.

This might have been the temper, the character, and the cause, why such men as Massillon and Fenelon have lived and died Roman Catholics. They felt, probably, as Erasmus did, when he said, "It is dangerous to speak, and dangerous to be silent." "I fear," said he, in another place, "that if a tumult arose, I should be like Peter in his fall." It is not at all strange, that such men as we have spoken of, should have contented themselves with having inculcated virtue, and de-

nounced vice. There were such men in all ages, and, as a modern writer expresses it, "in all great religious movements there are undecided characters." But let it be borne in mind, that even great and good as they seemed to be, and eloquent and pious as they appeared, still they are only exceptions in the great body of the advocates of Popery.

No wonder Americans look back to those lights in the dark and bloody wilderness of Popery. It is refreshing to see them. They are green spots in the deserts made barren and desolate, by Popish iniquities; and long may their memories shine in unclouded lustre.

It is pleasant to the historian, who is wearied and disgusted with contemplating the past and present horrors of Popery, to turn for a moment from the frightful spectacle, and rest in devout contemplation on the lives of those comparatively excellent men. How mistaken are those would-be philanthropists, who, at the present time, teach Americans to infer, that, because those were good and holy men, possessing a pious and forgiving spirit, it follows that the Papist church, her bishops and priests, entertain a similar spirit. This is equivalent to telling them that all history, past and present, is false, a mere romance, the dream of madmen. It is equivalent to telling them that the very history and records of the lives of Fenelon, and Massillon, &c., were entitled to no credit. Who can read, and not see that Rome has spilt oceans of blood to enforce her cruel creed! Who can read, and not see that she has squandered treasures enough to relieve the poor of civilized Europe, in establishing and keeping up a despotism inimical to man and hateful to God!

The Papists, even in this country, do not deny

that they intend to eradicate heresy, and to use every means which their church considers *legitimate* to effect that purpose. This the priests preach from their pulpits; this they tell you to your beards. They admit their determination to bring these United States, if possible, under the *spiritual* control of the court of Rome. They use the word *spiritual*, in utter contempt of your understanding, to deceive you, and while using it, they laugh at your credulity. Popish spiritual control, spiritual allegiance! It is almost incredible that any body of men should have the impudence to come forward, in the nineteenth century, and talk of *spiritual allegiance* to his royal holiness the King of Rome.

They admit their determination to possess this country, and have the modesty to ask you to give them lands and churches, and means to accomplish their object, and effectuate your destruction. Their next step will be to quarter upon you an army of friars, Jesuits, or monks, who will carry at the point of the bayonet what is left undone by duplicity, treachery, and intrigue. This has been the fate of every country where Popery has found a resting place, and America is the only nation which, for the last three centuries, has given them such a footing. They tried what they could do in China. They succeeded in establishing several bishoprics, Jesuit convents, nunneries, monk-houses and churches, among the peaceable and quiet Chinese; but happening to differ among themselves on the subject of their respective temporal rights, they, as in duty bound, referred their differences to the Pope. This movement came to the ears of the emperor of China, whom they had so long and so successfully deceived by the cant words, *spirit-*

ual allegiance to the Pope. The parties were summoned before his commissioner to ascertain what was meant by *spiritual allegiance*. They tried to explain it, but all their ingenuity, all their subtity, could not satisfy the commissioner that spiritual allegiance meant any thing else than what it fairly expressed, and as soon as he found that it meant, in the eyes of the Pope and the Romish church, things real and tangible, such as real estate, the conveying it from the rightful owner under the laws of the land, to another under the laws of the Pope, who lived in Rome, he satisfied himself, that the *spiritual supremacy* of the Pope meant, among other things, the power to govern the kingdoms of the earth ; to give away, and take them away, to whom and from whom, his royal holiness pleased. The emperor instantly issued an order, directing that every Roman Catholic bishop, priest, friar, Jesuit, monk, and nun, within his empire, should quit, within a given time, on pain of losing their heads. Many of them disobeyed the order and were executed, and their churches levelled to the ground.

The Chinese had no objection to Papists worshipping God, according to the dictates of their own conscience ; but as soon as it was discovered that they owed *spiritual allegiance* to a foreign power, they deemed it *prudent* to remove them from the country. But the Chinese are *barbarians*, and it seems reserved for this new world of ours, to interpret properly the meaning of spiritual allegiance, and in all differences, between our citizens and the agents of the Pope, as to the temporalities of the Romish church, to lay the subject before his *royal holiness*, and be governed by his decision.

Witness the difference between Bishop Hughes

of New York, and the trustees of a Roman Catholic church in Buffalo, only a few weeks ago. Witness that in New Orleans, between the bishop and the trustees of the Roman Catholic church. All these were referred to the Pope, who decided the matter, without any respect or regard to the laws of this government. Call you this *spiritual allegiance*? Call you this an exercise of spiritual power, on the part of his royal holiness the Pope? Yes, you do; and it would not much surprise me, if the Papists of this very city of Boston should recommend to its legislature, to lay the difficulties between themselves and the state of South Carolina, before the Pope of Rome for adjudication.

Should the day ever arrive, when the Papists have a majority in your legislature, and a difference should occur between these states, the Pope will be called in to decide it. I am at a loss to know how, even in these days of transcendentalism, *any other meaning* can be given to *spiritual allegiance*, than that which the Roman Catholic gives it in practice. They consider the Pope, as the *spiritual* head of the church, has, *a fortiori*, a *divine right* to be the head and sovereign of the world. This is the sense in which Catholics understand and act upon it, and swear to support the Pope, as the supreme arbiter of the destinies of the world. The Chinese understood this. The emperor of Russia understands it at the present day; and though a Catholic himself, no priest or bishop, within his vast dominions, dare avow any allegiance, *spiritual* or temporal, to the king or Pope of Rome. The holy synod of St. Petersburg, Russia, have notified the Catholic missionaries, who have incited rebellion, and interfered with the civil authorities in Georgia, to renounce their intercourse with

the see of Rome, or quit the country. But Americans, in the alembic of their fertile brains, have manufactured a definition for *spiritual allegiance*, peculiarly their own, for which the Papists are so much obliged to them, that whenever an opportunity of knocking out the aforesaid brains occurs, they will do so. Witness in the Philadelphia riots, &c., &c., strong proofs of the *spirituality* of that allegiance which Catholics owe to the Pope.

Permit me to give you another evidence of the nature of that allegiance to the Pope of Rome, to which I have heretofore alluded. It is to be found in the massacre of the Huguenots, by Roman Catholics. There is no event in the history of France, with which the world is more familiar, than this. Several historians have related it with great minuteness and much elegance. To these I can add nothing of my own, and the reader is more indebted to them, for the following statement, than to myself.

MASSACRE OF THE HUGUENOTS.

This bloody massacre took place immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of St. Germain, at which the hostilities which had so long existed between the Catholics and Protestants in France, were suspended, or, as the Protestants believed, were entirely terminated. The sufferings of the Protestants, up to the conclusion of that treaty, were truly great. Their property was wasted; their beautiful chateaus were burned and levelled to the ground; their flourishing vineyards were destroyed, and they themselves were left, reduced in property and numbers; but great as were their calamities, the spirit which lived within them was not quenched. Their hearts, though oppressed,

were not broken. The love of God bore them up against all their trials and privations. Among those who suffered most in the Protestant cause, was the brave and pious Admiral Coligny, who, after the treaty of St. Germain, and the destruction of his beautiful estates by order of the Popish and bloody Catharine, retired to Rochelle. Even here there was no safety for him. The licentious queen, and her paramours, consisting of priests, determined on his destruction. It is said of this woman, that she occupied twelve years of her life in instructing her son Charles to swear, to blaspheme, to break his word, and to disguise his thoughts as well as face. We are told by contemporary historians, that this *blessed daughter* of the holy church supplied him with small animals, when a child, and a sharp sword to cut off their heads, and shed their blood by stabbing them; all this to familiarize him with the shedding of blood, and that at some future day he might indulge in the same amusement upon a larger scale, in cutting off the heads and stabbing heretics and Protestants. The persecutions of the Huguenots are known almost to all readers; few there are, who are not familiar with them. The illustrious characters, who headed the Protestant cause in those days, are known to all Protestant Americans, but none of them, perhaps, more intimately than the great Coligny, who was one of the first martyrs to that wretched Popish thing, in the shape of a woman, Catharine de Medicis, regent of France. I trust, therefore, the reader will pardon me for giving a few incidents in the life of this nobleman and martyr, during one of the regencies of this Popish queen Catharine. After the marriage of Henry of Navarre, Coligny, as we are told, suddenly retired from the banquet given

upon the occasion at the Louvre. It was remarked that he seemed sad and dejected. He retired to his hotel, which he would have gladly left and returned home, but dreading that he might alarm his wife, he preferred writing to her, explaining matters as far as he could, under existing circumstances. The letter is so interesting, so affectionate, and altogether so worthy of the good man, that I cannot refrain from laying it before my readers. It was as follows: —

“ My very dear and much beloved wife :

“ This day, was performed the ceremony of marriage between the king’s sister and the king of Navarre. The ensuing three or four days will be spent in amusements, banquets, masks, and sham-fights. The king has assured me that, immediately afterwards, he will give me some days to hear the complaints, made in divers parts of the kingdom, touching the edict of pacification, which is violated there. It is with good reason that I attend to this matter as much as possible ; for, though I have a strong wish to see you, still you would be angry with me (as I think) if I were remiss in such an affair, and harm came of it from my neglect to do my duty. At any rate, this delay will not retard my departure from this place so long but that I shall have leave to quit it next week. If I had regard to myself alone, I had much rather be with you than stay longer here, for reasons which I will tell you. But we ought to consider the public welfare as far more important than our private benefit. I have some other things to tell you, as soon as I shall have the means to see you — which I desire, day and night. As for the news that I have to tell you,

they are these: This day, at four in the afternoon, the bells were rung, when the mass of the bride was chanted. The king of Navarre walked about the while in an open place near the church, with some gentlemen of our religion who had accompanied him. There are other little particulars which I omit, intending to tell you them when I see you. Whereupon I pray God, my most dear and beloved wife, to have you in his holy keeping. From Paris, this 18th of August, 1572.

“Three days back I was tormented with colic and pain in the loins. But this complaint lasted only eight or ten hours, thanks be to God, through whose goodness I am now delivered from those pains. Be assured on my part, that amidst these festivities and pastimes, I will not give offence to any one. Adieu, once more,

“Your loving husband,

“CHASTILLON.”

After having despatched the above letter, Coligny deemed it his duty to see the king before he left Paris. His sole object in so doing was to obtain, if possible, some concessions, or at least some guarantee for the future protection of the persecuted Protestants, of whom he was a member.

The king received him well, promised him all he asked; but the king consulted the Pope's nuncio, who was then in the city, and that *holy* man advised him to keep no faith with that Protestant Coligny, but on the contrary, to make all the use he could of him, in order the more effectually to accomplish the destruction of the heretical band to which he belonged. After receiving this Christian advice, the king became apparently more friendly to Coligny, and went so far as to promise him a

safe escort on his way home. "If you approve of it," said the king to Coligny, "I will send for the guard of my Arquebusiers for the greater safety of all, for fear they might unawares do you a mischief; and they shall come under officers who are known to you." The generous and unsuspecting Christian, Coligny, accepted the offer of the guards, and twelve hundred of them were ordered into the city. There were many of the Protestants in the city, who, on seeing this array of troops, felt alarmed for the safety of their friend Coligny; they whispered their fears to the brave warrior, who until then did not even dream of treachery. But now, fearing that something might be wrong, he resolved to see the queen mother. She expected this, and granted him an interview with great apparent pleasure. As soon as he commenced to suggest any fears or apprehensions of treachery, this *holy daughter* of the church, suddenly interrupting him, exclaiming, "Good God, sir admiral," said she, "let us enjoy ourselves while these festivities continue. I promise you on the faith of a queen, that in four days I will make you contented, and those of your religion." Coligny had now the word of a king, and the honor of a queen, as a guarantee for his own safety, and that of the Protestants in France. Who could any longer doubt that they were safe? Who could believe that a king would violate a solemn promise freely given? Who could question the honor of a lady and the promise of a queen? Who would venture to assert that a mother would not use her best effort to redeem the honor and plighted faith of a son, and that son a king? No one but a Roman Catholic could doubt it. Charles was a Roman Catholic king. His church taught him, that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Coligny

was a heretic. Catharine, the queen mother, was a Roman Catholic; her church taught her to keep no faith with heretics, but to "destroy them, root and branch, under pain of eternal damnation." *Heritici destruendi* is the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church; and accordingly, on the evening of that very day on which Coligny had an audience with the queen, these distinguished and pious children of the holy Roman Catholic church appointed an interview with the Pope's nuncio, and after that *holy man* sung the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, (a hymn which they invariably sing, when laying any plan for the destruction of heretics,) these three worthy children of the infallible church resolved to send for the "king's assassin," a man named Mauveval, and ordered him to assassinate Coligny. It must be observed here, that the Pope's legate allowed Charles and his mother to keep an assassin, to cut down *such thistles or tares as the devil may plant in the vineyard of the holy see*. Soon after this, Coligny had occasion to go out on some business. The Popish assassin pursued him at a distance, secreted himself in a house where he knew he could deliberately shoot at him; he did so, but the wound, though severe in the extreme, did not prove mortal. Among the first who visited him were the king and his mother; and such was the apparent grief of Catharine, that she shed tears for the sufferings of the warrior. The good son of this good mother mingled his tears with hers, promising that the assassin, whoever he was, should be brought to condign punishment; but need I now tell you, Americans, that the tears of this Popish queen, for the sufferings of this Protestant, were like those of the hyena, that moans in the most piteous strains, while sucking the life-blood of its

victim? Need I tell you they were like those of the crocodile, which sheds them in abundance while devouring its prey? Need I inform you that by her promises of future protection, she resembled the filthy buzzard, which spreads its wings over the body or carcass of its prey, while plunging its beak into its very entrails? And such I tell you now, as I have told you before, Americans, and shall tell you while I live, is the sympathy, and such the protection which every good mother and son of the holy Roman Catholic church would extend to you, your Protestant religion and its followers, in these United States.

We will now pass over the various meetings held by the king, his mother, queen Catharine, and the Pope's nuncio, for the purpose of devising ways and means, not for the death of Coligny, but for the destruction of all the Protestants in France. To detail these would be a tedious undertaking; and not more tedious than revolting to the best feelings of humanity. Depravity was reduced to a science in the court of Catharine, and her son Charles. She employed even her *ladies* of honor for the seduction of her young nobility. They were ladies — I should say human things — selected for their beauty, and trained up by this royal mother in the Romish church, in habits of utter abandonment to seduction and lasciviousness. Young men of honor, virtue, and patriotism, were introduced to them, by Catharine, especially those who were at all suspected of being favorable to Protestantism. These *maids* were required to ascertain from these young noblemen who, and how many of their young friends were friendly to the cause of Protestantism, with a view of marking them for extermination, as soon as herself and the

Pope's legate should deem it expedient to do so. The hour at last arrived, when the holy trio deemed it expedient to order a general massacre of the Protestants. The order was issued. The bells of the Roman Catholic churches were rung, and the royal order "Kill! kill! kill!" all, was issued by the king, and repeated by his Roman Catholic mother. I could not if I would, nor would I if I could, describe the scene that followed. Suffice it to say, that particular orders were given not to spare Admiral Coligny. Blameless as was his life; and devoted as he was to his king and government, yet he was a Protestant, and must die, and that by the hand of a Popish assassin. The holy church reserved to herself the glory of murdering this heretic. As soon as the order to murder was given, a rush was made towards the residence of Coligny. They entered his chamber, and to use the language of another, "they found him sitting in an arm-chair, his arms folded, his eyes half upturned with angelic serenity towards heaven, looking the image of a righteous man falling asleep in the Lord. One of the murderers, a pious Catholic, called Besma, fixing his fiendish eye upon the admiral, asked him, 'Art thou the admiral?' pointing his sword at him at the same time. 'I am the admiral,' replied Coligny. 'Young man, thou shouldst have regard for my age and infirmities;'" but the murderer plunged his sword into the Christian hero's breast, pulled it out, and thrust it in again. Thus died this noble Protestant! Thus died the veteran Coligny, by the hands of a Popish boy! And for what? He believed in the Bible—he was a Protestant. And thus, fellow Protestants of the United States, will your posterity be sacrificed, for similar crimes, unless God in his mercy drive from

your land, and mine by adoption, every vestige of the Popish religion. No sooner was Coligny put to death, than his head was cut off and presented to Queen Catharine, who sent for her perfumer, and ordered it to be embalmed and forwarded to the Pope, as a mark of her devotion to the holy see. But even this did not satisfy the queen. Her Popish bloodhounds, on hearing of Coligny's murder, rushed through the streets to his apartments, searching every where for his mangled body, and having found it, a general cry was raised, "The admiral! the admiral!" They tied his legs and his arms together, and dragged them through the streets shouting, "Here he comes, the admiral!" One cut off his ears, another his legs, another his nose, hands, &c. They abandoned the body, to let the boys amuse themselves by inspecting it, and then tumbled it into the river. But the zealous Catharine was not satisfied yet. This good daughter of the Pope ordered the river to be dragged, until what remained of Coligny was found, and then ordered it to be hung in chains on a gibbet at a place called Mountfaçon. A contemporary writer, a Roman Catholic, speaking of this, says: "the road to Mountfaçon was a scene of incessant bustle, created by the gentlemen of Catharine's court, who, in splendid dresses and perfumed with essences, went to insult the relics of Coligny. Catharine also went with her numerous retinue. Charles accompanied his mother. On arriving before the gallows, the courtiers turned away their heads, and held their noses on account of the stench arising from the half putrefied remains. 'Poh!' said Charles and his mother, to their courtiers, '*the dead body of a heretic* always smells well.'" On returning home she consulted with

her confessor, who advised her, now that the devil had the heretic's body, it would be well to have a solemn high mass for the occasion, to be said at the church of St. Germain, at which Charles and his mother attended, and a Te Deum was sung in honor of the glorious victory gained by the church, by the destruction of so many heretics.

As soon as the Pope heard this news, his holiness despatched a special messenger to France, to congratulate the king on having "caught so many heretics in one net." So joyous and elated did his royal holiness appear, that he offered a high reward for the best engraving of the massacre; having, on one side, as a motto, "THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH;" and on the other, "THE PONTIFF APPROVES OF THE MURDER OF COLIGNY." This engraving is now to be seen in the vatican of Rome.

The number of those who were massacred on St. Bartholomew's day is variously stated. Mazary makes it thirty thousand; others over sixty: but the Pope's nuncio, who was on the spot during the massacre, in a letter to the Pope, tells him, "the number was so great it was impossible to estimate it."

Recollect, American Protestants, that this massacre, and others to which I have alluded, was not the work of a few fanatics. It was the work of a nation, by their representative, the king, empowered to do so by the head of the Roman Catholic church. In vain is it for Papists to tell us that all this bloodshedding and destruction of human life was the work of a few, with which the church was neither chargeable nor accountable. Americans may believe them if they will. Let them believe. "There are none so blind as those who will not see." If neither the testimony of history, nor a statement

of facts, bearing all the necessary evidence of truth, will convince them, vain indeed are my efforts to do so. But there is no impropriety in my earnestly and solemnly appealing to Americans, and suggesting one or two questions, which they should put to any Roman Catholic who may deny that the church ever sanctioned those evil deeds of which I have spoken. Have you any record of the fact, that the church ever discountenanced the destruction of heretics? Did the Popish authorities ever deliver up those whom they knew to have murdered heretics to the civil tribunals? Were there ever any heretics murdered, as such, except by the advice, counsel, and connivance of the Popish church and her priests? If there were, in what country, in what age, and in what reign? Until these questions can be truly answered, you are not to be satisfied. But why will Americans, for a moment, entertain a doubt upon the subject? Popish historians never deny it. The actions of Papists all over the world proclaim it. The church of Rome has ever thirsted for the blood of heretics. She now yearns for an opportunity of shedding it again; all for the purpose of "purifying the earth of heresy."

Do you not see that her conduct, in all ages and all places where she had opportunities, confirms this? Do you not even see, that in this country, the members of that church can scarcely keep their hands off you; and so bloody are the sentiments which they inherit, that, for want of other subjects, they will sometimes shed that of each other? What would they not have done, a few weeks ago, in Philadelphia, had they the power? What in New York? What in Boston, or any where else in the United States? Do you not see, in all your intercourse with them, the ill-concealed hatred which

they bear you? If you have any charitable institutions for the support of Protestants, will they aid you? If you hold a fair for the purpose of building a church, or for any other Protestant purpose, will they attend it and purchase from you? They will not. If they do, they commit a sin against the church, and the power of absolving from that sin is *reserved* for the bishop of the diocese. It is a *reserved case*, as the church terms it. It is only by virtue of a *dispensation*, granted by the Pope to this country, that a Roman Catholic is even allowed to attend the funeral of a Protestant; and should he go into one of your churches, even though there was no service at the time, if he is a true son of the church, he will hasten to his priest and obtain absolution for that special crime. Yet, if they want churches built, you will furnish them with money. If they want land to build them upon, you will give it to them. Is this wise in you? You are denounced in those churches as heretics; your religion ridiculed, and yourselves laughed at. Your motives are undoubtedly good. You believe, because you do not know to the contrary, that, by your contributions, you are advancing the cause of morality. You do not reflect—and perhaps the idea never occurred to you—that there is a wide difference between the religion of a Protestant and that of a Papist. That of the Protestant teaches him to be a moral and virtuous man; whereas, that of the Papist has not the remotest connection with virtue. A Catholic need not dream of virtue, and yet be a member of that church.

The most atrocious villain, as an eminent writer expresses it, may be rigidly devout, and without any shock to public sentiment in Catholic countries, or even among Roman Catholics in the United States.

Religion, as the same writer says, and as we all know, at least as many of us as have been in those countries, and who are acquainted with Catholics in this, is a *passion*, an *excuse*, a *refuge*, but never a *check*. It is called by Papists themselves *refugium peccatorum*. Hence it is, that priests may be drunkards, and their flocks never think the worse of them. I have known some of them, whose private rooms where they heard confessions, were sinks of debaucheries, which a regard for public decency prevents me from mentioning. I have known females, who have been seduced by them, and who afterwards regularly went to confession, under the impression which every Catholic is taught to feel, that no matter what a priest does, provided he speaks the language of the church. *Don't mind what he does, but mind what he speaks*, is a proverb among the poor Irish Papists. None of them dare look me in the face and deny this, and yet these wretches talk of morals. But what think you, Protestants, of this kind of morality or of the church which does not even forbid it, and only requires to have it "concealed from *heretics*?" Do you desire it propagated amongst you? Do you wish your children to learn it? No virtuous daughter or decent woman should ever venture under the same roof with those men.

Paganism, in its worst stages, was a stronger check to the passions than Popery. I will give you one instance of the abominations of Popery. Papists believe in the doctrine of the *real presence* of Christ, in the sacrament of the Eucharist. It is the duty of every priest in that church to administer this *sacrament* to the dying, and for this purpose, they consecrate a number of small wafers, made of flour and water, each of which, they pre-

tend to believe, contains *the body and blood, soul and divinity* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, or in other words, THE LORD GOD himself. The priests carry with them, in a small box called *pixis*, a number of them to be given to the sick and dying. There are but few of them in the United States, in whose breeches' pockets may not be found, at any hour of the day, at least a dozen of *those gods*. Can there be religion here? Can there be morality among those men or their followers? I would go further, and ask, Is there any thing in Paganism equally impious or more revolting to God or man? They know full well that such a creed cannot be sustained either by reason or Scripture, and hence it is, they want all power concentrated in the Pope of Rome, in order to extirpate their opponents, Protestant heretics. Papists understand the character of Americans, and are well aware, that if sufficiently satisfied of the existence among them, of a sect who believed in a doctrine so absurd, and so impiously profane, as that of the real *bodily presence of Christ in the Eucharist*, they could not countenance them. My own impression is, that if the people of Boston, where I write, knew that Catholic priests taught their followers to believe, that they (the priests) could make gods by the dozen, carry them in their pockets, take them out when and where they pleased, and there kneel to them, in *adoration*, they would have them indicted under the statute against blasphemy. The Rev. Abner Kneeland was indicted because he denied the procession of the Holy Ghost, and found guilty of blasphemy. But what was his crime, when compared with that of Romish bishops and priests! It was bad enough, to be sure, in the eyes of all Christian men, and few questioned the righteous-

ness of the verdict of his guilt. If a Pagan priest should arrive amongst us, bringing with him his gods, and worshipping them in our midst, should we *sanction* him? I know not that our constitution forbids such a thing, but the reverence which we have for the *one true God*, our love of morality and good order, would forbid it. We would accuse and indict them for blasphemy. But is their blasphemy more horrid than that of the Romish church?

The Pagan priest hews his god out of wood; the Popish priest makes his out of flour and water. The Pagan priests convey their gods in some vehicle, from place to place, and stop to worship them, wherever their inclination or devotion prompts them. The Romish priests carry theirs in their pockets, or otherwise, as occasion or love of pomp may suggest.

Where, Americans, is the difference? Which is the greater blasphemer? Which is the bolder and more reckless violator of that great commandment, "*I am the Lord thy God.*" "*Thou shalt have none other gods before me*"? You will not hesitate to decide. The Pagan may be honest in his belief; he may worship according to the light that is in him, or the knowledge that has reached him. He may never have seen the Gospel. *The Day Star from on high* may never have arisen over him, or illumined his path! "The morning upon the mountains" may perhaps never have gladdened his vision; he may, to us at least, be excusable, and as far as we can see, without offence before God. But is the Romish priest, who makes his god out of flour and water, and worships it, sinless? Is he not an idolater? What can be more blasphemous than to believe that a wafer, made of flour and water, can be changed, by the incanta-

tions of a Romish priest, into the God of heaven and earth !

The Popish church teaches that the flour, of which the wafer is made, loses its substance, and all its natural properties, and is changed by the words of consecration into the Almighty God ; that is, it is no longer flour and water ; it is changed, — not *spiritually*, as Protestants believe, — but actually and really becomes the *body and blood, soul and divinity* of Jesus Christ, such as it was when nailed to the cross, and as such they worship the wafer. If this is not idolatry, I cannot understand what idolatry is. If this is not blasphemy, I wish some New England gentleman of the ministry, or the bar, would explain it, and tell me what they mean by their statute against blasphemy.

Does blasphemy, in their estimation, mean nothing ? or is it something introduced into our laws, only for the purpose of exercising the ingenuity of legal and ecclesiastical casuists ? Surely, if the word has any meaning whatever, in law or morals, in church or state ; if it can be enforced at all, and there is such a crime as blasphemy, it should be enforced against the Romish priest or bishop, who bows and teaches his followers to bow, in adoration, to a piece of bread and water, and thus blasphemously insult, as far as poor mortals can, the great and living God. Surely, the state authority, which would institute a criminal prosecution for blasphemy against Kneeland, because he did not believe the Holy Ghost to proceed “from the Father and the Son,” and does not prosecute for blasphemy Popish priests, who believe, and teach their followers to believe, that they can create, or rather manufacture as *many gods* as they please, out of flour

and water, either neglects his duty, or his knowledge of it is very equivocal.

Either this is the case, or the treatment of Kneeland originated in some cruel persecution. The latter I am far from believing.

As a citizen of this state, I would ask respectfully, why proceedings, under the statute against blasphemy, are not immediately commenced against Popish priests? Is it because Kneeland was friendless and alone, that he was selected as a proper victim? and is it because Popish priests are supported by a large party, equally criminal with themselves, that they are spared? Not at all, say the *sympathizers* with Popery. Kneeland made a noise in his meetings; they were troublesome in the neighborhood where they were held. Be it so. I will not deny this, nor do I wish to be considered as the apologist of Kneeland, his blasphemies, or his meetings; but I would ask the prosecuting officer of the state, whether Kneeland's meetings were more noisy than *Popish repealers*? Were they even half so turbulent or uproarious? Let those whose duty it is answer the question, and tell us why priests are not prosecuted for blasphemy. I contend that if there is one blasphemy under the sun more revolting than another, it is that of believing and teaching that a wafer can be changed from what God made it, into that same Almighty God, by mumbling over it a few Latin words. It makes me shudder at the weakness of man, and the unaccountable influence of early education, to think that I myself once believed in this horribly blasphemous doctrine.

The doctrine of Popish priests in adoring a wafer made of bread and water, and their mode of manufacturing the wafer into God, is not only blasphemous, but extremely ludicrous.

Has the reader ever seen a Popish priest in the act of making, or metamorphosing bread and water into *flesh* and *blood*? If he has not, it would be well, if not profane, to witness it; for never before has he seen such mountebank tricks. The priest, this great *creator* of flesh and blood out of flour and water, appears decked out in as many gew-gaws as would adorn a Pagan priestess, and about twice as many as would be necessary for a Jewish rabbi. Amid the ringing of small bells, dazzling lights, genuflections, crossings, incense, and a variety of other such "tricks before high Heaven," this clerical mountebank metamorphoses this wafer into *God*, and exhibits it to his followers, whom he calls upon to go on their knees and adore it. This horrible practice should induce our philanthropists, who are sending vast sums abroad for the conversion of the Pagan, to pause and ask themselves, whether there is, in the whole moral wilderness of Paganism, any thing worse, or half so bad, as that idolatry which we have at our own doors!

If a being from some unknown world, and to whom this world of ours was as little known as the one from which he came was to us, should, by accident or otherwise, arrive among us, and we were to take him into a Roman Catholic church during the celebration of mass, and there tell him, that the *great actor* in the service was making flesh and blood out of bread and water, and could actually accomplish that feat, he would unhesitatingly award to these United States the credit of having among them some of the most accomplished jugglers in the world.

What are your Eastern fire-eaters, sword-swallowers, and dervises, to a Popish priest? Why, it would be easier to swallow a rapier, ten feet long,

or a ball of fire as large as the mountain Orizaba, than to metamorphose flour and water into the "*great and holy God*, who created the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein."

Let me not be accused of levity, or want of reverence to that Almighty Being, to whom I am indebted for my creation and preservation, and on whom alone, through the merits of the Saviour, my hopes of salvation are placed. My only object is, to call the attention of my fellow-citizens to the absurd and profane doctrines of Popery ; and that having seen them, in their true colors, it is to be hoped they will find little favor from a thinking and reflecting people.

It is extremely unpleasant to my feelings, thus to expose the profanity of a religion which I once professed, and inculcated upon the minds of others ; but the best atonement I can make for my unconscious offence to my God and my fellow-beings is, to acknowledge my error, and caution others against falling into the snares which an early education, received from priests and Jesuits, had precipitated me. The reader will therefore pardon me if I lay before him a few more Popish extravagances.

It is generally known, that Papists believe in the doctrines of miracles. So do I, and so do all Christians. But it is not so well known that the miracles, in which Protestants believe, differ widely from those which the Romish church teaches her followers. We believe the miracles recorded in the Holy Scriptures ; to these, however, the *infallible church* pays little or no attention, but hands us down a catalogue of miracles, for the truth of which she herself vouches, and calls upon all to receive them as the "genuine article." It may be edifying, and if not, it cannot fail to be amusing to American

Protestants, to see a specimen or two of Popish miracles. I assure the reader, they are very fair ones, to my own personal knowledge, and considered as such by every true Roman Catholic in this city of Boston as well as elsewhere.

St. Hieronymus, better known by the name Jerome, who died early in the fifth century, relates the following miracle : — “After St. Hilary was banished from France to Phrygia, he met in the wilderness a huge Bactrian camel, and having seen, in a vision, that his camelship was possessed of the devil, he exorcised him, and the devil sprang out from him, running wild through the wilderness, leaving behind him a strong smell of brimstone.” He tells us another miracle, with much gravity. “Paul the Hermit,” says this saint, “happening to die in the wilderness, his body remained unburied, until discovered by St. Anthony. The saint being alone, and not having the means of digging a grave, nor strength enough to place in it the body of the hermit, prayed to the Virgin Mary to aid him in his difficulties. The result was, two lions, of the largest species, walked up to him, licked his hands, and told him that they would dig the grave themselves with their feet, and place the body of Paul in it. They did so ; and having finished their business, went on their knees, asked the saint’s blessing, and vanished in the woods.”

Palladus, who lived in the fifth century, and was greatly distinguished in the Romish church, tells us of a hyena, which, in a certain wood in Greece, killed a sheep. The next day, a pious hermit, who happened to live in the neighborhood, was surprised at seeing this hyena at the door of his cave ; and on asking it what was the matter, the hyena addressed him in the following

language: "Holy father, the odor of thy sanctity reached me; I killed a sheep last night, and I came to ask your absolution." The saint granted it, and the hyena departed in peace. We find in Butler's *Lives of the Saints*, which is for sale in almost all Roman Catholic bookstores, an account of some most extraordinary miracles, for the truth of which, the *infallible church* pledges her veracity. For instance; when heretics cut off the head of St. Dennis, the saint took it up, put it under his arm, and marched off some miles with it. Butler relates another extraordinary miracle, and if American Protestants presume to doubt it, they may expect a bull from the Pope of Rome.

A certain lady in Wales, named Winnefride, was addressed by a young prince, named Caradoc. But she, being a *nun*, could not listen to his addresses. The young prince got impatient, and finally, in a fit of rage and disappointment, he pursued her in one of her walks, and cut off her head. A saint, by the name of Beuno, hearing of this outrage, went in pursuit of Caradoc, and having come up with him, he caused the earth to open and swallow him. Upon his returning where the *nun's* head fell, he found that a well had opened, emitting a stream of the purest water, the drinking of which, to this day, is believed to cast out devils. When the holy St. Beuno looked at the head of the *nun*, he took it up and kissed it, placed it on a stump, and said mass. No sooner was the mass finished, than the beheaded nun jumped up, with her head on, as if nothing had happened.

Come forward, Americans, if you dare, and deny this miracle. The *holy church* vouches for its truth. St. Patrick, the great patron of Daniel O'Connell, whom his holiness the Pope calls the *greatest layman living*, performed some very ex-

traordinary miracles, as we are told; among them was the following: A poor boy strayed from home, and died of starvation, or something else, and the body was nearly devoured by hogs, when St. Patrick, chancing to pass that way, discovered it in this mutilated condition. The holy saint touched it, and it instantly sprang into life, resuming its former shape and proportions. On another occasion, as we read in the Lives of the Saints, St. Patrick fed fourteen hundred people with the flesh of one cow, two wild boars, and two stags; and what is more strange than all, the same old cow was seen, on the following morning, brisk and merrily grazing on the very same field where she was killed, cooked, and eaten by the multitude.

We read of another very great miracle, which no Roman Catholic can doubt, without running the risk of being considered a *heretic*. St. Xavier, who is considered one of the most distinguished saints in the Romish church, had a valuable crucifix. On one of his journeys at sea, it fell overboard, much to his regret. When he arrived at his place of destination, he took a walk along shore, meditating on the power, grandeur, and infallibility of the *mother of saints*, and what was the first object that caught his eye? Lo, and behold, he saw a crab moving towards him, bearing in its mouth the saint's crucifix, and continued to advance until he reverently laid it at his feet. No Roman Catholic writer, since the days of St. Xavier, questions the truth of this miracle.

The Popish biographers of St. Xavier tell us of another great miracle performed by him, the truth of which is attested by the *infallible church*. The devil tempted Xavier, and the "*old boy*" assumed the shape of a lovely female; the saint ordered her off, but she refused, and attacked him

again on the same day ; but the saint, unwilling to be annoyed any longer, spit in the devil's face, and he instantly fled.

I cannot dismiss this subject without relating a few more of those miracles which Roman Catholics believe. They may be seen in Belarmine's Treatise on the *Holy Eucharist*, book iii. ch. 8. St. Anthony, of Padua, got into an argument with a heretic, concerning the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, or the changing of bread and water, by Romish priests, into the flesh and blood of JESUS CHRIST. After arguing the question for a long time, the heretic proposed to St. Anthony to settle their controversy in the following manner : " I have a horse," said the *heretic*, " which I will keep fasting for three days ; at the expiration of that time, come with your *host* (an image) and I will meet you with my horse. I will pour out some grain to my horse, and you will hold the *host* before him ; if he leave the grain, and adores the host, I shall believe." They met, and St. Anthony addressed the horse in the following words. I translate, literally, from that illustrious writer in the Roman church, Belarmine.

" *In virtue, and in the name of thy CREATOR, whom I truly hold in my hand, I command and enjoin thee, O horse, to come, and with humility, adore him.*" *The horse, instantly, left his corn, advanced towards the host in the priest's hand, and, devoutly kneeling, adored it as his God.*

St. Andrew, as we read in Romish history, was a man of great eminence and *sanctity*. Papists pray for his intercession daily. The *infallible church* informs us, that he performed some very great miracles. I beg to give my readers one, as a sample of the many which he performed.

The devil, armed with an axe, and accompanied by several minor devils, with clubs in their hands, made an attack upon the saint, whereupon he called upon St. John, the apostle, to rescue him. St. John lost no time in making his appearance, and summoning some holy angels to aid him, with chains in their hands, he rescued St. Andrew from these devils, and chained every one of them to the spot; whereupon, as we are informed in the *Acts of the Saints*, St. Andrew burst into laughter, and the devils fell to screaming and crying mercy.

In the year 1796, a work, entitled *Official Memoirs*, was published in Ireland, under the authority of Dr. Bray, archbishop of Cushel, and Dr. Troy, archbishop of Dublin. In this work it is stated—and to doubt the fact in Ireland, would be *heresy*—that in the month of May, 1796, at Toricedi, tears were seen to flow from the eyes of a *wooden image* of the Virgin Mary. Impious as such doctrines are, they are now believed by Roman Catholics.

I was myself personally acquainted with archbishop Troy, and I remember, when young, that he and the priests by whom I was instructed, took much more pains in impressing upon my mind the truth of such miracles, as that of the wooden Virgin Mary, than they did the truths of the Gospel; and, in fact, every Catholic is taught to rest his *salvation*, almost entirely, upon the intercession of the *virgin*. Ninety-nine in a hundred of Irish Catholics rest all their hopes of salvation on the Virgin Mary. They adore her, they worship her, and what is worse, Popish bishops and priests teach them to do so. They even compel them to adore the virgin, though the miserable beings have the hardihood to deny it before Americans. But will they dare do it before me? When a poor, ignorant

Catholic goes to confession, the usual penance imposed by the priest, for minor offences, is the repetition of the following address to the Virgin Mary, two or three times a day, for a week or more, according to the heinousness of the sin committed: —

“ Holy Mary,
 Holy mother of God,
 Holy virgin of virgins,
 Mother of Christ,
 Mother of divine grace,
 Mother most pure,
 Mother most chaste,
 Mother undefiled,
 Mother untouched,
 Mother most amiable,
 Mother most admirable,
 Mother of our Creator,
 Mother of our Redeemer,
 Virgin most prudent,
 Virgin most venerable,
 Virgin most renowned,
 Virgin most powerful,
 Virgin most merciful,
 Virgin most faithful,
 Mirror of justice,
 Seat of wisdom,
 Cause of our joy,

Spiritual vessel,
 Vessel of honor, [tion,
 Vessel of singular devo-
 Mystical rose,
 Tower of David,
 Tower of ivory,
 House of gold,
 Ark of the covenant,
 Gate of heaven,
 Morning star,
 Health of the weak,
 Refuge of sinners,
 Comfort of the afflicted,
 Help of Christians,
 Queen of angels,
 Queen of patriarchs,
 Queen of prophets,
 Queen of apostles,
 Queen of martyrs,
 Queen of confessors,
 Queen of virgins,
 Queen of all saints.”

The above tissue of blasphemy is daily, nay, several times in a day, repeated by Catholic priests and their *penitents*; and I am much mistaken, if there is upon the face of the globe, whether in Pagan, Mahometan, or Heathen countries or creeds, to be found any thing equally blasphemous, or more disgusting to the mind of any individual who believes in the *pardon of sin through the*

atonement of Christ; and I hesitate not to say, that the Christian, who countenances such a doctrine, or contributes, in any way, to its propagation, denies his Saviour, and shows himself unworthy of the name he bears.

To the professed infidel I have nothing to say. To him, who mocks and scoffs at the Triune God, I will attach no blame; with him I have nothing in common, further than brotherhood of the same species; but I must appeal to the Christian, and seriously ask him, Why do you encourage such blasphemy as this address to the Virgin Mary? Why do you encourage its propagation amongst your brethren? Why do you hold communion with those who utter it? Would the primitive Christians, if they now lived, hold any communion with idolaters? Would they contribute their money to build temples for *Isis* and *Dagon*? Would they basely bend the knee to the golden calf of old? No. Sooner — much sooner — would they lay their heads upon the block. They would look upon it as a denial of their God, and a recantation of their faith in him. Would your Puritan forefathers give the right hand of fellowship to the worshippers of a wooden image? Would they give their money to a priest, to build churches, and teach his followers that they could hew out for them images of wood, possessing power to work miracles, or in other words, to change the laws of nature, which the *Eternal Law-Maker* alone can change or suspend?

Custom, the point of the bayonet, or even that cruel tyrant, early education, may enforce such idolatry on the Old World; but the free-born American, unbiassed by education — unawed by tyrants — has no apology. His submission to such doc-

trines is an unqualified surrender of his reason, his religion, and the liberties of his country.

When the star of our independence first arose, it was hailed by the Christian philosophers of the old world, as a foreshadowing of the downfall of tyranny, superstition, and idolatry. They looked upon it as fatal to the bastard Paganism, taught in the Popish church; but what must be their astonishment, if permitted at the present day to look down upon our country, and see our people practising that same Paganism, nicknamed Christianity, and asking from our government protection — a privilege which the framers of our constitution never intended should be extended to tyrants or idolaters!

Here I would stop, and never more put pen to paper, for or against Popery, did I not see many of my fellow-citizens, possessing the finest minds and precious souls, falling victims to the sophistry, ingenuity, and quibbling casuistry of Popish priests and bishops.

It is not long since I saw a letter from the Roman Catholic bishop Fenwick, of the diocese of Massachusetts, in which he informs the *authorities* of Rome that he is making converts from some of the *first families* in his diocese. This, I presume, is correct, and these are the very individuals most easily imposed upon. They know nothing of Popery. They are not aware that Papists have two sides to the picture, which they exhibit of their church. One is fair, brilliant, dazzling, and seductive. Nothing is seen in their external forms of worship but showy vestments, dazzling lights, and the appearance of great devotion. Nothing is heard but the softest and most melting strains of music. No wonder these should captivate minds which are strangers to guilt; nor is it

strange that they should bring into their churches those who are most guilty, in the full assurance that their guilt shall be forgiven, and their crimes effaced from the records of heaven, by only confessing them to one of their priests.

Will the heads of those respectable families, to whom Bishop Fenwick alludes, and from whom he is making so many converts, permit me to ask them, whether they have ever reflected upon what they were doing, in permitting Romish priests to come among them? I have myself been a Catholic priest, as I have more than once stated; I am without any prejudice whatever. If I know myself, I would do an injustice to no man; but I hesitate not to tell those heads of families, whether they are the parents or guardians of those *converts* to the Romish church, of whom mention is made, that if they have not used all their authority with which the laws of nature and of the land invests them, to prevent these *conversions*, they are highly culpable. If they are parents, they have become the moral assassins of their own children, and perhaps their own wives. Do any of those fathers know the *questions* which a Romish priest puts to those children, at confession? Do husbands know the *questions* which priests put to their wives, at confession? Though a married man, I would blush to mention the least of them.

Though not so fastidious as others, I cannot even think of them, much less name them, without a downcast eye and crimsoned cheek, and particularly those which are put to young and unmarried ladies.

Fathers, mothers, guardians, and husbands of these *converts*, fancy to yourselves the most indelicate, immodest, and libidinous questions which the most immoral and profligate mind can conceive —

fancy those ideas put into plain English, and that by way of question and answer—and you will then have a faint conception of the conversation which takes place between a pampered Romish priest and your hitherto pure-minded daughters. If, after two or three of these *examinations*, in that *sacred tribunal*, they still continue virtuous, they are rare exceptions. After an experience of some years in that church, sooner—far sooner—would I see my daughters consigned to the grave, than see them go to confession to a Romish priest or bishop. One is not a whit better than the other. They mutually confess to each other.

It was not my intention, when I commenced this work, to enter into any thing like a discussion of the doctrines maintained by the Romish church. My sole object was to call the attention of *American Republicans* to the dangers which were to be apprehended, and would inevitably follow, from the encouragement which they are giving to Popery amongst them. I have, however, deviated a little from my first intention, in more than one instance; but I trust, not without some advantage to many of my readers. I am aware that I have exposed myself to the charge of carelessness and indifference to public opinion, in not paying more attention to the construction and order of my sentences. Did I write for fame, or the applause of this world, I would have been more careful; but, as my object is only to state facts, in language so plain that none can misunderstand it, I have no doubt the reader will pardon any defects which he may find in the language, or want of consecutiveness in the statements, which these pages contain.

I will now ask the attention of the reader, for a

few moments, to the Popish doctrine of *Indulgences*; and I do so because priests and bishops deny that such things as *indulgences* are now either taught or granted to Catholics. They say from their pulpits and altars that indulgences are neither bought nor sold by Catholics, and never were.

It is an axiom in our courts of law — and should be one in every well-regulated court of conscience — that *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*. The meaning of this axiom is, that he who tells a falsehood in one case will do so in every other. If this be true — and it is as true as that two and two make four — I pronounce all Roman Catholic priests, bishops, Popes, monks, friars, and nuns, to be the most deliberate and wilful set of liars that ever infested this or any other country, or disgraced the name of religion. I assert, and defy contradiction, that there is not a Roman Catholic church, chapel, or house of worship in any Catholic country, where *indulgences* are not sold. I will even go further, and say, that there is not a Roman Catholic priest in the United States, who has denied the fact, that does not sell indulgences himself; and yet these priests, and these bishops — these men of sin, falsehood, impiety, impurity, and immorality — talk of *morals*, and preach *morals*, while in their sleeves, and in their practices, they laugh at such ideas as moral obligations. Here I would appeal even to Irish Catholics who are in this country. I would ask all, or any of them, if ever they have heard *mass* in any Catholic chapel in Dublin, or any other city in Ireland, without hearing published from the altar, a notice in the following words, or words of similar import.

“ *Take notice, that there will be an indulgence on — day, in — church. Confessions will*

be heard on — day, to prepare those who wish to partake of the indulgence." I have published hundreds of such notices myself; and any American, who may visit Ireland, or any Catholic country, and has the curiosity to enter any of the Romish chapels, can hear these notices read; but when he returns to the United States, he will hear the Roman priests say that "there are no indulgences sold by the Romish Church." Beware, Americans! How long will you be the dupes of Popish priests?

Will the reader permit me to take him back a few years, and show him in what light *indulgences* were viewed in the 16th century, under the immediate eye of the Pope and full sanction of the *infallible church!*

The name Tetzal, is familiar to every reader. He was an authorized agent for the sale of indulgences. I will give you one of his speeches, as recorded on the authority of Roman Catholic writers, and recently published in this country in D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

Indulgences — says this reverend delegate of the Pope — *are the most precious and sublime of God's gifts.*

Draw near, and I will give you letters duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall be all forgiven you.

I would not exchange my privileges for those of St. Peter in heaven; for I have saved more souls by my indulgences, than he by his sermons.

There is no sin so great, that the indulgence cannot remit it, and even if any one should — which is impossible — ravish the holy Mother of God, let him pay, let him only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven him. The very moment the money

goes into the Pope's box, that moment even the condemned soul of the sinner flies to heaven.

Examine the history of Paganism, and you will not find in its darkest pages any thing more infamously blasphemous than the above extract, taken from a speech delivered by one of the Pope's auctioneers for the sale of indulgences. But even this would be almost pardonable, if priests did not try to persuade Americans that those sales have long since ceased.

It is not more than twelve months since I was in the city of Principe, Cuba; and I beg permission to relate to my readers what I have there personally witnessed; or, as we would express it in our most homely language, seen with my own eyes.

At an early hour in the morning, I was aroused from my slumbers by a simultaneous ringing of all the bells in the city. On looking out, I witnessed the marching of troops, firing of cannons, field-officers in their full uniforms, all the city authorities wearing their official robes, with innumerable priests and friars bustling about from one end of the city to the other. My first impression was, that a destructive fire must have broken out somewhere, or that some frightful insurrection had taken place; but, on inquiry, what think you, reader, caused this simultaneous movement of the whole population of Principe, amounting in all to about sixty thousand? "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon." A huge bull of indulgences had arrived from the Pope of Rome, and they turned out — troops and all — to pay it *due homage*, and hear it read in the cathedral of Principe.

A day was appointed for the sale of the indulgences contained in the aforesaid bull! Accompanied by a Scotch gentleman, with whom I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, we went, with

others, to the house of the *spiritual auctioneer*, and I there purchased of the priest, for two dollars and fifty cents, an *indulgence* for any sin I might commit, except four, which I will not mention. These, I was told, could only be forgiven by the Pope, and would cost me a considerable sum of money.

Many of our citizens are in the habit of visiting Havana, and can purchase those indulgences at any sum from twelve and a half cents to five hundred dollars. Will you still listen to Popish priests, who tell you that indulgences are neither sold nor bought now in the Romish church?

From Cuba I immediately proceeded in the United States' ship *Vandalia*, to Vera Cruz, and from thence to the city of Mexico. I felt desirous of ascertaining the state of Popery in that exclusively Popish country, and availed myself of every opportunity to do so. Accordingly, soon after my arrival in Mexico, I strolled into the *cathedral*, and saw in the centre aisle a large table, about forty feet long and four wide, covered with papers, resembling, at a distance, some of our bank checks. Curiosity induced me to examine them, and, instead of bank checks, I found checks on Heaven; or, in other words, *indulgences* for sins of all descriptions.

I resolved upon purchasing; but, knowing full well that Americans, though *the most intelligent people in the world*, but long the dupes of Roman Catholics, would scarcely believe me if I told them that I bought an indulgence in Mexico. I went back and requested of our consul there, Mr. Black, to come with me to the cathedral and witness the purchase of, and payment by me for an *indulgence*. Will Catholic priests tell you there is no truth in this? If they do, be not hasty in making up your minds on the question. There are two or

three lines of packets running from New York to Vera Cruz, and you can easily ascertain, from Mr. Black, whether I am telling truth, or whether *Papists* are humbugging you, as they have been for the last half century.

But why go abroad for evidence to fix upon Romish priests the indellible stigma of falsehood on the subject of indulgences? I have sold them myself, in Philadelphia and in Europe! The first year I officiated in Philadelphia as a Roman Catholic priest, I sold nearly three thousand of these indulgences, as the agent of *holy mother, the infallible church*; and though several years have elapsed since, many of those who bought them are still living in that city.

Some explanation is necessary here, as I cannot presume that Americans are yet acquainted with a doctrine called PIOUS FRAUDS, held and acted upon by the *infallible church*.

The Pope of Rome and the Propaganda, taking into consideration the *savage ignorance* of Americans, deemed it *prudent* to substitute some other *name* for the usual name *indulgences*, and something else for the usual document specifying the nature of the indulgence which was given to *pious sinners* in "the New World:" they thought it *possible* that Yankees might have the curiosity to read the *written* indulgences. This, said they in their wisdom, must be prevented; and here is a case where our doctrine of *pious frauds* comes beautifully into play. After singing the "*Veni Creator spiritus*" — as usual in such cases — they resolved that indulgences should be in future called SCAPULAS, and thus *piously* enable all Roman Catholic priests and bishops to *swear on the Holy Evangelists* that no *indulgences* were ever sold in the

United States. This is what *holy mother* calls *pious fraud*.

All the indulgences which I sold in Philadelphia were called *scapulas*. They are made of small pieces of cloth, with the letters I. H. S. written on the outside, and are worn on the breast. I will give you an idea of the revenue arising from the sale of those scapulas in the United States, by stating to you the price at which I sold them.

The scapula costs the purchaser one dollar. The priest who sells it tells him that to make it thoroughly efficacious, it is necessary that he should cause some *masses* to be said, and the poor dupe gives one, five, ten, or twenty dollars, according to his or her means, for those masses. I may safely say, that, on an average, every scapula or indulgence sold in the United States costs at least five dollars. What think you now of the word, the honor, or the oath of a Popish priest? Are you not ashamed to be so long their dupes? Do you not blush at the reflection, that you have given so much of your money, your sympathy, and hospitality, to such arrant knaves? Sad is the reflection to me, and dark are the thoughts, that I should have ever belonged to a church, which imbodyes in its doctrines all that is degrading to humanity, and reduces man, from being "little lower than the angels," to a thing, such as a Papist priest, in full communion with the Pope, having nothing in common with his fellow-beings but the form of humanity.

You, Americans, who have thoughtlessly united yourselves with these priests in their church, come out, I beseech you, from among them. Entail not upon your children the curse of Popery. Flee from them as Lot did from Sodom. To err is the lot of man. To fall and to trip in his passage

through life, is the lot of even the best of men. You have erred in joining the Romish church, but you will doubly err by continuing in membership with her. The country which gave you birth is a glorious one ; it has all the advantages of nature ; it is fertilized by salubrious seas, and its own beautiful lakes. There is nothing you want which the God of nature has not given, and blessed for your use. There is but one dark speck upon the horizon of your national prosperity and greatness, but that is a deep one. It is a sad one, and may be a bloody one. Popery hovers over it, like some ill-omened bird, waiting only a favorable opportunity to pounce upon its prey ; or some foul exhalation, which, being checked in its soaring, turns to a fog, causing darkness and scattering disease, wherever it falls. Alas, fellow-citizens, it has already fallen amongst us, and is growing with fearful rapidity ; like the more noxious weed, it loves a rich soil ; it cannot fail to flourish in ours.

Take heed, Americans, lest you allow this weed to come to maturity. Eradicate it in time ; let it not ripen amongst you ; allow not its capsule to fill, blossom, and ripen ; if you do, mark what I tell you : it will burst, scattering its noxious, sickening, and poisonous odors amid the pure breezes of that religious and political freedom, which have so long, so gracefully and sweetly played over this beloved "land of the free and home of the brave."

If you will look around you, and visit our courts of law ; if you extend your visits to your prisons, your houses of industry and reformation ; if you go farther, and examine your penitentiaries, what will you find ? Permit me to show you what you will behold in one single city, the city of New York. This, of itself, were there no other cause

of alarm, should be sufficient to arouse your patriotism, for you must not forget that nearly all the foreigners, enumerated in the document which I here subjoin, are Roman Catholics, or reduced to their present condition while living in Catholic countries. But let the document speak for itself. It is official, and may be relied on. It came from a committee of the Board of Aldermen of the city of New York upon the subject of alien passengers. Taking this as your data, you may be able to form some idea of what you suffer in money, in virtue, and in your morals, from the introduction of foreign Papists among you.

“THE FOREIGN POOR IN OUR ALMS-HOUSES, AND THE FOREIGN CRIMINALS IN OUR PENITENTIARIES.—We hasten to lay before our readers a highly interesting document, from a committee in the Board of Aldermen, upon the subject of bonding alien passengers in New York. From the document, it appears that the bonds of nine firms in this city exhibit the enormous liabilities of \$16,000,000; that of the 602 children supported by the city, at the Farm Schools, 457 are the children (many, if not the most of them, illegitimate) of foreign parents; that of the latest-born infants at nurse, at the city's expense, 32 are foreign, and only two American, and that of the whole number of children, 626 have foreign parentage, and 195 American; exhibiting the average of more than three foreigners to one native, and an alarming increase of the ratio of foreigners in the more recent births.’

“The whole number of inmates in our penitentiary is 1419, showing an increase of 400 since July last; of these 333 are Americans, and 1198 foreigners. The number of prisoners and paupers, to support whom we all pay taxes, is 4344, showing an increase, since July last, of nearly 1000.

“In view of these alarming facts, and remembering that over 60,000 immigrants were commuted and bonded here the last year, the committee make some forcible appeals to the country, which cannot be without their effect. The enormous taxation to which we are subject, in order to support foreign paupers and criminals, is a great and growing evil, which presses heavily upon industry, as well as upon the character, morals, and politics of the country.”

This is a frightful picture of things, especially in a country abounding and almost overflowing with the means of sustaining and abundantly supplying fifty times the population it contains.

Examine well the results of Popery, in a religious, moral, and political point of view, especially during the last thirty years, and you will find that there is no vice, no crime, no folly or absurdity, which time has brought into the old world, as Milton expresses it, “in its huge drag-net,” that Papists are not introducing among you; and there is no consequence which followed it there which we shall not see here, unless you are to a man “up and doing,” until this noxious weed is rooted from amongst you. I wish these unfortunate Papists no evil; far be such a sentiment from my mind. I would be their best friend; but who can befriend them, while they permit themselves to be controlled and deluded by their priests.

A Roman Catholic priest is, *pro tanto*, the worst enemy of man. He degrades his mind by rendering him the slave of his church. He debauches his morals, and those of his wife and children, by withholding from them the word of God. He weakens his understanding, by filling his mind with absurd traditions. He evokes, and indirectly

invites, the indulgence of his worst passions, by promising him the pardon of his sins. He checks the noblest aspirations and finest charities of his soul, by instilling into it the rankest hatred and animosity towards his fellow-being, whom God has commanded him to love as he loves himself, but whom the priest tells him to curse, hate, and exterminate. In a word, he almost degrades him to a level with the beast, by teaching him to lower that holy flag, on which should be written, *Glory be to God on high*,—and raising above it the blood-stained flag of Popery.

This American Protestants know full well. They feel it. It is known and felt in every Protestant land; but it seems as “if some strange spirit was passing over people’s dreams.” Though found to be unsound, and even bad policy; though destructive to agricultural, commercial, and every other interest, yet we see no efforts made to arrest its advance amongst us. Neither are there any means taken, as far as the writer knows, in other Protestant countries, to suppress this religious, political, and commercial nuisance; on the contrary, we find that even in Great Britain further stimulants are being applied to Popish insolence.

Sir Robert Peel, the premier of England, has, or is about introducing a bill into parliament, with a view of making further appropriations for the Romish college of Maynooth, in Ireland; and, much to my surprise, as well I believe as to that of every man who correctly understands the spirit of Popery, he has some supporters. Even some of the British reviewers give him high praise.

“The credit to which Sir Robert Peel is entitled,” says one of the British Quarterlies, “is greatly increased by reason of the prejudices of some of his supporters; but (continues the same Quarterly) his

resolution is taken and his declaration made." This should read, in my humble apprehension, his resolution is taken, and his infatuation complete.

I have been a student in that college; I know what is taught and done in that institution. I am well acquainted with all the minutiae of its business and theological transactions; and I could tell Sir Robert Peel that he either knows not what he is doing, or is a traitor to his government! Does Sir Robert know that in that college are concocted all the plans and all the measures which O'Connell is proposing, and has been pursuing during the last thirty years, for emancipation, and now for the repeal of the Union? Does he know that Maynooth is the focus from which radiate all the treasons, assassinations, and murders of Protestants, in Ireland? Is he aware that this very Maynooth is the great Popish eccaleobion, in which most of those priests who infest Ireland, and are now infesting the United States, are hatched? Does he know that Daniel O'Connell and that college are the mutual tools of each other? O'Connell, riding on the backs of the priests into power and into wealth, and they alternately mounted upon Dan, advancing the *glory* of the *infallible church*!

It is not probably known to Mr. Peel that thirty years or more have elapsed since it was *secretly* resolved in Maynooth that *none but a Catholic should wear the British crown, and that he should receive it as a fief from the Pope of Rome.* Every move and advance which O'Connell makes in repeal is a step gained towards this object, and upon this his ambitious eye rests with intense avarice. For this, Maynooth and its priests thirst with insatiable desire. It is not many years since O'Connell and Maynooth asked for *emancipation*, and they obtained it. Protestants of England were duped

into the belief that Papists would now be satisfied, and unite in supporting the government; but, scarcely was this granted, when the great agitator, *with the advice and consent of Maynooth*, asked for — what, think you, reader? Nothing less than a dismemberment of the British government — nothing less than a repeal of the Union; or, in other words, to permit one of the most turbulent demagogues that ever lived, Daniel O'Connell, to become king of Ireland, and to receive his crown from the Pope of Rome.

This is now the *avowed object of repeal*; but there is another object, not yet seen nor dreamed of by those who are not Roman Catholics; and I beg the reader to keep it in his recollection. It is this. O'Connell, by agitating Ireland, and scattering firebrands throughout England, believes that he and the Catholics will ultimately succeed in dethroning the sovereign of England, and placing the crown on some Popish head. Were the college of Maynooth further endowed through the efforts or folly of Sir Robert Peel, does he believe, or can any man, acquainted with the genius of Popery believe, that this would satisfy O'Connell or the Pope's agents in Ireland? The very reverse would be the case. It would only imbolden them still further. It would only increase their insolence; it would only add a new impetus to their treasonable demands, and give an increased momentum to their disorganizing meetings.

Should the British Government grant all O'Connell asks, or should parliament pass a bill for the repeal of the Union, is it to be supposed that O'Connell and the Irish bishops — the sworn allies of the king of Rome — would be satisfied? Not they. The truth is — and I wish I could impress it upon the minds of every Protestant in Eng-

land as well as in this country — nothing short of the *total overthrow of the government of Great Britain and the Protestant religion* will content the Popish church, whose cats-paw Daniel O'Connell is. Should Providence, in his inscrutable designs, grant them this, our experiment in the science of self-government is at an end. We shall become an easy prey to any *alliance* which should be formed against our republican institutions. The jackals of Popery are amongst us: they have discovered us; and Popish priests, the natural enemies of free institutions and of the Protestant religion, will soon destroy our republic and our religion.

It is useless to deny the fact. It cannot be denied. It were folly to conceal it. The *extirpation of heresy*, or, in other words, of the Protestant religion, is the grand object which O'Connell and the Pope have now in view; and, to effect this, they have judiciously divided and advantageously posted all their forces. These forces are well officered by Jesuits and priests, men without honor, principle, or religion; whose time is spent in advancing Popery and the grossest indulgence of their own passions. The Pope and O'Connell have, in this country, an army of nearly two millions of reckless desperadoes, who have given already strong evidences of their thirst for American Protestant blood. It is necessary to watch them well. Americans must recollect that these men receive their orders from Rome, through O'Connell, who, I sincerely believe, is this moment the worst man living, though the Pope calls him *the greatest layman living*. He is upon earth what the pirate is upon the seas, *inimicus humani generis* — the enemy of mankind. During the last thirty years he has kept the poor of Ireland in a state of poverty and excitement bor-

dering upon madness. He has filched from them the last farthing they possessed. He has withdrawn them by thousands from their ordinary pursuits of industry: he has sown amongst them mutual hatred and a general discontent with their situations in life. But that is not all. He has pursued the poor people even to this country. He robs them here of their little earnings. They make remittances to him of hundreds and thousands of dollars; and this, while many of them, to my own knowledge, and not a hundred yards from where I write, are shivering in the cold blasts of winter, — all *for their good*, while O'Connell himself is feasting in Ireland, and enjoying the sports of the chase, on about three hundred thousand dollars a year.

This is not all. The great agitator, this national beggar, Daniel O'Connell, has recently discovered that there were some little glimmerings of Protestantism in France; that Louis Phillippe was neither a Don Miguel, a Ferdinand, nor a very strong advocate of Popery, opens upon him a battery of abuse. This foul-mouthed brawler was not content with sowing discord among the poor Irish, and scattering treason among the people of Great Britain, he tries what he can do with the inflammable people of France, who are now in the enjoyment of more domestic happiness and national glory than they have had for the last century. But even this is not enough; the genius of the great national beggar, fertile in schemes, treasons, rebellions, scurrillity, and Popery, must cross the Atlantic and denounce Americans, who, since the declaration of their independence, have been the best and warmest friends of his poor countrymen; they have received them, employed them, giving them bread and clothing in abundance. They

permitted them to bring with them their priests and their religion; they shielded and protected them in their lives and liberties. This country was to the Irish, a land flowing with milk and honey, and they might have enjoyed it, and been happy, had it not been for their accursed religion and its priests.

The great Dan saw and felt this. A stop must be put to it. The *holy church* saw that this state of things, would not answer her purposes. The harmony, which existed for so long a time between the hospitable and generous Americans and the forlorn Irish, must be broken, lest Papists should become Protestants and forget their allegiance to the Pope; and accordingly, the great agitator, this enemy to order, to God, and to peace, commenced denouncing Americans, as *usurers* and *infidels*, who had not even a national law of their own. He calls upon the Irish to come out from among them, and have nothing to do with them.

Soon after this, the Pope sends over some bulls, making similar demands upon the Irish and all other Catholics, under pain of excommunication; and what is the result? The name of an Irishman is now a by-word, in the United States, especially if he is a Roman Catholic. It is associated with every thing that is low, vulgar, and bigoted. No longer do the Americans receive the Irish with open arms: no longer do they welcome them to their shores; nor in fact is it safe for them longer to do so. And what occasioned this? That demagogue, O'Connell, and the Pope of Rome.

Does Mr. Peel reflect, when he is moving in parliament for an additional appropriation for the college of Maynooth, in Ireland, that he is only adding fuel to the political fire, which these men are trying to enkindle, and have actually enkindled

in a great part of Europe, and in the United States? Has the fact escaped his notice, that the Pope and the GREATEST LAYMAN *living*, as his *royal holiness* calls O'Connell, have no misunderstanding with Spain, Portugal, or any other government, strictly Popish?

They have no feeling of compassion for the degraded Italian, the ignorant and half-starved Spaniard or Portuguese, or the wretched Mexican slave. O, no! It is only for a Papist under a Protestant government, that their compassion is moved. *Their* condition must be *ameliorated*, or in plain English, these governments must be overthrown and Popery must reign supreme. Let Mr. Peel reflect upon this single fact, and he and his supporters cannot fail to see, that, in giving further aid to the Popish college of Maynooth, he is but "sowing dragons' teeth, from which armed men will spring up." He is only throwing an additional force into that Trojan horse, which his predecessors had introduced into unfortunate Ireland, and which Popes and priests have secretly stolen into these United States.

I know O'Connell well. I have had, in my younger days, some personal acquaintance with him; and I can tell Mr. Peel, that with the college of Maynooth to back him, he,—Mr. Peel and his party—are no match for him in craft and intrigue. All O'Connell's plans for the extirpation of Protestantism are devised in Rome. They are submitted to the *Propaganda*, and from thence sent to Maynooth to be there revised and corrected. As soon as this is done, a copy is forwarded to each of the metropolitan bishops of Ireland, who return it with such observations as they deem necessary, and all things being prepared, *secundum ordinem*, the usual *Veni, Creator*, is sung; the project, what-

ever it may be, is sanctioned ; every priest in Ireland is prepared to carry it into effect ; and all that now remains to be done is, to give the *great beggar* his secret orders. What can Peel, or his few supporters, do against such a party as this ? Nothing, unless the government changes its mode of proceeding against O'Connell, Maynooth, and the Irish bishops. But it is to be feared, that this will not be done while Peel is at the head of affairs.

England, once indomitable, and always brave ; England, proud of her religion and of her laws, seems recently to forget her ancient glories. She is showing the white feather ; she is dallying with Popery, and singing lullabies to quiet and put asleep Daniel O'Connell and his Irish bishops, whose treason and political treachery can only be stopped, and should have been stopped long since, by consigning the *greatest layman that ever lived*, and a few of his right reverend advisers, to transportation for life.

Americans may think this wrong, but though I have not the least pretension to the faculty of prophesying, I think I can safely tell them, that, in less than twenty years, they will have to enact much severer laws against Roman Catholics than any which are now recorded against them on the statute book of Great Britain. It must be borne in mind, that Popery never bends, and therefore it should and must be broken. It was in this college of Maynooth, and from those bishops and priests, with whom Sir Robert Peel is dallying, I first learned that the king of England was an *usurper*. It was they, who first taught me that the Pope of Rome — *virtute clavorum, by virtue of the keys* — was the rightful sovereign of England, as well as of all the kingdoms of the earth. It was in the

college of Maynooth, I was taught to keep no faith *with heretics*, and that it was my solemn duty to exterminate them; it was there I first learned, that any oath of allegiance, which I may take to a *Protestant* government, was null and void, and need not be kept.

It was at this same college of Maynooth, that nine tenths of the priests in this country received their education; and is it not deplorable to reflect, that such men as Sir Robert Peel, in England, and several equally distinguished in this country, should be so entirely blindfolded and unmindful of the interest of their respective countries, as to give any countenance, aid, or support to Popery, or Popish institutions among them? I trust, however, and fondly hope, that this imprudent, impolitic, and ill-advised scheme of Sir Robert Peel's, will be resisted and thrown out of parliament, with such marks of disapprobation as becomes every honest Protestant and true Briton. Will those who sympathize with Popery in the United States, look back to the page of history? and if they will not take instruction from me, let them take it from the past. Let them listen to the voice of the dead, and learn a lesson from them. Let them read the history of France. Who urged on all the oppositions that have been made, from time to time, to the government and constituted authorities of that country? What were the causes, remote or immediate, of all the blood that has been shed in France for centuries back? The Pope of Rome and his agents.

It is truly to be lamented, that Napoleon had not lived longer; he might, it is true, have caused some disturbance, and hastened the fall of some of the tottering thrones of Europe. Spain, Italy, Portugal,

and even Austria and Prussia, might have ceased to have kings, by *divine right*; but a far better order of things could not fail soon to have arisen. The Pope would have been hurled from his throne; Napoleon would have stripped from him the trappings of royalty; he would have taught him to feel, and reduce to practice the heavenly declaration of his Divine Master, which his holiness now repeats in solemn mockery, *regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*. He would have confined him to his legitimate duty, in place of spending his time in dictating political *despatches* to foreign powers, and sending bulls of excommunication which are now become laughing-stocks to all intelligent men; he might be devoted to the advancement of true Christianity, and the world saved from those contentions and disturbances, occasioned by this MAN OF SIN and his agents.

Why will not our statesmen reflect upon these things, lest in some future contest with the powers of Europe the scales of victory may be turned against them by this *man of sin*, whose agents in this country, as I have heretofore remarked, amount to nearly two millions. The defeat or subversion of the government of Great Britain, by Popish power, is equivalent to a victory gained by it over the United States. I tell the Protestants of England and of the United States, that their respective governments are doomed to fall, if Popery gains the ascendancy over either; and all those who try to foment or urge any difficulties between them, are not the friends of either, but the enemies of both. It is only by the combined efforts of Protestants, all over the world, that Popery can be crushed, and peace, and religion, and fraternal love, restored to mankind.

I have produced some facts that admit of no *denial*, and I put the question, confidently, to every honest and sensible Protestant in England or America, who is unwarped by prejudice or interest, whether the cause of liberty is not in danger, and likely to decline, if we any longer submit to or acquiesce in the doctrines of Popery! And I ask every reflecting American in particular, whether the influence which Popery has now in this country, is not likely to create anarchy, or even despotism amongst us, though we may preserve the forms of a free constitution!

I have alluded to the struggles in England with Popery; I have mentioned the name of that demagogue, O'Connell, because he is the agent of the Pope for both countries, and because I believe it is the mutual interest of the two to unite, and stand shoulder to shoulder in opposition to Popish intrigues, evolved in the proceedings of this selfish and dangerous man, O'Connell. The designs of O'Connell and the Irish bishops, and those of the Pope and his Jesuit agents in the United States, are proved upon testimony which admits of no denial, viz: their own admissions. O'Connell, the mouthpiece of Popery in Ireland, avows publicly that Protestant England shall not govern Irish Papists, and the Pope's agents in the United States declare and swear, that *Americans shall not rule them*. How are the English and Americans to treat this common enemy? Let them go into the enemy's armory, divest themselves of their mawkish sympathy, buckle on the very armor which their enemy wears, and adopt the mode of warfare used by them. Give the common enemy no quarters, assail them from every point, and the *subjects* of his holiness the Pope, either in Great Britain or the

United States, will not long remain insensible to the miseries, into which the great *national rent beggar* has plunged them. This, however, I find cannot be easily done in the United States. The difficulty with our people is this, they would find it much easier to assume the armor used by the common enemy, than to lay down that of sympathy and hospitality, which they have heretofore worn, and thus, although a moral and religious people, their zeal is but dim and sluggish, while that of their adversaries, the Pope and his agents, burns higher and clearer every day. This must not be. God and freedom forbid it.

The political contest, which has just ended, has tended greatly, at least for the moment, to imbolden and encourage Popery. Each party courted the Papists, and they supported him from whom they expected most favors. They laid their meshes, nets, and traps for President Polk; but I believe they have been "*caught in their own traps.*" That gentleman is said to be a moral and religious man, and one of the last in the world to countenance idolatry, blasphemy, or treason amongst us. But now that the contest is over, and no further avowal of distinct party principles is necessary or profitable, it is to be hoped that the good and virtuous of both parties will unite in passing such laws, as will shield our country and our people from any further Popish interference with our government or our institutions. He, who shall bring about this desirable result, and those who aid him, will merit the gratitude of their country.

In the present position of parties, much is expected from the great "*American Republican*" association, which has recently been formed throughout the United States. Every eye is fixed upon its

movements, and the hopes of all Protestants hang upon its success. Do not disappoint us, American Republicans. You alone can save the Protestant foreigner from the persecutions of Popery, and we call upon you, by the memory of your sires, to shield us from it.

You have a great part to act; you are young; but the purity of your principles, and the justice of your cause, abundantly supply what is wanting in age. You are the mediators between two great political parties, whose extremes cannot meet, or if they did, would only tend to render their respective centres still more corrupt, by their internal powers of contamination. Neither of those parties will ever consent to be governed by the other; nor has either of them the moral courage to come forth boldly and say to *Popery*, Stand off, thou unclean thing. Thou hast polluted all Europe for ages past; stand aloof from us; wash thy polluted hands and blood-stained garments; until then, thou art unfit to enter the temple of our liberties. Thou art, in thy very nature, impure, and hast already diffused amongst us too much of thy deadly poison before we took the alarm. Like an infected atmosphere, thou hast silently entered the abodes of moral health; thou hast penetrated the strong holds of our freedom, without giving us any warning! Avaunt, thou SCARLET LADY OF BABYLON! recede to the Pontine marshes, whence thou camest, and no longer infect the pure air of freedom! The foul stains of thy corruption shall no longer be permitted to spot the pure and unsullied insignia of *independence*!

I am aware that the *sympathizers* with Popery will say that such language as the above is rather harsh. They will tell us it is cruel. They will assert, in their usual mawkish style, that it was

never the intention of the framers of our constitution to treat those who come amongst us with unkindness. They themselves invited the oppressed of every land, creed, and people, to our shores. They extended the hand of friendship to all, without distinction of party, sect, or religion. So they did, and so do their descendants. Any and every man is welcome to this country. Whether he comes from the banks of the Euphrates, shores of the Ganges, or bogs of Ireland, he is sure to receive from Americans a warm and hospitable reception. His person, his liberty, and his property, are protected; but there is a condition under which this reception is given, and without which it never should be granted. The recipient of all these favors is required to yield obedience to the mild and equitable laws of the United States; forswearing at the same time, *all* allegiance to *any other* king, potentate, or power whatever. This condition, so just, so reasonable, and so politic, is generally complied with by all foreigners, who land in these United States, with the exception of Roman Catholics. All others come amongst us, and either refuse at once to become citizens, or honestly incorporate themselves with us. The Papist alone refuses incorporation with Americans. He alone comes amongst us the avowed enemy of our institutions, and the sworn subject of a foreign king, the Pope of Rome. Among all the foreigners who land upon the shores of this country, none but Papists avow any hostility to its institutions. They alone would dare say, "*Americans sha'n't rule us.*" On them alone have Americans just cause to look as traitors to their government, and foes to their religion; and they alone should be singled out as just objects of fear and jealousy.

I have, in the preceding pages, traced the origin of the Papal temporal power to its proper source; and endeavored to follow the course of its turbid and muddy stream, through many of its sinuosities and canonical — if I may use such a term — gyrations, down to the middle of the 16th century. I freely admit that I have made many “*short cuts*,” and have been obliged to pass unnoticed several of its acute angles. Were I to proceed “*pari passu*” with its course, taking all its bearings and accompanying them with the necessary observations, it would require a volume at least ten times as large as that which I now respectfully present to the public. I shall, however, if Providence leaves me health, continue the subject of POPERY AS IT WAS AND AS IT IS. I will dissect the Body Papal, so that every American, who honors me with the perusal of my observations, will see its inmost structure. I have studied its anatomy; I understand all its minutiae; and if any can view the skeleton without horror and shame for having so long contributed to feast and fatten the monster, it shall not be my fault. The performance of this *operation* will be, in every point of view, extremely unpleasant. Whichever way I look, the prospect must be disagreeable. Behind, I can only see an object in which I once felt an interest, and with which I was unfortunately connected: and before, nothing is to be seen but further persecutions and calumnies. But, cost what it may, it shall not be said of me by friend or foe, that I have shrunk from the performance of a duty which I owe to the cause of morality, and to my adopted country.

I have merely touched upon the persecuting and treacherous spirit of the Popish church. The profligacy of its priests are scarcely noticed by me as yet. Its idolatries and blasphemies are barely allu-

ded to. Indulgences, miracles, and the iniquities committed in nunneries, are scarcely glanced at. The twilight view, which I have given of these subjects, is only intended for a better observation of them, under the full light of some mid-day sun.

Before I conclude this volume, permit me to give you a brief view of Popery as it is at this very day on which I write. I have a double object in doing this. First, what I am about stating has perhaps escaped the notice of many of my fellow-citizens; and secondly, it will confirm one of the most serious charges which I have made against Papists; and thirdly it will prove to a demonstration, that Roman Catholic priests and bishops, who surround us and live amongst us, are a set of barefaced liars, whose entire disregard for truth fits them for no other society than that of brigands and felons.

The reader will bear in mind that Roman Catholics are the loudest advocates of *religious freedom*. He will also not forget that I have charged them with being its most inveterate enemies. The Papists and myself are now fairly at issue.

Either they are right and I am wrong, or *vice versa*. I have sustained my accusation against them by proofs derived from their own general councils, and from their uniform practice for centuries back. Still, these Catholics will say and assert publicly, in their pulpits, and at their meetings, religious and political, that they were always and are now the advocates of religious toleration. Let the past for a moment be forgotten. I presume no one will question what the practices of the Romish church have been in relation to religious toleration in former times. Let us rather see what it is now among our neighbors in Madeira; and as all Roman Catholics are a *unit* in faith and

practice, we may judge from what we see in Madeira, of what may be seen, and if not seen, is felt, in the United States. I submit the following letter to my readers. It is from one of the most respectable men in Madeira.

“RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN MADEIRA. We have just had a sort of miniature civil war. Dr. Rally, who has been converting the natives, is the original cause of it. He converted the woman they sentenced to death here not long since. Having been imprisoned for some time, the doctor was at last liberated, and resumed his habit of preaching to the people in his house; and it was not generally known, until within a short time, that he had made several hundred converts. On ascertaining this fact, the Governor, Don Oliva de Correa, at the request of the priests of the established church, who feared that the people might throw off their allegiance to the Roman Catholic church, appointed a country police to prevent the Protestants from assembling together. On Sunday week, the converts of St. Antonia de Sierra, while engaged in prayer, were assailed by the police, who broke in the door, knocked down the person who was officiating in the service, broke the benches, and dispersed the people, except four or five whom they took prisoners, and then proceeded to town. After going two miles, the police were overtaken by the populace, armed with pitchforks, rusty muskets, hoes, &c.

“The police were overpowered, and after being ducked in the river by the mob, they were tied together by the hands and feet and left on the road; the Protestants returning to the mountains with their rescued comrades. One of the police officers, who escaped from the mob, made his way

to town and alarmed the government. Three hundred and fifty soldiers were immediately ordered out; the police were released from their confinement on the road-side, and the army marched to the villages of the "Rallyites." The dwellings were fired indiscriminately; several aged women, who could not fly to the mountains, were put to the torture, to make them reveal the places of concealment of the 'heretics.' The Catholic army then proceeded up the mountain to massacre the Protestants; but in passing the foot of the hill they were assailed by the Protestants above, who threw down stones and rocks upon them, killing eight soldiers and wounded forty others severely. As soon as the troops could be gathered after their fright and alarm, they opened a deadly fire upon the Protestants, chasing them five miles over the country, taking eighty or ninety prisoners, and killing and wounding several of the unfortunate wretches.

"The army marched their prisoners down to the sea-coast, to Machico, where they were put on board the Diana fifty gun frigate, and taken thence to Funchal. The vessel of war, Don Pedro, was left at anchor on Machico to awe the country, but another, the Vouga; which had been despatched to Lisbon with official accounts of the battle, ran aground and had to return for repairs. The Don Pedro will therefore go to Lisbon. The captives will be sent to Lisbon, I suppose for trial, some time next week. Dr. Rally, the cause of the disturbance, remains at his house unmolested, which is singular. I don't think they will let him be quiet long. The Yorktown, American sloop-of-war, was here the other day. We have had a beautiful winter so far. About four hundred people have come here this year for the benefit of their health."

The above letter was received in New York a few weeks ago, and needs no comment. If any Papist doubts it, he can easily write to Madeira and ascertain its truth or falsehood. Until then he has no reason to be surprised if American Protestants shall refuse to hold any connection or communion with them.

There is one feature in the letter to which I would call the attention of the reader. It shows not only the persecuting spirit of Popery, but the uniformity and consistency of their mode of operation. Go back to the former persecutions of the Popish church against the followers of Wickliffe and the Huguenots. The Wickliffites had to fly to the mountains for shelter; but they were hotly pursued and cut down by the swords of their fiendish persecutors. They were massacred and butchered, even in the fissures and caves of their native rocks and mountains. The Protestants in Madeira, only a few weeks ago, had to fly to the mountains from a bloodthirsty, Popish soldiery, headed by their priests and monks. There, at our very doors, and in a country with which we have *treaties of friendship and alliance*, American Protestants are butchered and slaughtered by Popish savages, under the mask of religion; and when the news of this transaction reached our own shores, what action has been taken upon the subject? Was there any *indignation* meeting called? Were there any resolutions passed? Were there any *ambassadors* appointed in New England or elsewhere to ascertain the cause of this bloody tragedy? Did our government demand any explanation from the authorities at Madeira? The writer is not aware of any. Our government is too much occupied with affairs of more importance, viz., *Who shall be Secretary of*

State, who shall be Secretary of War, &c. The interest of morality seems a matter of minor importance with the "powers that be." The blood of our Protestant fellow-citizens, the cries of their widows and orphans cannot reach the eye or ear of our grave law-makers. The question with them seems, not what our country may become, by the treachery and persecutions of Popery, which are witnessed along the whole line and circumference of our own coast — a question of far more importance to them seems to be, Who shall hold the fattest office, or whether Massachusetts or South Carolina is in the right on the subject of the imprisonment of a few citizens, belonging to the former, by the latter; while they witness all around, and in the very midst of them, Popish priests and bishops persecuting their fellow-citizens abroad, and gnawing at their very vitals at home. Fatal delusion this on the part of our government and people!

I have accused the Romish church and her priests of treachery, prevarication, and fraud, in all their dealings with Protestants. Their guilt has been established by proofs and evidences such as they cannot deny, viz., the canons of their church and their own admission. There is not a people in the world more anxious for correct information on all subjects than Americans; and it is, therefore, the more singular that they should be so indifferent to the all-important subject of Popery.

This, however, may be accounted for, in some measure. The moral monstrosities — if I may use such language — of Popery, are such, that it requires something more than ordinary faith to believe them, and a greater power of vision than generally falls to the lot of man, even to look at them. There are objects on which the human eye cannot rest with-

out blinking, and upon which nothing but force or fear can induce it to fix its gaze for any length of time. It will always gladly turn from them, and rest upon something else. This may account for the fact that my adopted countrymen and fellow Protestants pay so little attention to the subject of Popery, or the hideous crimes and revolting deeds which it has ever taught, and its priests have ever practised.

I cannot otherwise account for the apparent indifference and unconcern of our government and people on the subject of our relations with Catholic countries, and the encouragement given to Popish emissaries in the United States. I have myself seen so much of Popery, that my mind shrinks from the further contemplation of its iniquities. I can assure my Protestant friends, that nothing but an inherent love of liberty, and a desire, as far as in my power, to ward off that blow which I see Popery treacherously aiming at Protestants and the Protestant religion in the United States, could ever have induced me to publish these pages; and, although I feel that I have already drawn too heavily on the indulgence of my readers, I cannot dismiss the subject without laying before them another evidence of Popish treachery, which occurred only a few weeks ago, on the island of Tahiti.

It seems that in 1822, or thereabouts, an individual, named M. Moerenhout, representing himself a native of Belgium, arrived in Valparaiso, and obtained a situation as clerk from Mr. Duester, the Dutch consul in that city. After some time, he gains the confidence of his employer, on whom, together with two more merchants, he prevailed to charter a vessel, and send a cargo by her to the Society Islands, with himself as supercargo. They

did so accordingly in 1829, and the worthy supercargo appropriated to his own use the whole profits of the voyage, and continued for some time longer upon the island, selling whisky, brandy, and other liquors. In 1834, (says the Quarterly Review, from which, together with other sources, I derived my information,) this gentleman departed for Europe, with a view of communicating with the French government; or rather, as I am informed upon good authority, to confer with the order of Jesuits in that country. On his way to Europe, this Moerenhout came to the United States, obtained some letters of introduction in New York and Boston, with which he proceeded to Washington; and on the strength of them, was appointed United States' consul for Tahiti. With the title of consul-general of the United States, this diplomatist proceeds to France, and immediately — no doubt according to previous arrangement — entered into all the plans of the Jesuits for the extirpation of Protestantism in the Society Islands. He became the agent of the *Propaganda* in France, an institution placed under the patronage of St. Xavier. The duty of converting all the islands of the Pacific, from the South to the North Pole, is committed to this Propaganda, and a decretal to that effect was confirmed by the Pope on the 22d June, 1823. A bishop was appointed for Eastern Oceania, and several priests preceded him to the islands. Among these priests was an *Irish catechist*, by the name of Murphy. The bishop, it seems, established himself at Valparaiso, while the priests proceeded to Tahiti.

I here give an instance of the manner in which those Popish missionaries discharge their duties. You will find it the October number of the Foreign Quarterly Review. You may rely upon the statement.

The Popish missionaries have acted in the case just as I should have done myself when a Romish priest, in obedience to the instructions given by the *infallible church*.

“I always bear about me,” says the *reverend* Jesuit, Pataillon, “a flask of holy water and another of perfume. I pour a little of the latter upon the child, and then, *whilst its mother* holds it out *without suspicion*, I change the flasks and sprinkle the water that *regenerates*, *unknown* to any one but myself.” This is what the holy church calls a *pious fraud*; and this is what the priests of Boston are doing, in a little different manner, to the children of Protestant mothers. In Tahiti, Popish priests make Christians by jugglery, under the very eye of the mother. In the United States they make Christians of Protestant children by ordering their Catholic nurses to bring them *secretly* to the priest’s house to be baptized.

But let us resume the subject of the Jesuit missionaries from the Propaganda in France to Tahiti. The Jesuits, always wary and cautious, deemed it necessary, before they landed upon the island in a body, to send one of their number in advance, in order to ascertain “how the land lay,” and what their prospects of success were; and accordingly, in 1836, the *Irish Jesuit*, *Murphy*, proceeded alone, disguised as a carpenter, and landed safely at a place called Papeete. The unsuspecting inhabitants received the scoundrel among them just as Americans receive Jesuits in this country; and while he was acting the traitor, and clandestinely writing to Jesuits, they shared with him the hospitality of their tables — precisely as Americans have done, for the last fifty years, to other *Murphies*, in this country.

During this whole time that Murphy was on the island, working as a carpenter, he had secret interviews with the American consul, Moerenhout, until he succeeded in bringing into the island his brother missionaries. They could not, however, remain on the island without permission from the queen, and the payment of a certain sum of money. The queen refused them permission to remain, under any circumstances, fearing, as she well might, that some treason was contemplated against her government. The Jesuits called a meeting, and, under the patronage of the American consul, they urged their demand to remain, comparing themselves to St. Peter, and the Protestants to St. Simon, the magician. I use the language of the Quarterly.

I must here observe, in justice to our government, that the conduct of Moerenhout, United States' consul at Tahiti, was promptly disavowed, and he was immediately removed from office. But, notwithstanding the improper interference of the American consul, they were ordered to leave the island. It is due to the Protestant missionaries to state, that they took no part whatever in the expulsion of these Jesuits; nor could they, in justice to themselves or to the cause of morality, interfere in preventing it. A French writer, speaking of the occupation of Tahiti, says: "The Catholic priests, instead of going to civilize barbarous nations and checking debauchery, seem, on the contrary, only desirous of becoming rivals to the Protestant ministers, and decoying away their proselytes." As soon as the expelled Jesuits arrived in France, one of them proceeded to Rome, to consult with his holiness the Pope; the result of which was, an immediate order to a French

captain, named Dupetit Thouars, who was then stationed at Valparaiso, to proceed to Tahiti, and demand reparation for a supposed indignity to France.

Here we see the influence of the Pope, and an evidence of Jesuit intrigue. In what consisted the alleged indignity to France? Had not the queen of Tahiti the right to receive or refuse those Jesuit missionaries, if she had evidence that they were spies among her people? If it appeared clear to her that the object of those reverend intriguers' visit was only to overthrow her government, and to decoy away from the path of virtue and religion both herself and her subjects, what right had Louis Phillippe or the French government to look upon this as an indignity to the French nation? The fact is, if the whole truth were known, Louis Phillippe knew but little of this affair, and his minister for foreign affairs, or some other member of his cabinet, was either imposed upon or bribed by Jesuits.

A statement of the difficulties, into which the hitherto peaceful island of Tahiti has been thrown by Jesuits, could not fail to be interesting to my readers; but, as the whole affair is to be found in the Foreign Quarterly, I refer the public to that work. I cannot, however, dismiss the subject, without asking the reader's particular attention to the *Irish Jesuit, Murphy*, who figures so conspicuously in the transaction. A brief view of the conduct of this reverend spy cannot fail to have a good effect, and must tend greatly to remove that delusion under which the Protestants of the United States have so long labored.

I have been recently conversing with a very intelligent member of the Massachusetts legislature, on the subject of Jesuitical intrigue. I stated to him

that it was a common practice among them, ever since the formation of that society, to keep spies in all Protestant countries, under various disguises and in different occupations. But though I had given him such proofs as could scarcely fail to satisfy any man, yet he replied, as American Protestants generally do, on all such occasions, "*Those times are gone by. The Romish church is not at all now, what it was in the days you speak of.*" But, when the fact was made plain to him — when he learned from authority, admitting of no doubt, that only a few weeks ago, a Jesuit, and *an Irishman* too, crept into Tahiti in the disguise of a carpenter, and continued to work there, in that character, until he laid a proper foundation for the overthrow of the Protestant religion on that island, his incredulity seemed to vanish; the cloud, which so long darkened his vision, evaporated into thin air; and my impression is, that he no longer thinks our country safe, unless something is done to exclude forever all Papists, without distinction, from any participation in the making and administration of our laws.

This *Murphy*, to whom allusion is made, appeared in great distress when he arrived among the *natives* of Tahiti. He seemed entirely indifferent upon the subject of religion; all he wanted, apparently, was employment. This was procured for him among the simple *natives* by the *American consul*, both of whom soon united themselves together, according to some previous arrangement; and, while they were "breaking bread" with the *natives*, they were laying plans for their destruction. A blow was aimed at their national and moral existence, and the death of both has nearly been the result. Thus we see a harmless and inoffensive people, only just rescued from a savage state by the laudable efforts of

Protestant missionaries, partly thrown back again into their original condition by infidel Popish priests, whose "god is their belly," whose religion is *allegiance* to their king, the Pope, and whose sports and pastimes consist in debauching the good and virtuous of every country.

The flourishing condition of Tahiti, before the Jesuits found access to it, is well known in this country. Peace, plenty, and religion flourished among its people — all produced by the efforts of our Protestant missionaries. But what sad changes have Jesuits effected among them! By their intrigues they have caused a difficulty between Tahiti and France. The French government fancied itself insulted; false representations were made by the Jesuits; and, with the aid of their *brethren* in France, the government was deceived and the island blockaded, until reparation was made by the inoffensive queen, Pomare. I will quote an instance of the conduct of the French — all *Roman Catholics*, and under the advice of Jesuits — after they entered Tahiti. It is taken from the *Foreign Quarterly Review* of October, and not denied by the French themselves.

"After persuading four chiefs, who were authorized to act in the absence of the queen, to affix their names to a document, asking 'French protection,' a boat was sent by the French captain, Dupetit Thouars, to a place called Eimeo, with a *peremptory* order for queen Pomare to sign it within twenty-four hours.

"It was evening before the boat reached the place whither Pomare had retired with her family. Her situation was one in which it is the custom for women to receive the most anxious and respectful attention from all of the opposite sex, especially if

they call themselves gentlemen. She was every moment expected to give birth to a child ; and, according to custom, had come to lie-in at Eimeo, leaving Paraita, who basely betrayed his trust, regent in her absence. On learning the demand made by Thouars, the queen, surprised and alarmed, sent for Mr. Simpson, the missionary of the island, and a long and painful consultation ensued. Armed resistance was obviously impossible. The only alternative was between dethronement and protection. Pomare at first determined to choose the former, but her friends pressing round her, represented that Great Britain, the court of appeal whither all the grievances of the world are carried for redress, would certainly interfere ; that subjection would be but temporary, and that she would ultimately triumph. Stretched on her couch, in the first pangs of labor, the unfortunate queen withstood all supplications until near morning. Mr. Simpson observes, that this was indeed 'a night of tears.' Many hours were passed in silence, interrupted only by the sobs of the suffering Pomare.

“ Let us leave her for a while, and turn to consider in what manner the French buccaneer and his crew passed the same night. We refer to no inimical statement. Our authority is a letter which went the round of all the Paris papers, written by an officer on board the *Reine Blanche*, who did not seem to perceive any thing at all immoral in what he related. His intention was merely to excite the envy of his fellow-countrymen by detailing the delights that were to be found in the new *Cythera* of *Bougainville*. We dare not follow him into his details. It will be enough to state that more than a hundred women were enticed on board the ship, and there compelled to remain all night, under pretence that

it would be dangerous to row them back in the dark. Some were taken to the officers' cabin, others were sent to the youthful midshipmen, the rest to the crew. When this account made its appearance, the government, alarmed at the effect it might produce, published an official declaration in the 'Moniteur,' (30 Mars,) addressed to 'French mothers,' denying the truth of the statement. But M. Guizot, or whoever directed this disavowal, merely argued from the silence of his own despatches — if they were silent — and not long before, in the voyage of Dumont d'Urville, published by royal 'ordonnance,' a description of conduct, still more atrocious, had been given to the world.

“Towards morning, the sufferings of Pomare increasing, her resolution began to fail her, and at length she signed the fatal document. Then bursting into a flood of tears, she took her eldest son, aged six years, in her arms, and exclaimed, 'My child, my child, I have signed away your birth-right!' In another hour, with almost indescribable pangs, she was delivered of her fourth child. Meanwhile the boat which carried the news of her yielding, sped for the port of Papeete. The sea was rough, and the wind threatened every moment to shift. The white sail was beheld afar off by the look-out on the mast of the *Reine Blanche*, and it was thought impossible she could reach by the appointed time. Thouars, however, troubled himself but little about all these things. He was fixed in his resolve, that if the answer did not arrive before twelve he would bombard Papeete. The guns were loaded, gun-boats stationed along the shore; and whilst the frightened inhabitants crowded down to the beach, beseeching, with uplifted hands, that their dwellings might be spared, the ruthless pirate,

bearing the commission of the king of France, was giving his orders, and burning to emulate the exploits of Stopford and Napier at St. Jean d'Acre, by destroying a few white-washed cottages on the shore of a little island in the Pacific. Hero! worthy the grand cross of the legion of honor which was bestowed on him for this achievement! Worthy the sword raised by farthing subscriptions among 'haters of the English,' which was presented to him for so distinguished an exploit! What exultation must have filled his breast as he beheld the white sail of the boat scud for a moment past the entrance of the port; and what sorrow, when, by a skilful tack, it bore manfully along the very skirts of the breakers, and rushed through the hissing and boiling waters into the placid bay of Papeete, exactly one half hour before mid-day!

"We must pass rapidly over the arrangements which followed. The treaty of protection professed to secure the external sovereignty to the French, but to leave the internal to the queen. The former, however, were empowered 'to take whatever measures they might judge necessary for the preservation of harmony and peace.' When we learn that the ever recurring M. Moerenhout was appointed royal commissioner to carry out this treaty, we at once perceive that Pomare had in reality ceased to reign. How this base person employed his power may be discovered from the fact, that it became his constant habit, when he desired to obtain the signature of the queen to any distasteful document, to vituperate her in the lowest language, and shake his fist in her face.

"It has been asserted, in this country and elsewhere, that the passive resistance of the queen and people to the proper establishment of the protecto-

rate, did not begin until the arrival of Mr. Pritchard on the 25th of February, 1843. The object of this has been to attribute all the subsequent difficulties experienced by the French to him. But the fact is well known, that before he made his appearance the queen had written to the principal European powers, stating that she had been compelled against her will to accept the protectorate of France. On the 9th of February also, a great public meeting, presided at by the queen, was held, in which speeches of the most violent description were made. It was resolved, however, that by no overt act the French should be furnished with an excuse for further arbitrary proceedings. The determination come to, was to write for the opinion of Great Britain.

“The morning after this meeting Moerenhout went to the queen and acted in a manner so gross and insulting, that she determined to complain to Sir Thomas Thompson, of the Talbot frigate, who promised her protection. All this happened, as we have seen, before the arrival of Mr. Pritchard, who, in truth, instead of proving a firebrand, introduced moderation and caution into the councils of Pomare. Sir Toup Nicolas, it is true, commanding the *Vindictive*, which brought our consul to Tahiti, did go so far, despising some of the forms which were perhaps necessary, as threaten that unless the French ceased to molest British subjects, he would use force to compel them. He is said even to have cleared for action. When we consider what was daily passing under his eyes, there was some excuse for this gallant captain's warmth. Setting aside the insults offered to our own countrymen, he was the spectator of constant tyrannical conduct towards the queen. Messrs. Reine and Vrignaud,

under whose name all this was done, were but instruments in the hands of the sagacious Moerenhout. The following letter of queen Pomare, hitherto, we believe, unpublished, will throw some light on his conduct. It is addressed to Toup Nicolas, who took measures to fulfil the wishes it contains.

‘ PAOFAE, March 5, 1844.

· O Commodore,

‘ I make known unto you that I have oftentimes been troubled by the French consul, and on account of his threatening language I have left my house. His angry words to me have been very strong. I have hitherto only verbally told you of his ill-actions towards me ; but now I clearly make these known to you, O Commodore, that the French consul may not trouble me again. I look to you to protect me now at the present time, and you will seek the way how to do it.

‘ This is my wish, that if M. Moerenhout, and all other foreigners, want to come to me, they must first make known to me their desire, that they may be informed whether it is, or is not, agreeable to me to see them.

‘ Health and peace to you,

‘ O servant of the Queen of Britain,

(Signed)

‘ POMARE,

‘ Queen of Tahiti, Mourea, &c. &c.’

“ During the time that elapsed between the establishment of the protectorate and the third visit of Dupetit Thouars to Tahiti, the only overt act which the French could complain of was the hoisting of a fancy flag by the queen over her house. Whatever difficulties existed at the outset, had been in reality overcome in spite of the ‘intriguing Mr.

Pritchard.' Even M. Guizot has declared in his place in the chamber of deputies: 'There existed on the admiral's arrival none of those difficulties which are not to be surmounted by good conduct, by prudence, by perseverance, by time, or which require the immediate application of force.' Nevertheless, on the first of November, 1843, our buccaneering admiral entered the harbor of Papeete, and wrote immediately to inform the queen that unless she pulled down the flag she had hoisted, he would do so for her, and at the same time depose her. In spite of his threats, however, she refused compliance; and Lieutenant D'Aubigny landed at the head of five hundred men, to occupy the island. The speech in which this person inaugurated French dominion in Tahiti was one of the richest specimens of bombast and braggadocia ever uttered.

"Much merriment might be excited by its repetition, but it has already caused the sides of Europe to ache, more than once. Suffice it to say, that the deposed queen fled on board the British ship of war, the *Dublin*, commanded by Capt. Tucker, and Papeete was, for many days, like a town taken by storm. Drunkenness, debauchery, rioting, filled its streets, and every means were taken to undo what the missionaries had, by half a century's labor, accomplished."

The above is another melancholy evidence of the spirit of Popery; and if any thing can open the eyes of our people to a sense of danger from it, this evidence cannot fail to do so. I lay it down as a truth — though I may be censured for the boldness of such an assertion — that there is not a man of common sense, or ordinary penetration, who does not see, at a glance, that our danger as a nation, and our morals as a people, are eminently perilled

by the continuance of Popery amongst us. There are certain truths which need not be proved; they prove themselves. Like the sun, which is seen by its own light, they carry with them their own evidence; and, among those self-evident truths, I see none more clear or more lucid, than that Popery, which has taken root in this country, will — if not torn up and totally uprooted before long — dash to pieces the whole frame of our republic. *Sympathizers*, Puseyites, and all other such bastard Protestants, may think differently. Be it so. Valueless as my opinion may be, let it be herein recorded, that I entirely disagree with them.

It seems that another speck of Popery is just making its appearance on the north-west horizon of our national firmament. It appears, by accounts very recently received from Oregon, that the *Propaganda* in Rome has sent out a company of Jesuits and nuns to that territory. Popish priests and Jesuits seldom travel without being accompanied by nuns: they add greatly to their comforts while on their pilgrimage for the advancement of *morality* and *chastity*. Hitherto the occupants of Oregon have advanced quietly. They have adopted a temporary form of government, established courts of law, and such municipal regulations as they deemed best calculated to forward their common interest. But the modern *serpent*, Jesuitism, has already entered their garden: the tree of Popery has been planted: it is now in blossom, and will soon be seen in full bearing. It is truly a melancholy reflection to think that this pest, Popery, should find access to all places and to all people. One year will not pass over us, before the aspect of things in Oregon will be entirely changed. These Jesuits who arrived there have been pre-

ceded by some *Popish spy* — some *reverend Irish Murphy*, in the capacity of *carpenter*, or perhaps horse-jockey, has gone before them, and has been laying plans for their reception. I venture to say, it will be discovered, at no distant day, that all the good which our Protestant missionaries have done there will soon be undone by *Popish agents*. They will commence, as they have done in Tahiti, by causing some panic among the resident settlers. They will find in Oregon, as well as in our United States, some functionary who may want their aid; and he, like many of the unprincipled functionaries among ourselves, will give them his patronage in exchange.

Liberty has, in reality, but few votaries among officeholders, in comparison with Popery; and this is one of the chief causes of the great advances which the latter is making, and has been making, especially for the last six or eight years. Look around you, fellow-citizens, and you will scarcely find an individual in office, from the President to the lowest office-holder, possessed of sufficient moral courage to raise his voice against Popery. But justice to Americans requires me to say, that in this the great mass of the people are without blame — for I cannot call certain leading, unprincipled politicians, the people. The first steps which foreign priests and Jesuits have taken, in disturbing the harmony of our republican system of government, might have been easily checked; but those who have represented the people, and who held offices of honor and emolument, were not, and will not be, disturbed by a moment's reflection on a proper sense of their duty. The whole responsibility of the gross outrages offered to our Protestant country, by *Popish priests* and Papal allies, rests upon our representatives in Congress. They could, if they would, have

long since checked Popery ; and it is now high time that the people should take this matter into their own hands, and so alter the constitutions of their respective states, as to exclude Papists from any positive or negative participation in the creation or execution of their laws.

Jesuits calculate with great accuracy upon the selfishness of man : they know that, generally speaking, it is paramount to all other considerations. Artful, intriguing, avaricious, and more licentious themselves than any other body of men in the world, they soon discover all that is vulnerable in the American character, and take advantage of it. They discover that popular applause is greatly coveted by Americans ; and this is the reason why we see established among us so many *repeal associations*. The writer understands that several of those associations are now formed in Oregon ; and it was at their request that the Pope had sent out Jesuits and nuns amongst them. Repeal is looked upon as the great lever by which the whole political world can be turned upside down. Its members meet in large numbers, in order to show the gullible Americans the consequent extent of their power, and the great advantage which some officehunter may gain by bringing them over to his views. The bait has taken well hitherto ; but as we have — solemnly attested by the sign manual of the Pope himself — seen his object in causing to be established repeal societies, the American, who continues hereafter to encourage them, deserves the execration of every lover of freedom. The Pope tells Americans, through his agent, O'Connell, what the design and objects of all the movements of Papists in the United States are ; and I trust, when Americans see them in their true colors, they will sink deeply into their hearts.

Hear, then, I entreat you, Americans, the language of O'Connell, as the Pope's agent, as uttered by him in the *Loyal National Repeal Association* in Dublin, Ireland. It is addressed to Irish Catholics in the United States. *Where you have the electoral franchise, give your votes to none but those who will assist you in so holy a struggle. You should do all in your power to carry out the pious intentions of his holiness the Pope.* This is plain language; there is no misunderstanding it. It is addressed to Papists, whether in Oregon or the United States, and what are the pious intentions of the Pope? I will tell you. I understand those matters probably better than you do. The object is, in the first place, to *extirpate Protestantism*; and, secondly, *to overthrow this republican government, and place in our executive chair a Popish king.* This is the sole design of all the ramifications of the various repeal clubs throughout the length and breadth of the United States and its territories. O'Connell — the *greatest layman living* — is the *nuncio* of the Pope for carrying this vast and *holy* design into execution. Will Americans submit to this? Will they again attend repeal associations? Does not every meeting of the repeal party impliedly make an assault upon our constitution? Is not this foreign demagogue endeavoring to pollute our ballot-box? and will you any longer trust an Irish Papist, who is the fettered slave of the Pope? Aye! a greater slave than the African, the Mussulman, or the Chinese. Never before was there such a combination formed for the destruction of American liberty, as that of *Irish repealers*, and never before was such an insidious attempt made to pollute the morals of the wives and daughters of Americans, as that which Jesuits have for years made, and are

now making, by the introduction of priests and nunneries among them.

Repeal unchains the loud blasts of conspiracy, and opens the bloody gates of sedition ; yet this Repeal lives in the very midst of us. I can almost hear, while I am writing these lines, the wild shouts of its lawless members ; and to the shame and everlasting disgrace of Americans, the sons of free and noble sires, there are many of them, at the very repeal meetings to which I allude, aiding and abetting them in aiming their mad and wild blows at liberty, while she sleeps sweetly, perhaps dreaming that she was safe, with the spirits of Washington, Warren, and others, watching over her slumbers. Sleep on, fair goddess ! Popish traitors cannot, shall not disturb thee. American Republicans will not let them ; and to you, Protestant foreigners, I would most earnestly appeal. Let us stand by those noble patriots. We know what tyranny is ! We felt many of its pains and penalties. We know what Popery is ! It has desolated our native land ! It has made barren our fairest fields ! It has sealed up from our parents, our brothers, sisters, and relatives, the eternal fountain of life ! It is drunk with the blood of the saints ! It has closed against us the gates of liberty ! It has rendered us strangers to its blessings, and it was not until we landed upon these shores, that we were first permitted to inhale its fragrance or taste its fruits. But now that we enjoy all these blessings, let us thank God for them. Let us be grateful to Americans for receiving us among them, and prove by our deeds that we are not unworthy of the kind and hospitable reception which they gave us, by being foremost amongst them in resisting and warding off the blows which that enemy of mankind, the Pope,

and his foul-mouthed nuncio, Daniel O'Connell, with his Irish repealers, are striking at American freedom! They shall not succeed. The slaves of a Pope cannot succeed.

"The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
 They burst their manacles, and wear the name
 Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
 Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;—
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee —
 Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee —
 Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
 And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travelled by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge; —
 Yea, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea, and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there!"

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AURICULAR CONFESSION

AND

POPISH NUNNERIES.

BY

WILLIAM HOGAN,

FORMERLY ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST, AND AUTHOR OF 'POPERY AS IT
WAS AND AS IT IS.'

B O S T O N :

SAXTON & KELT; B. PERKINS & CO.

N E W Y O R K :

SAXTON & MILES; SAXTON & HUNTINGTON.

1845.

AMERICAN COMMISSION

POLISH MEMORIALS

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1845, by
WILLIAM HOGAN,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

WILLIAM HOGAN

THE NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY

Stereotyped by
GEORGE A. CURTIS;
NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY.

NEW ENGLAND TYPE AND STEREO TYPE FOUNDRY
1845

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE readers of the following work, who have not any acquaintance with the author, may wish to know who he is, in order to enable them to ascertain what degree of credit is due to his statements. We are permitted to publish the following documents, which show that the author is a member of the Georgia bar, and that his standing among his brethren is that of a moral, upright, and honorable gentleman. This is a high character—as high as any man can produce, or any American citizen require—and entitles Mr. Hogan's statements to full credit, in the estimation of every honest man and impartial reader of this work.

[Certificate from Judge Wayne.]

STATE OF GEORGIA.

*At a Superior Court holden in and for the County of Effingham, at
November Term, 1827.*

KNOW all men by these presents, that, at the present sitting of this Court, WILLIAM HOGAN made his application for leave to plead and practise in the several Courts of Law and Equity in this State: Whereupon, the said William Hogan having given satisfactory evidence of good moral character, and having been examined in open Court, and being found well acquainted and skilled in the laws, he was admitted by the court to all the privileges of an Attorney, Solicitor and Counsellor, in the several Courts of law and Equity in this State.

In Testimony whereof the presiding Judge has hereunto set [L. S.] his hand, with his seal annexed, (there being no Seal of Court,) this first day of November, 1827.

JNO. CHAS. STON, *Clerk.*

JAMES M. WAYNE.

[Certificate from Judge Law.]

I hereby certify that the within named William Hogan, has been at the bar of the Eastern Circuit of Georgia, since November Term, 1827, the date of his admission, and that he has conducted himself, during my acquaintance with him at this bar, as an Attorney and Counsellor at Law, with uprightness and integrity of character.

WILLIAM LAW,

Judge Sup. Courts, East District, Georgia.

Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of the law elsewhere; it will, I apprehend, be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar, furnished you by the Clerk, should be accompanied by a certificate from myself as the presiding Judge of the Court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct and upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the Superior Courts of the Eastern District of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of the law in the same.

Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM LAW.

[Recommendation from the Georgia Bar.]

Savannah, June, 1832.

WE, the undersigned members of the bar of Savannah, having been informed that Wm. Hogan, Esq., in consequence of ill health, is about removing to a northern climate, take leave to state that he has been admitted to practise as Attorney, Solicitor and Counsellor in all the Courts of Law and Equity in this State.

Mr. Hogan has been a resident of this city for some years, during which time, we further feel a pleasure in stating that his professional standing among us, has been that of a moral and honorable gentleman, and as such, recommend him to the professional attentions of the Honorable the Judges and members of the bar generally, wherever his health may induce him to locate himself.

THOS. U. P. CHARLTON,

JNO. C. NICOLL,

W. W. GORDON,

RICH. W. HABERSHAM,

R. R. COYLER,

LEVI S. D'LYON.

INTRODUCTION.

“THREE score years and ten,” and those often full of care and anxiety, seem to constitute the space of human life. So it is said in that venerable volume, which never has been, and never can be equalled, in beauty of truth, wisdom, and instruction. This, it would seem, ought to check all the vain and inordinate aspirations of poor, weak man; yet it has not, and probably never will do so. To a reflecting mind, nothing can appear stranger than this. Notwithstanding this solemn truth, such is the presumption of man, that he has often dared,—and does so at this moment,—to set himself up as the vicerojal or vicegerent of the King of Heaven; and fancies himself sent upon this earth for the purpose of rectifying or correcting any mistakes or defects which might have escaped the vigilance of the great I Am, in the organization and fitness of things. This is truly a serious and melancholy reflection.

The population of this world of ours is supposed to amount to 812,553,712. Of this vast number, 137,000,000 are Roman Catholics, who now, on the 19th of July, 1845, bend the knee and bow down in homage to a weak, helpless, and worthless being, the Pope of Rome; and thus, if history does not deceive us, proving themselves conspirators against the happiness of the human race.

To meliorate the condition of this almost countless multitude of our fellow-creatures, is among the first duties of every good man. No one is exempted from it; not the king nor the peasant; not the sage nor the philosopher; not the priest nor the layman; for there are as many modes of discharging this duty, as there are grades in the social system.

As a member of the human family, and being once an instructor myself, I feel that I have too long neglected this common duty. Many suns, and many shades, too, have passed over me, without doing much in the great work of promoting the happiness of my fellow-beings; and if I can make any atonement for this omission, by devoting the necessarily short period of the remnant of my life for the benefit of others, I shall retire to my eternal home with feelings of happiness which I have not enjoyed for years.

With a clear and full view of my duty, I have recently written a work entitled, "*A Synopsis of Popery as it was, and as it is.*" It has been well received; it awakened Americans to a proper sense of their duty. Until then they saw not, they felt not, they dreamed not of the dangers which threatened their religion and their civil rights, from the stealthy movements of the Church of Rome, and her priests and bishops, in this country. Americans have now a steady and watchful eye upon them. This was necessary, and so far, I have done my duty. The Popish presses, which, until then, had lulled Americans into fatal repose by their misrepresentations, have been, in a measure, silenced. No one, before me, dared to encounter their scurrilous abuse. I resolved to silence them; and I have done so. The very mention of my name is a terror to them now; though, until the appearance of my book, there was not a Popish press in the United States, which did not weekly, almost daily, abuse me in the most scurrilous manner; and in my apprehension, a stronger evidence cannot be given of the iniquity of Popish priests and bishops who edit those presses, than this very fact.

Protestant writers in the United States have long been kept in check by the bullying and vaporing of Popish priests, when some resolution and a little tact, might at all times have silenced them. I found no difficulty in muzzling the whole body; and the mode of doing it was sug-

gested to me by a little incident in my own life. Will the reader allow me to relate it?

As soon as I was admitted to the practice of law, I went into partnership with a Mr. Gray, a young gentleman of promising talents and gentlemanly manners. Our office was in one of the upper districts of South Carolina, separated only by a narrow river, from the State of Georgia, where I have resided ever since. There was at the back of our office, a swamp, containing,—if we may judge from the noise they made,—myriads of frogs, ugly and filthy as the slime from which they sprung. As soon as the sun of heaven retired to its home in the west, and darkness covered the face of the earth and the waters, these frogs set up a most hideous chorus,—just as Papists have done for more than twenty years, against myself. The noise became a perfect nuisance to me. I felt at a loss how to silence these filthy frogs. I purchased and borrowed every work I could get upon *frogs*, to see if any remedy had been discovered to abate this nuisance; but all to no purpose. On they went, night after night; nothing could be heard but *croak, croak, croak*. Finally, I became impatient, when necessity, which is properly called, “the mother of invention,” suggested to me the following remedy, which, I believe, might have been tried before. I procured a well-lighted lantern, concealed it under a thick overcoat, went down to the pond, sat patiently on its bank until the frogs commenced their evening chorus; but just as they were upon their highest notes, I uncovered my lantern, and threw its full blaze of light over the whole surface of the pond. Instantly, as if by magic,

“Every frog was at rest,
And I heard not a sound.”

It occurred to me, that a similar experiment might, with equal advantage, be made upon Popish priests and confessors. I knew no other living animal or creeping thing, so

closely resembling these frogs in repulsiveness, as a Romish priest or bishop who hears confessions. I resolved to throw light upon them, and show them to each other and to the world, in their native deformity. I published my book on Popery; I threw the light of my experience as a Popish priest, upon the whole body. The result has been entirely satisfactory. Never, since then, has a Popish priest, Popish bishop, or Popish press, published a single sentence against me. How truly is it said in holy writ, "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." I have resisted Popish priests; they have fled from me; and if the reader will do me the honor of perusing the following pages, he will see that I am still pursuing them in full chase; nor do I feel disposed to abandon my pursuit, until they renounce allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and become true, peaceable, moral, and well-behaved citizens of the United States.

WILLIAM HOGAN.

AURICULAR CONFESSION AND POPISH NUNNERIES.

WHEN a writer acknowledges, in advance, that he cannot relate the whole truth, his position is far from being enviable. It augurs badly for what he writes, and so far places him in a disadvantageous light before the public. This is, however, precisely the condition in which I now find myself. Such is the nature of the subject on which I feel it my duty to write, that I shrink with native abhorrence from relating, at least, the whole truth. It is repugnant to my feelings, to my taste, and at variance with the general tone of my conversation, ever since the God of purity enabled me to disentangle myself from the society of Romish priests and bishops,—men whose private lives and conversation with each other and with their *penitents* in the confessional, breathe nothing but the grossest licentiousness and fœtid impurities.

I do not wantonly and without provocation make any expose of the iniquities of Popery. My entire life, since I left them, is evidence of this; but they have pursued me with such persevering malignity and demoniac malice, that further silence would be criminal and disrespectful to my Protestant fellow-citizens, from whom, notwithstanding the malice of papists towards me, I have always experienced kind

attentions and hospitality. Nor should I, even now, allow the subject of Popery to occupy my mind, or taint the current of my thoughts, if I did not see it striding with fearful rapidity over the fair face of this my adopted country, infusing itself into every political nerve and artery of our government, while its members are asleep and dreaming of its future glories.

It is not pleasant to me to contend with papists, who look upon it as a matter of duty, and as a fundamental article of their faith, to persecute myself and all other heretics. That they should dislike me, is not a matter of surprise; that men whose confessions I have heard, and who have heard mine, should even dread me, is not to be wondered at. Many of these men deserve (I speak of bishops and priests exclusively) not only public censure, but the gibbet, the dungeon and the gallows. I cannot blame men, under these circumstances, for detesting my very name. They are in my power—they tremble in my presence—and were I to blame them for some degree of opposition and dislike to me, I should be quarrelling with that instinct which teaches the profligate and debauchee to shun the society of a virtuous and upright man. While I live among papists they are naturally afraid that I should lift the veil, which conceals from the eyes of Americans the deformities of Popery. They are in momentary fear that I shall show to their *American converts*, which Bishop Fenwick of Boston says he “is daily making from the first families,” the *Old Lady of Rome* in her *dishabille*. They have long hidden from them her shrivelled, diseased, distorted, and disgusting

proportions, and they are unwilling that this painted harlot should be now seen by Americans. This is good policy, and hence much of their opposition to me. A curse seems to have rested upon Rome since its very foundation. Pagan, as well as modern Rome, seemed always to delight in deeds of darkness.

We are told in history of a singular practice illustrative of this in ancient Rome. I mention it merely to show the apparent natural fondness of Romanists, ancient as well as modern, for deeds of darkness. It is trifling in itself, and may be deemed, perhaps, irrelevant; but it may be interesting to the historian, whose curiosity extends further than that of theologians or moralists.

The ancient Romans were epicures. Some say they were greater gluttons than those of the present day. Poultry, of all kinds, was a favorite dish with them, and how to fatten fowl most expeditiously, became a question of vital importance with the *philosophers* of the *Eternal City*. After several experiments, it was found that the best plan was to close up the eyes of geese, turkeys, ducks, and all other kinds of poultry, and, in that condition, *cram* and *stuff* them with food. This succeeded admirably. The fowls fattened in less than half the time.

It seems that man was always, as well as now, a progressive animal, and accordingly, as soon as Popery fixed its head-quarters at Rome or at Antioch, no matter which for the present, popish bishops commenced a similar experiment upon man. Anxious for his conversion to the *infallible* church, they determined to close his eyes and compel him to

receive from themselves, as so many turkeys and geese would from their feeders, such food as they pleased to give them. They were not to question its quality, but, like so many blinded geese, swallow all that was given them. The practice continues to the present day in the Romish church; even *American converts* to Romanism are not to question the quality of the food, or spiritual instructions, which popish priests please to give them. *Blind obedience* is a necessary article of spiritual diet for a convert to Popery; and whether his priest tells him that he must worship God, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter and St. Paul, or the wafer which he carries in his pocket and calls the *body* and *blood* of *Christ*, he must obey without murmur or inquiry.

This unreasonable, unscriptural, and impious doctrine, is inculcated especially in the confessional. No man, not even a papist, dare preach in public such a dogma as blind obedience in anything, or to any man. I have always been instructed, while a Catholic priest, never to intimate in public that the Romish church ever required unconditional submission to her will, unless I was morally certain that all my hearers were by birth and education Roman Catholics; but my orders were positive, and under pain of losing my sacerdotal *faculties*, never to lose an opportunity of inculcating this in the confessional. There and there alone do Romish priests teach and fasten upon the minds of their *penitents*, all the iniquities which the church of Rome sanctions.

If I can satisfy Americans that *Auricular Confession* is dangerous to their liberties; if I can show

them that it is the source and fountain of many, if not all, those treasons, debaucheries, and other evils, which are now flooding this country, I shall feel that I have done an acceptable work, and *some service to the State*. I fear, however, that I shall fail in this; not because what I state is not true, and even admitted to be so, but because Americans seem determined,—I would almost say fated,—to political and moral destruction.

For twenty years I have warned them of approaching danger, but their politicians were deaf, and their Protestant theologians remained religiously coiled up in fancied security, overrating their own powers and undervaluing that of Papists. Even though they see and feel, and often blush at the logical triumph, which popish controversialists have gained, and are gaining over them in every intellectual combat in which they engage, yet such is their love of ease or love of money, or something else, that they cannot be roused until the enemy falls upon them with an annihilating force. It is painful to me to see this indifference upon their part. They are better able than I am to contend with Papists. They possess more talents, and have more friends than I have to sustain them. This is the land of their birth. It is not mine, but not the less dear to me. The religion of this country is the religion of their forefathers, and of the Bible; it is peculiarly their duty to defend both.

Nothing could induce me to undertake the present work, but the universal approbation which my recent book on Popery has received from the political and religious journals of the country. I should

leave it to be done by Protestant theologians. The notices which my book on Popery has received were flattering. They gave me credit for talents, candor and frankness. But I am in reality entitled to no credit for that book. The utterance of the truths contained in it, was a spontaneous emotion. It was (if I may use such language) but the breaking loose of some moral iceberg, which for years lay heavily on my soul. It was a sort of inspiration fanned into a blaze, by an irresistible consciousness that I had too long neglected a duty which I owed to my God and my adopted country. But I now feel relieved, and willing to enlist in the cause of morals and civil rights.

The following pages, I apprehend, will appear to some of rather a random and fugitive character. It will be said that much of the matter is irrelevant—that I fly too rapidly from one subject to another. To such men I will say, that they know very little of Romish intellectual tactics. A well trained reverend Romish soldier cares little about the polish of his armor, or whether he aims his blows according to the system of this or that commander. He steps into the battle arena in his lightest armor, and with his sharpest weapon. A Protestant theologian meets him, with a face as solemn as if he was accompanying to the grave all that was dear to him, wearing his heaviest coat of mail, and armed with claymores and battle-axes. While the latter is wasting his strength upon the desert air, and aiming his harmless blows at every spot but the right one, the papist goads him to death, and seldom fails to obtain the crown of victory from the spectators. Many Protestants

who are in the habit of contending with Papists in this manner, will disapprove of this book; but I trust that in differing from them in my mode of warfare with Papists, they will, on reflection, see that, although they may be right, I am not wrong. I shall therefore beg leave to pursue my own course. I will give my ideas to the public just as they strike me, fresh from my own mind, with no regard whatever to style, ornament or criticism; and I am vain enough to wish that all controversialists, and even all Protestant and Popish writers, should pursue a similar course. We should then have more truth in controversy, more soul and more sterling morality in religion. All that is artistical and pedantic would be exploded, and truth, fresh and warm from the heart, would be substituted in their place.

Every crime, as I have stated before, which the Romish church sanctions, and almost all the immoralities of its members, either originate in or have some connection with *Auricular Confession*; and in order to explain this to my readers, it will be necessary for me to go back and state the causes which first induced me to doubt the *infallibility* of the Romish church.

I have often been asked the following question: Why did you leave the Roman Catholic church? Before I answer this question, I may well exclaim; in the language of the ancient poet, omitting only one word, "Oh! nefandum, jubes, renovare dolorem." But however painful the relation may be; however offensive to the ears of the virtuous and chaste; however disgusting to the pious and moral portion of our community; however at variance with the

elegances and formalities of private life; however heavily such a narrative may fall upon Roman priests and bishops, and disreputable it may be to *Nuns* and Nunneries, I will answer the above question, so often and so frankly put to me by many even of my personal friends.

Several causes have contributed to induce me to doubt the infallibility of the Popish church, and to renounce its ministry altogether. Among the first was the following :

When quite young and but just emerging from childhood, I became acquainted with a Protestant family living in the neighborhood of my birthplace. It consisted of a mother (a widow lady) and three interesting children, two sons and one daughter. The mother was a widow, a lady of great beauty and rare accomplishments. The husband, who had but recently died, one of the many victims of what is falsely called *honor*, left her, as he found her, in the possession of a large fortune, and, as far as worldly goods could make her so, in the enjoyment of perfect happiness. But his premature death threw a gloom over her future life, which neither riches nor wealth, nor all worldly comforts combined together, could effectually dissipate. Her only pleasure seemed to be placed in that of her children. They appeared—and I believe they really were—the centre and circumference of her earthly happiness.

In the course of time the sons grew up, and their guardian purchased for both, in compliance with their wishes, and to gratify their youthful ambition, commissions in the army. The parting of these

children, the breaking up of this fond trio of brothers and sister, was to the widowed mother another source of grief, and tended to concentrate, if possible, more closely all the fond affections of the mother upon her daughter. She became the joy of her heart. Her education while a child was an object of great solicitude, and having a fortune at her command, no expense was spared to render it suitable for that station in life, in which her high connections entitled her to move when she should become of age. The whole family were members of the Protestant church, as the Episcopal church is called in that country. As soon as the sons left home to join their respective regiments, which were then on the continent, the mother and daughter were much alone, so much so, that the fond mother soon discovered that her too great affection for her child and the indulgence given to her were rather impeding than otherwise her education. She accordingly determined to remove her governess, who up to this period was her sole instructress, under the watchful eye of the fond and accomplished mother herself, and send her to a *fashionable school for young ladies*. There was then in the neighborhood, only about twenty miles from this family, a *Nunnery* of the order of Jesuits. To this nunnery was attached a school superintended by nuns of that order. The school was one of the most fashionable in the country. The nuns who presided over it, were said to be the most accomplished teachers in Europe. The expenses of an education in it were extravagantly high, but not beyond the reach of wealth and fashion. The mother, though a Protestant, and strict

and conscientious in the discharge of all the duties of her church, and not without a struggle in parting with her child and consigning her to the charge of Jesuits, yielded in this case to the malign influence of *fashion*, as many a fond mother does even in this our own land of equal rights and far-famed, though mock equality—sent her beautiful daughter, her earthly idol, to the school of these nuns. Let the result speak for itself.

Up to the departure of the sons for the army, and this daughter for the nunnery, I had been ever from my infancy acquainted with this family, and had for them the highest respect and warmest attachment. The elder brother was about my own age, and only a few years between the eldest and the youngest child.

Soon after the daughter was sent to school, I entered the College of Maynooth as a theological student, and in due time was ordained a Roman Catholic priest by particular *dispensation*, being two years under the canonical age. An interval of some years passed before I had an opportunity of meeting my young friend again; our interview was under peculiar circumstances. I was ordained a Romish priest, and located where she happened to be on a visit. There was a large party given, at which, among many others, I happened to be present; and there meeting with my friend and interchanging the usual courtesies upon such occasions, she—sportively, as I then imagined—asked me whether I would preach her *reception sermon*, as she intended becoming a *nun* and taking the *white veil*. Not even dreaming of such an event, I replied in the affirma-

tive. I heard no more of the affair for about two months, when I received a note from her designating the chapel, the day and the hour she expected me to preach. I was then but a short time in the ministry, but sufficiently long to know that up to the hour of my commencing to read Popish theology, especially that of *Dens* and *Antoine de Peccatis*, I knew nothing of the iniquities taught and practised by Romish priests and bishops.

On the receipt of my friend's note, a cold chill crept over me; I anticipated, I feared, I trembled, I felt there must be foul play somewhere. However, I went according to promise, preached her reception sermon at the request of the young lady, and with the special approbation of the *Bishop*, whom I had to consult on such occasions.

The concourse of people that assembled on this occasion was very great. The interest created by the apparent voluntary retirement from the world of one so young, so wealthy and so beautiful, was intense, and accordingly the chapel in which I preached was filled to overflowing with the nobility and fashionables of that section of the country. Many and large were the tears which were shed, when this beautiful young lady cut off her rich and flowing tresses of hair. Reader, have you ever seen the description which Eugene Sue, in his *Wandering Jew*, gives of the lustrous, luxurious and rich head of hair worn by Charlotte De Cardoville, and shorn from her head by Jesuits, under the pretence that she was insane? If you have not, take the *Wandering Jew*, turn over its pages till you find it, and you will see a more accurate description of that

shorn from the head of the young lady to whom I allude, than I can possibly give.

Turn back to the picture given by this same Eugene Sue, of the personal beauty, piety, charity, and many virtues of Mademoiselle De Cardoville, and you will have a correct portrait of this young lady of whom I speak. You may therefore easily judge, from her immolation upon the altar of fanaticism, or, more properly speaking, her personal sacrifice to the idol of Popish and Jesuit lust, the nature of that feeling which such an event must have produced in the mind of every Christian believer.

Having no clerical connection with the convent in which she was immured, I had not seen her for three months following. At the expiration of that time, one of the *lay sisters* of the convent delivered to me a note. I knew it contained something startling.

These *lay sisters* among Jesuits, are spies belonging to that order, but are sometimes bribed by the nuns for certain purposes. As soon as I reached my apartments, I found that my young friend expressed a wish to see me *on something important*. I, of course, lost no time in calling on her, and being a priest, I was immediately admitted; but never have I forgot, nor can I forget, the melancholy picture of lost beauty and fallen humanity, which met my astonished gaze in the person of my once beautiful and virtuous friend. I had been then about eighteen months a Romish priest, and was not without some knowledge of their profligate lives; and therefore I was the better prepared for and could more easily anticipate what was to come. After such preliminary conversation as may be expected upon occasions of this kind, the

young lady spoke to me to the following effect, if not literally so. I say *literally*, because so deep, and strong, and lasting was the impression made upon my mind, that I believe I have not forgotten one letter of her words.

“I sent for you, my friend, to see you once more before my death. I have insulted my God, and disgraced my family; I am in the *family way*, and I must die.” After a good deal of conversation, which it is needless to repeat, I discovered from her confession the parent of this pregnancy, and that the *mother abbess* of the convent advised her to take medicine which would effect abortion; but that she knew from the lay sister who delivered me the note, and who was a confidential servant in the convent, that the medicine which the mother abbess would give her should contain poison, and that the procuring abortion was a mere pretext. I gave her such advice as I could in the capacity of a Romish priest. I advised her to send for the bishop and consult him. “I cannot do it,” said she. “My destroyer is my confessor.” I was silent. I had no more to say. I was bound by oath to be true to him. In vain did the noble sentiment even of the Pagan occur to me; a sentiment sanctioned almost by inspiration itself. It fled from my mind as smoke before the wind. I was one of the priests of the *infallible church*, and what was honor, what was honesty to me, where the honor of that *infallible church* was concerned? They were of no account; not worthy the consideration of a *Romish priest* for a second. The almost heavenly sentiment of the noble Pagan, “*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum,*” let justice

be done even if the heavens were to fall, fled from my mind. I retired, leaving my friend to her fate, but promising, at her request, to return in a fortnight.

According to promise, I did return in a fortnight, but the foul deed was done. She was no more. The cold clay contained in its dread embrace all that now remained of that being, which, but a few months before, lived, and moved in all the beauty and symmetry of proportion; and that soul, once pure and spotless as the dew-drop of heaven, ere its contact with the impurities of earth, which a fond mother confided to the care of Jesuit nuns, had been driven in its guilt and pollution into the presence of a just but merciful God. All, all, the work of Jesuits and Nuns!

This was the first check my Popish enthusiasm met with; and now for the first time did a doubt of the infallibility of the church of Rome enter my mind. After witnessing these events I could not help asking myself, can a church which sanctions and countenances such flagitious iniquities as I have just witnessed, be a Christian church? Can a body of men, who individually practise such deeds of blood, treachery and crime as those which I have seen, be, collectively, *infallible*? Are these the men whom the Saviour commissioned, in a particular manner, to preach the gospel to every creature? Are these the men, as a body, with whom he promised to be always, even to the consummation of the world? Are these the men who collectively constitute an infallible church? If so, unprofitable indeed has been my life. It is high time to come out from among them; and if I cannot live the life

of luxury and ease, of sin and crime which a Romish priest can live, let me, at least, live that of an honorable man, and a useful member of society.

These were some of my reflections; and accordingly, that evening, I called on the Right Reverend Protestant bishop of ———, with a view of making a public recantation of my belief in the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church. But as chance would have it, he was out of town that week, and when next I made an effort to see him I found that effort in vain. I had not properly weighed the chains that bound me to Popery. I knew not their length, nor their strength. They were stronger than adamant, than steel. They were chains woven for me, in some measure, by beings that I loved. They were thrown around me and fastened to me by hands that I revered. They were the chains of early education. I could not break them; they were too strong for me. The force which alone could do this was the grace of God. This I had not. Until then I went about without faith in the world. I soon fell back, in a measure, into my former belief, but not without a resolution to examine more fully the nature of Popery itself, and the practices of its priests. It is well said, a drowning man will catch at straws. It occurred to me that, perhaps, all the crimes and iniquities committed by popes, priests and bishops, and sanctioned by the church of Rome, might be confined only to the old countries, where "use makes law," and that by leaving the old and coming to the new world, where the people made their own laws, and the human mind had its full swing, and thought is only bounded by its own intermina-

ble extent, I might find a different state of things. I fancied, at any rate, that man might worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without the interference, let or hindrance, save the inherent power and sovereignty of the people. I little supposed that a *pure* and *enlightened* people, such as Americans boast themselves, would sanction such institutions as those in which the young friend of whom I have spoken, lost her virtue, her honor and her life. But alas! how sadly have I been disappointed.

Europe is not the only portion of the world that contains legalized Sodoms. Its people are not the only people that support them. Its lawgivers are not the only men, nor its lawmakers the only ones, that make laws for them and give them charters. Its people are not the only people who contribute their time, their lands, their moneys, and who take almost from the necessaries of life, to support monk houses and nunneries, Jesuits and Dominicans. No, no. The *new world*, the new people, if I may say so, who boast of being the most *enlightened* people on the face of the earth,—these are the people who, in proportion to their number, contribute most to the support of Popish brothels, modestly called *nunneries*.

But it will be said that the young lady to whom I have alluded, has given no evidence of her being virtuous. As far as you tell us, she has made no resistance, and it is scarcely possible that one whom you have placed upon so high a prominence of virtue, could have so suddenly fallen into the depths of vice. This is all very plausible, and naturally to be ex-

pected from those who know nothing of *auricular confession*,—a Popish institution, one of the most ingenious devices ever invented by the great enemy of man, for the destruction of the human soul.

I am personally acquainted with several respectable Protestant Americans, both male and female, whose ideas of confession in the Romish church have often amused me, though not unaccompanied with feelings of grief and sorrow, at their unacquaintance with this, what may be called man-trap, or rather woman-trap in the Romish church.

American Protestants suppose that Popish confession means little more than that public confession of sin, which is made in all Protestant churches, or that which we individually make to Almighty God in our private chambers. Such may well inquire how this apparent sudden fall could have taken place. These inquiries will cease when I state that the young lady became a convert to Popery, and give my readers some idea of what *auricular confession* is, and how it is made. Every Roman Catholic believes that priests have power to forgive sins, by virtue of which power any crime, however heinous, may be remitted. But in order to effect this, the sinner must confess to a priest each and every sin, whether of thought, word or deed, with all the circumstances leading to it, or following from it; and every priest who hears confessions, is allowed to put such questions as he pleases to his *penitent*, whether male or female, and he or she is bound to answer under pain of *eternal damnation*.

It is very difficult, I admit, to suppose that the daughter of a virtuous mother, and that mother a

Protestant too, brought up in the elegances of life, from her birth, breathing in no other atmosphere than that of the purest domestic morality, should be precipitated, in the short space of a year or two, from a state of unsullied virtue and innocence, to the veriest depth of crime; and it is a melancholy reflection to suppose a state of society, in which, by any combination of human events, the fond mother of a virtuous child could be made the instrument of that child's ruin. Such an event is scarcely possible in the eyes of Protestant Americans, and I feel a pride in believing, from my acquaintance with many of them, that if American mothers were aware of the existence of a society among them, whose object was to demoralize their children, shut out from them the noonday light of the gospel, and ultimately decoy them into the lecherous embraces of Romish priests and Jesuits; they would, to a woman, rise in their appropriate strength, and deliver our land from those legalized Sodoms called nunneries.

I will here take the liberty of showing them how the young friend to whom I have alluded, was debauched. The nunnery to which she was sent, as I have heretofore stated, had attached to it a *fashionable school*; all nunneries have such. The nuns who instruct in those schools in Europe, are generally advanced in years, descendants from the first families, and highly accomplished. Most, if not all of them, at an early period of life met with some disappointment or other. One perhaps was the daughter of some decayed noble family, reduced by political revolutions to comparative poverty, and now having nothing but the pride of birth, retired to

a convent. She could not work, and she would not beg. Another, perhaps, was disappointed in love; the companion of her own choice was refused to her by some unfeeling, aristocratic parent. No alternative was left but to unite her young person with the remains of some broken-down debauchee of the nobility. She prefers going into a convent with such means as she had in her own right. Another, perhaps, like my young friend,—and this is the case with most of them,—was seduced, by some profligate priest while at school, degraded in her own eyes, unfitted even in her own mind to become the companion of an honorable man; seeing no alternative but death or dishonor, she goes into a convent. These ladies, when properly disciplined by Jesuits and priests, become the best teachers. But before they are allowed to teach, there is no art, no craft, no species of cunning, no refinement in private personal indulgences, or no modes or means of seduction, in which they are not thoroughly initiated; and I may say with safety, and from my own personal knowledge through the confessional, that there is scarcely one of them who has not *been herself debauched by her confessor*. The reader will understand that every nun has a confessor; and here I may as well add, for the truth must be told at once, that every confessor has a concubine, and there are very few of them who have not several. Let any American mother imagine her young daughter among these semi-reverend crones, called nuns, and she will have no difficulty in seeing the possibility of her immediate ruin.

When your daughter comes among those women,

they pretend to be the happiest set of beings upon earth. They would not exchange their situation for any other this side of heaven. They will pray. So do the devils. They will sing. So will the devils, for aught I know. Their language, their acts, their gestures, their whole conduct while in presence of the scholars, or their visitors, is irreproachable.

The mother abbess, or superior of the convent, who invariably is the deepest in sin of the whole, and who, from her age and long practice, is almost constitutionally a hypocrite, appears in public the most *meek*, the most bland, the most courteous, and the most *humble* Christian.

She is peculiarly attentive to those who have any money in their own right: she tells them they are beautiful, fascinating, that they look like angels, that this world is not a fit residence for them, that they are too good for it, that they ought to become nuns, in order to fit them for a higher and better station in heaven. Nothing more is necessary than to become a Roman Catholic and go to confession. Such is the apparent happiness, cheerfulness, and unalloyed beatitudes of the nuns, that strangers are pleased with them. They invariably make a favorable impression on the minds of their visitors. The inference is that they must be truly pious and really virtuous.

I had recently the honor of a conversation with a lady, who is herself one of the most accomplished and elegant women in the country, and who a few weeks previously had paid a visit to the Roman Catholic nunnery at ———, D. C. She spoke of the institution in the highest terms of commendation;

was struck with the seeming content and cheerfulness of the lady managers, and could scarcely see why it was not a good place for the education of young ladies; but I will venture the assertion, that had this interesting lady known, as I do, the heartlessness with which crime was committed within its walls, she would fly from it, as from a den of thieves, or a city of plague. A peculiar coldness, a heartlessness not to be found elsewhere, nor under other circumstances, exists in Jesuit convents, to which order that of —— belongs. Nothing like it can be traced out in the records of the world's doings. And had I the talent to point it out,—could I fix it in a position, so as to stand out solitary and alone in its naked deformity, before heaven and before men,—instead of meriting the commendation of the accomplished mothers and daughters of our land, they would soon be left without support, and crumble to dust amid the brutalities which their silent walls alone have witnessed, and would proclaim to the world, had not the inanimate materials of which they are composed forbidden it.

When crimes are committed in open day, there is some palliation for them; but when committed in the dark, and in recesses ostensibly dedicated to virtue, they are marked with an atrocity, which God, or man, or woman cannot witness without shudders of horror. Such are those committed in Jesuit nunneries, and by those very Jesuit nuns who appear so happy, and so chaste, not only in the nunnery in ——, but in every nunnery throughout the world. This it will be said, and has often been said, even by Christian mothers and Christian daughters, can-

not be. They suppose that a sinner can never be happy, or even appear so. How little these people know of human nature! How perfectly unacquainted they are with the power of discipline, or force of education! Yet it would seem as if they should know better than to conclude hastily, that because nuns are cheerful and happy in appearance, they must be also chaste and virtuous. Many of our American ladies have been in the East; some of them have been in Constantinople. I believe that one or two have visited the harem of the Emperor of Constantinople, and might have seen there numbers of ladies, accomplished in their own way, covered with crime and sin, yet cheerful and apparently happy. But show me the Christian lady, who ever witnessed this, that will not weep at the bare mention of the fact, that will not sigh for the conversion of the Turk and Mahomedan, who will not mourn the fate of her sisters—for sisters they are of the same family—thus degraded and still content:—all the result of circumstances, education and want of pure religion.

But these *sympathizers* with Turks, Mahomedans and Pagans have not a tear to spare for their sisters of the United States. Not a sigh escapes them for their relief. Not a dollar can they give to remove from our land that accursed thing, Popery—the primary and sole cause of all those evils. On the contrary, if Jesuits want to build a *nunnery*, the husband has no peace from his wife, the father from the daughter, the brother from the sister, the lover from his betrothed, until they make up money to build a nunnery for the *poor nuns*. Well, indeed,

may I apply to such individuals the language of the Jesuit Rodin, in the *Wandering Jew*:—"Fools, dolts, double dolts." But Rodin was wrong. He was entirely premature in the use of these expressions; and I am not at all pleased with his depriving me of the opportunity of being first to apply those sweet-sounding terms to American Protestants,—a people who have done, and are still doing, more to merit them, than any other of the past or present age.

I find, though I have not the merit of intending it, that I am strictly performing my promise to my readers, viz., that I will go entirely upon my own hook, pay no attention to order, style, or to what critics may say, but give them my ideas at random of things and facts, just as I saw them, and precisely as they struck me at the time. This, I must confess, is rather a *Tristramshandish* mode of writing, particularly to Americans, who are a most precise, systematic and business people; but it is a free country, and, as the poet said, "*Cur ego invidior si pauca querere possim,*" &c.

But to return to the causes which induced me to leave the Romish church.

The young lady of whom I have spoken in a previous page, was sent to school, as I have stated, to a Popish nunnery. She was a Protestant when she entered; so are many young ladies in this country when they enter similar schools. The nuns immediately set about her *conversion*. The process by which such things are done is sometimes slow, but always sure. It is often tedious, but never fails; though the knowledge European Protestants have of such institutions, renders the process of conver-

sion more tedious than in this land of freedom and Popish humbuggery. The work of her conversion proceeded with the usual success, until she finally joined the Romish church. The next step, in such cases, is to choose a *confessor*. This is done for the young convert by the mother abbess of the nuns; and now commences the ruin of the soul and the body of the hitherto guileless, guiltless scholar, and convert from Protestant *heresy*. She goes to confession; and recollect, American reader, that what I here state is "*Mutata fabula de te ipso narratur.*" Every word of what I am about to state is applicable to you. This confession is, literally speaking, nothing but a systematic preparation for her ruin. It is said that there is, among the creeping things of this earth, a certain noxious and destructive animal, called Anaconda. It is recorded of this animal, foul, filthy and ugly as he is, that when he is hungry, and seizes upon an object which he desires to destroy and subsequently devour, he takes it with him carefully to his den, or place of retreat. There, at his ease, unseen and alone with his prey, he is said to cover it over with slime, and then and there swallow it. I now declare, most solemnly and sincerely, that after living twenty-five years in full communion with the Roman Catholic church, and officiating as a Romish priest, hearing confessions, and confessing myself, I know not another reptile in all animal nature so filthy, so much to be shunned, and loathed, and dreaded by females, both married and single, as a Roman Catholic priest, or bishop, who practises the degrading and demoralizing office of *auricular confession*.

Let me give American Protestant mothers just a twilight glance at the questions which a Romish priest puts to those females, who go to confession to him, and they will bear in mind that there is no poetry in what I say. It contains no undulations of a roving fancy; there is nothing dreaming, nothing imaginative about it; it is only a part of a drama in which I have acted myself. I may truly say of all that occurs in Popish confession, "*Quorum magna pars fui.*"

The following is as fair a sketch as I can, with due regard to *decency*, give of the questions which a Romish priest puts to a young female, who goes to confession to him. It is, however, but a very brief synopsis. But first let the reader figure to himself, or herself, a young lady, between the age of from twelve to twenty, on her knees, with her lips nearly close pressed to the cheeks of the priest, who, in all probability, is not over twenty-five or thirty years old—for here it is worthy of remark, that these young priests are extremely zealous in the discharge of their sacerdotal duties, especially in hearing confessions, which all Roman Catholics are bound to make under pain of eternal damnation. When priest and penitent are placed in the above attitude, let us suppose the following conversation taking place between them, and unless my readers are more dull of apprehension than I am willing to believe, they will have some idea of the *beauties of Popery*.

Confessor. What sins have you committed?

Penitent. I don't know any, sir.

Con. Are you sure you did nothing wrong? Examine yourself well.

Pen. Yes; I do recollect that I did wrong. I made faces at school at Lucy A.

Con. Nothing else?

Pen. Yes; I told mother that I hated Lucy A., and that she was an ugly thing.

Con. (Scarcely able to suppress a smile in finding the girl perfectly innocent.) Have you had any immodest thoughts?

Pen. What is that, sir?

Con. Have you not been thinking about men?

Pen. Why, yes, sir.

Con. Are you fond of any of them?

Pen. Why, yes; I like cousin A. or R. greatly.

Con. Did you ever like to sleep with him?

Pen. Oh, no.

Con. How long did these thoughts about men continue?

Pen. Not very long.

Con. Had you these thoughts by day, or by night?

Pen. By —

In this strain does this reptile confessor proceed, till his now half-gained prey is filled with ideas and thoughts, to which she has been hitherto a stranger. He tells her that she must come to-morrow again. She accordingly comes, and he gives another twist to the screw, which he has now firmly fixed upon the soul and body of his penitent. Day after day, week after week, and month after month does this hapless girl come to confession, until this wretch has worked up her passions to a tension almost snapping, and then becomes his easy prey. I cannot, as I before stated, detail the whole

process by which a Romish confessor debauches his victims in the confessional, but if curiosity, or any other motive creates in the public mind a desire to know all the particulars about it, I refer them to Antoine's Moral Theology, which I have read in the college of Maynooth, or to Den's treatise, "*De Peccatis*," which I have read in the same college, and in the same class with *some of the Romish priests now in this country*, hearing confessions perhaps at the moment I write, and debauching their penitents, aye, even in New England, the land of the pilgrims! In those books I have mentioned, they will find the obscene questions which are put by priests and bishops of the Romish church, to all women, young and old, married or single; and if any married man, or father, or brother, will, after the perusal of these questions, allow his wife, his daughter, or his sister, ever again to go to confession, I will only say that his ideas of morality are more vague and loose than those of the heathen or the Turk. Christian he should not be called, who permits these deeds in our midst. I beg here to lay before my readers an extract from a work, recently published in Paris, entitled, "*Auricular Confession and Direction*." The work is written by M. Michellet, one of the most distinguished writers in France. It has been noticed in the last number of the Foreign Quarterly Review, and in that admirably conducted press, the Boston Courier.

The following is given as the mysterious opening of the book:—

"The family is in question;

'That home where we would all fain repose, after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed.

We return home very wearied—do we find repose there?

‘We must not dissimulate—we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

‘We may talk with our mothers, our wives or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances: on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

‘Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter, although silent, disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, alone.

‘It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say.’

“The invisible enemy here spoken of, is the priest. The reviewer proceeds—

‘The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman’s soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is

without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.'

‘There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

‘What a life, what a condition is that of our priests? Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her, before she can have known it. When instructed, she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her affections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he,

indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

‘To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where the priest awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow . . . I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *cure* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise; and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous, pious wife, if it were not for the Pope. He sees her daily, and meets her at church or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes!

‘Now, I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, and when he recognizes her footsteps, and can say, ‘It is she;’ what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint: unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already un-

willingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees. before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, sir, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs, as sole witnesses, they talk; of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

‘Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests, with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men, whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tete-a-tete*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry, because the Pope is opposed to it.’

* * * * *

“The priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience by an equivoque. The mystic language of love is also the mystic language of religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivoque, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l’amour c’est faire l’amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, ‘God hears you through me; through me he will reply.’ This man,

whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction; this man, whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

“M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what I have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. I shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente.

‘Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817) that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *beguines*, and had seduced nearly all of them, by persuading them that they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favor: “Our Lord,” he said, “has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me, Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here are pleasing to me, but especially such a one, (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke.*) She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire, which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.” Out of

seventeen *beguines*, of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time; one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered everything, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

‘I remember,’ said Llorente, ‘having said to him: “But, father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly or old?” He coolly replied, “The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.”’

‘The same author, in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that, “In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.”’

I should not have laid the above extract before the public, were I not well aware that such is the extraordinary infatuation of Americans on the subject of Popery and confession, that they may suspect my statements of exaggeration. This alone could induce me to give more than my own assertion for the truth of my statements. as no writer upon Popery knows more, or can relate more of *Auricular Confession* and *Direction*, than I can myself, of my own knowledge, and from my own personal experience. I shall not, however, ask American Protestants to take my naked word for anything which I may say on Popery. I

shall substantiate all I assert by proofs from history.

The title of Christian land should not be given to this country, nor to any country, which legalizes institutions where deeds of darkness are sanctioned, and the foul debauchers of our youth, of our wives and our sisters, find a shelter.

Shall the cowl shelter the adulterous monk in this land of freedom? Are the sons of freemen required to countenance, nay, asked to build impassable walls around a licentious, lecherous, profligate horde of foreign monks and priests, who choose to come among us, and erect little *fortifications*, which they call nunneries, for their protection? Shall they own by law and by charter places where to bury, hidden from the public eye, the victims of their lust, and the murdered offspring of their concupiscence? Beware, Americans! There are bounds, beyond which sinners cannot go. Bear in mind the fact that the same God who can limit the sphere of an individual's crimes, can also limit those of a nation. You have flourished. Take heed lest you begin to decay before you come to full maturity; and I regret to say, that symptoms of this are now apparent. Already can I see the hectic flush of moral consumption upon the fair face of America. Already can I see a demon bird of ill omen plunging its poisoned beak into the very vitals of your national existence, stopping here, and stopping there only to dip his wings in the life streams of your national existence, with the sole view of giving its spread more momentum, until it encompasses the whole length and breadth, centre and circumference of your country.

Infidelity is now fast careering and sporting over

the whole face of our land, and if history has not deceived us, and our own personal experience has not been vain, it never moves, it never travels, it never exists, unaccompanied by political as well as moral death. Look at ancient Rome, how it fell in its pride! Look at France—how often it has tottered and stumbled in its beauty! Look at England at the present moment,—see how she trembles even in her strength. Think you that all these things were brought about by the causes to which the world would attribute them? What signifies the Texas question in the sight of God? What the Oregon difficulties? what the trade with China? what the *repeal brawlings*? Such things would have happened if our “mother’s cat had but kittened, and we ourselves had ne’er been born.”

The decay of nations, the fall of thrones, are brought about by infidelity, by national insults to the God of nations, by the sins of the people against the King of glory; and how can this country, deeply steeped as it is, and darkly stained as it is, with the crime of aiding Popery; idolatry, and *auricular confession*; how can it expect, I repeat the words, that the moral breezes of heaven should breathe upon her, and restore to her again that strong and healthy constitution, which her ancestors have left to her sons? No, no. It cannot be. You must, as the lawyers would say, stand “*rectus in curia*,” before your God. Withdraw your countenance and your support from Popery. Touch not the unclean thing. Then, and not until then, can you raise clean hands and pure hearts to the throne of God, and ask for a blessing upon the United States and its territories.

But it may be replied, all you say of Popery in the *old* countries may be true, but it is a different thing altogether in the United States. This is a great error on the part of Americans, and I feel it my duty to correct it if possible. I am not surprised that Americans should entertain ideas of this kind. I was once partly of that opinion myself, and, as I stated in a former page, I determined to visit this new and free country, in the hope—alas! it was a vain one—of finding true religion, and purity of life, even in the Roman Catholic church. I remember well, having consulted a friend on the propriety of such a course, he strongly dissuaded me from it, assuring me that I would find Popery here essentially the same that it was in Europe, with this difference only, that the crimes and private lives of priests and bishops were more grossly immoral, and, though indirectly, more effectually sanctioned by the laws of the land. This, however, did not satisfy me, and accordingly, having received from my then ecclesiastical superior, what in church parlance is called an *Exeat*, (the document is in my possession, if any one wishes to see it,) or, as American theologians would term it, “a regular dismissal” from the church where I officiated, I arrived in New York, in Nov., 18—. But the reader may well judge of my disappointment, when I found, on my arrival there, not altogether such Romish priests and bishops as I had left behind me,—for many of them were gentlemen by birth, and paid some regard to public decency, even in their profligacies; but a set of coarse, vulgar, half educated, I may say, half civilized, Irish and French brutes, most of

whom might be seen daily lolling in grog-shops, and electioneering among the lowest dregs of society. I have met but one exception to this, and that was the Reverend Wm. Taylor, who was then in New York.

Having stated to Taylor my object in coming over, I shall never forget the sad and sorrowful smile which but dimly lit up his naturally kind and cheerful countenance. "My friend," said he, "all your hopes in coming to this country will be disappointed. You must not stay in this city. Go into the country. Go to Albany; you may there see less of those scenes from which you have fled; and as I perceive your introductions from Europe to De Witt Clinton, are numerous and of the best kind, you will find much pleasure in the society of that excellent gentleman, and make up your mind either to leave this country, or to retire from the Romish church altogether. The latter I will do myself, but not without an effort to correct the abuses of Popery." This effort he has made, as I have stated in my *Synopsis of Popery, as it was and as it is*; but he lacked moral as well as physical courage to carry it through.

I lost no time in retiring to Albany. The legislature of the State of New York was then commencing its annual session, and though an entire stranger, so high were my testimonials, both from the Romish bishops, as a priest, and from private individuals, as a man of honor and correct deportment, that I was unanimously elected chaplain to the legislature, without any application on my part for such an appointment. I will not allude to the

flattering attentions which were paid to me by the people of Albany, during my residence among them, which was only about six months. The public presses in that city, while I was there, bear witness to the fact. Even the Roman Catholics, some of whom were native Americans, left nothing undone to render me happy. My salary was more than I desired, and more than I wanted of them. As a body, I have no complaint to make against them, so far as money was concerned. Why then, it will be said, did you leave them? This too is a sad tale. But, as some of them are now living, justice even to them demands that I should state the cause which forced me to leave them.

The Roman Catholics of Albany had, during about two years previous to my arrival among them, three Irish priests alternately with them, occasionally preaching, but always hearing confessions. I know the names of these men; one of them is dead, the other two living, and now in full communion in the Roman church, still saying mass and hearing confessions. As soon as I got settled in Albany, I had of course to attend to the duty of *auricular confession*, and in less than two months found that those three priests, during the time they were there, were the fathers of between sixty and one hundred children, besides having debauched many who had left the place previous to their confinement. Many of these children were by married women, who were among the most zealous supporters of those vagabond priests, and whose brothers and relatives were ready to wade, if necessary, knee deep in blood for the holy, *immaculate*,

infallible church of Rome. There is a circumstance connected with this, that renders the conduct of these priests almost frightfully atrocious. There are in many of the Roman Catholic churches, things, as Michelet properly calls them, like sentry-boxes, called confessionals. These are generally situated in the body of the church, and priests hear confessions in them, though the priest and lady penitent are only separated by a sliding board, which can be moved in any direction the confessor pleases, leaving him and the penitent ear to ear, breath to breath, eye to eye, and lip to lip, if he pleases. There were none of these in the Romish church of Albany, and those priests had to hear confessions in the *sacristy* of the church. This is a small room back of the altar, in which the Eucharist, containing, according to the Romish belief, the real body and blood of Jesus Christ, is kept, while mass is not celebrating in the chapel. This room is always fastened by a lock and key of the best workmanship, and the key kept by the priest day and night. This sacristy, containing the wafer, which the priests blasphemously adore, was used by them as a place to hear confessions, and here they committed habitually those acts of immorality and crime of which I have spoken.

These details must be unpleasant to the reader; but not more so than they are to me. I see not, however, any other mode in which I can give Americans anything like a correct idea of that state of society which must be expected in this country, should the period ever arrive when Popery and Popish priests shall be in the ascendant. There are

portions of Europe, and of South America, where parents well know that the children, who take their name, whom they are obliged to support, are only their legalized, but not their legitimate offspring; but so entirely brutalized are their feelings and notions of morality by the predominance of Popery among them, that these things are considered matters of little moment. I saw an instance of this very recently at a place called Hallappa, in Mexico. I met there a gentleman, a man of wealth, some distinction, and one who had travelled a good deal. Knowing that I intended leaving the place next day, he said he would introduce me to two Dominican friars, who were going to Vera Cruz, and were to travel in the same stage with me. In the course of conversation I observed to him, that the reputation of Dominican friars and Jesuits for morality, was not good in some parts of Europe which I had visited, and I wished very much to know how it stood in Mexico. He frankly replied, in very good Latin,—a language more familiar to me than the Spanish, or perhaps any other,—“they are not considered as a body very moral men in Mexico, but these reverend gentlemen to whom I will introduce you, bear a high character for morality. They do not trouble their neighbors’ wives and daughters; they have for years kept their *female friends*, and provided for their children.” “Are they married, sir?” said I; though I of course knew the reverse from the fact of their being priests. “Oh no, sir,” replied my Mexican acquaintance; “our *holy church* does not allow that, but they are *chaste* men.” “What do you mean by chastity?” said I. “Living an *unmarried*

life," answered he promptly. In the course of that evening, I met with a respectable American citizen, a native of New Jersey; I asked him whether he knew these priests, naming them. He told me he did; that one of them kept *three sisters*, the eldest not over twenty-five years old, and that *he had children by each of them*, but was still reputed a good priest, and was, as far as he could discover, one of the best of them. The next day I obtained an introduction to these worthies, and travelled with them to Vera Cruz. They were dressed in their appropriate garb of sanctity, the crown of their heads being shaved close, and bearing marks of sanctimoniousness. It is well known that in the city of Mexico, and throughout that sham republic, Romish priests live habitually and publicly with the mother and daughter at the same time.

These are the men, and their code of moral law is that which Americans are fostering and encouraging, by contributing their money to the building of convents and Romish chapels throughout the United States.

Previous to my leaving Albany, many overtures were made to me by Roman Catholics to continue among them; but I peremptorily declined. The reader may well imagine the awkwardness of my position, and state of my feelings on this occasion. I could give the people no reason for my leaving them; my lips were sealed, my hands were bound, my voice was silent. I saw many worthy families on the brink of ruin, and I could not put forth a hand to save them. I saw their children almost in the jaws of the lion, but I dared not warn them of

their danger. I saw their foes, in the garb of friends and moral guides, leading them into the recesses of guilt and crime, and I dared not utter a warning cry. I knew all in the *confessional*, and of course I was silent. The only resource left me was to leave these scenes, where the occurrences which I have stated had taken place; and I accordingly decided to make another trial of Popery, by proceeding on to Philadelphia, a city which, at that time, was pre-eminently distinguished for the virtues and morality of its people.

I expected that in a community so remarkably distinguished for the observance of all law, human and divine, as the city of Penn was, that even Papist priests and Jesuits might, at least, observe the externals of correct deportment; and, full of better hopes and brighter prospects, I hastened among them, and was received with a cordiality and hospitality truly flattering. Fortunately for this people, they had no bishop for some time previous to my arrival. The diocese was under the superintendence of a Vicar-general, a Jesuit, I think from Switzerland, named De Barth. This reverend gentleman had been settled in the interior of the State; and having there a *housekeeper and some nieces*, to whom he was *attached*, he visited the city of Philadelphia but seldom; owing to this circumstance, and to the fact that three or four friars and one Irish curate, who was in the city, had their own way in everything, the Popish congregation was comparatively quiet. American Protestants knew nothing of their private lives, knew nothing of the plans and schemes which they were laying to entrap their chil-

dren, and, by suppressing the reading of the Bible, disseminate amongst them the seeds of moral death. Here, at least, I expected to find Popery as I fancied it before I was ordained a priest. Notwithstanding what I had witnessed immediately after my ordination in Europe; and though the death-knell, which announced the departure to the grave of a young and virtuous friend, had scarcely ceased to reverberate in my ears; though the knowledge that a human soul was launched into eternity by Jesuit lust and poison, and that within the walls of a nunnery, was yet fresh in my mind; though all that occurred in Albany, under my own eye, and witnessed by the testimony of my own senses, the one twentieth of which I have not even alluded to; I still expected that I might find Popery what my early education represented to me, or, at least, that I might contribute to render it so, in this free country, by casting to the winds the legends and silly traditions of the Romish holy fathers, and substituting in their place the Word of God.

I little thought that there lived a Romish priest or bishop, who, in a land of free thought and noble deeds, such as this was then, would dare prohibit the circulation of the Word of God. I little dreamed that the first opposition I should meet in my efforts to circulate the Bible should be in Philadelphia. Who could even fancy that Papists were so devoid of prudence, or so utterly reckless of consequences, as to proclaim, in the city of Penn, we will have no Bible? Though I knew well that Popery boasts of being always the same, that it never changes, I also knew that the *infallible church* always yielded

to expediency; and I thought, as a matter of course, that Americans were too courageous, and too virtuous a people, to permit Papists to proceed so far, at that early period of American history, as to close up the fountain and the source even of their political existence as a nation, and consequently that I should meet with no opposition from Papists in any effort which might bear upon the face of it any evidence of my intention to advance the cause of morals. But I was mistaken. Americans were not then free. They are not free now. They had, it is true, shaken off the yoke of foreign dominion, but even then they were tamely harnessing themselves in stronger chains to a heavier yoke; even then they were passively submitting to the dictation of Rome, and to the insolent bravado of Irish priests and bishops. I repeat it; they were not free then. They made their country free, as we are told by history, but it was not for themselves they made it free. It was done for foreigners; it was done for Papists, for Jesuits, for Dominicans, and their courtesans, Popish nuns. The day is not far distant,—I may not live to see it, nor do I desire to witness it,—when some historian may well apply to Americans that sentence in Virgil, which that beautiful pastoral poet applied to the yoked oxen: "*Sic vos non vobis jujum feratis boves.*" Well indeed may this be applied to Americans; they have borne the yoke, they have toiled with it upon their necks in cultivating their fair fields of freedom, but, like the poet's oxen, the crop is not theirs. It belongs to foreign Papists and their *lord*, the Pope, King of Rome. Nor should I be in the least surprised, if, in less than thirty years, that thing called

the *Host*, made of *flour* and water, and converted, by the mumbling of a few Latin words by a priest, into the God of glory, should be conveyed through that city, under a canopy of satin, supported by Popish priests, and guarded by a file of Popish dragoons, preceded by a trumpeter, announcing its approach, in order that the populace may uncover their heads, and fall upon their knees to adore this god of Popish manufacture. Base idolatry! And history will say of Protestant Americans,—Base people, to tolerate such profanations among you!

But, on reflection, why blame Americans? They knew little or nothing of Popery, except from history, and, in some histories, the picture given had two sides to it. One was fair and seductive; the other was stern and true. The former was exhibited with industry and care. It was sought for and gazed at with pleasure. The latter had comparatively but few worldly attractions, had no admirers but the votaries of truth, and, alas! they were but few. Under these circumstances, how were Americans to be blamed? Knowing them well, I cannot become their accuser, but I can, without any disrespect towards them, pity them, and mourn over the delusion under which they labor, even though that delusion should be in part well earned.

How, for instance, could it be expected that American Protestants should believe what is related of the capuchin friar by Michelet, whom I have quoted in one of the preceding pages? Can an American Protestant suppose it possible that a Romish priest could *persuade all the nuns* in a convent that he had a revelation from God, commissioning *him*, especially,

to tell those nuns individually, that it was their duty to have a criminal connexion with himself, under pain of eternal damnation? Such a thing would only excite the risible faculties of an American Protestant; even the male portion of Roman Catholics will not believe such a thing possible. There was a period when I would not believe it myself, and when the idea of a Popish priest seducing a nun, or administering poison to get possession of a man's wife, or his daughter, or his property, was impossible, though history informed me of such things being done in the Romish church; and, had I not become a Roman Catholic priest, and been myself a confessor, I should, until this day, turn a deaf ear to the relation of such facts. I should look upon Popish priests and bishops, who were charged with them, as persecuted men, and probably extend to them that sympathy and support, which Protestant Americans are now doing throughout this country.

Were any one to come to me before I was a Romish priest and confessor, and tell me that the Protestant young lady to whom I have so often alluded, should go to a school kept by Popish nuns,—that they would convert her from the religion of her birth, make her a Papist, cause her to go to confession,—that the confessor would seduce her, and that the superior mother abbess would cause her death in trying to procure abortion,—I would not have believed him. I should have looked upon him as some fanatic, or some evil-disposed person, actuated by malice against Romish priests and nunneries; but after becoming a priest myself, and a confessor, I not only believed such a thing possible, but witnessed it. "And though I

could weep, I could not prevent it, such was the nature of my sacerdotal oath of secrecy; such were my obligations to support the Pope and the honor of his *infallible church*.

Poisoning is a practice of ancient date in the Romish church; and I tell you, Americans, it is still in full force, and you will taste of its fruits before you are aware of it. Let me give you a well authenticated instance of this. It is related in the fifth volume of Sanuto, an eminent Popish writer. Pope Alexander the Sixth, *graciously* condescended to inform one of his cardinals, Adrian de Corneto, that he intended to visit him at his vineyard, and that he, the Pope, would bring his supper with him. The cardinal, being himself a priest and a confessor, suspected that the *holy Pope* intended to poison him, with a view of possessing his fortunes and a lovely *sister* of his. The cardinal's fortune was great, and the lady in question was beautiful. He well knew his fate, unless something could be done to avert it, and he knew of but one way of doing that. He sent for the Pope's carver, and prevailed upon him to accept and keep, "for his sake," ten thousand ducats, with large sums beside, which he had not then in cash, but which he would have in a short time. "You know," said the cardinal to the carver, "that the Pope has *compassed* my death by poison at your hand, wherefore, I beseech you, have pity on me, and spare my life." The carver, yielding to compassion, promised to save him, and explained the mode in which the *holy Pope*, the vicegerent of the Lord of Heaven, and, as some Catholics will have

it, not only the infallible, but even the impeccable head of the church, intended to put him to death.

The carver was instructed by the Pope, "to have two boxes of lozenge confectionary prepared, and to present one to himself and the other to the cardinal. That to the cardinal was to contain poison. His *holiness*, the Pope, according to engagement, came to sup with the cardinal at his vineyard, but matters being arranged between the carver and the latter, the poison which the Pope intended for the cardinal was given to himself; he was taken sick and died. This occurrence, which took place centuries ago, though it may appear incredible to many readers of this book, is as well authenticated by history, and is as demonstrable therefrom, as it will be in some future generation, that such a city as Boston, where this book is written, had ever an existence. But it will be said, that such things might have existed in ancient times; that popes might have poisoned cardinals; that cardinals might have poisoned popes, and that popes might have poisoned each other; that priests might have seduced their *penitents*, and then caused them to be poisoned, to save the honor of the *holy church*;" but that no such thing has ever occurred in these United States. Fatal delusion, this; and thrice fatal will its consequences be to you, American Protestants, as well as American Catholics, if you do not give ear to my statements, and full credit to my word and warning, when I tell you that such an event has taken place in the city of Philadelphia, to my own personal knowledge; and that the reverend wretch, who seduced, and subsequently caused to be poisoned, an

innocent and virtuous orphan daughter of a worthy American citizen, was a few months ago, and is now, for aught I know, officiating as a Romish priest and confessor in the city of Dublin, Ireland.

No wonder, I repeat it, that American Protestants should not believe these things. No wonder that Americans who have joined the Popish church, should not believe them. No wonder that some honorable and high-minded young men in the United States, who have been decoyed by the sophistry, apparent sanctity and *liberality* of Romish priests, from the faith of their Protestant forefathers, should disbelieve those things, and feel indignant against all who advance such accusations. But let them pause. Let them not be too precipitate in judging of the motives of others. Some of these young men, like myself, in the days of my youth, may take it into their heads to become Romish priests, and, I understand that, even now, there are several of them in Rome preparing to do so. Let them proceed. They will soon find, as I did, that such facts as I here relate, horrible and revolting as they seem, are matters of daily occurrence in the Church of Rome.

During every vicissitude in the history of the Popish church; during every fluctuation, and every rise and fall of successive popes; during all the metamorphoses and changes that took place in their lives, and successive pretensions to power, their iniquitous practices were never abandoned. Let us raise the veil which hides the past from our eye; we shall find, if we do not permit ourselves to be misled by faithless historians, that the only

thing in which they never differed, was the sanctioning of the crimes of plunder and rapacity for the aggrandizement of the power of Rome, and that murder, rape, and even incest, lost their atrocity when committed by priests and bishops of the *infallible church*, who are her sworn and devoted supporters.

The power of the popes has often been shaken, yet they have stood every shock. Their system of policy is such, that they have kept and are keeping the nations of the earth engaged in some civil or ecclesiastical broils among each other, and thus divert their attention from the stealthy march of Papal power amongst them; and while nations are thus engaged, they are enveloping the people in ignorance and darkness, so as to blind them to their own atrocities and crimes.

This country is now a fair field for Popish manœuvring. Rome has seen this for the last twenty years, and has made her preparations accordingly. While this new country was busy in forming her alliances abroad, regulating her commerce, and making her treaties with foreign powers; while she was dividing her states, settling her domestic territorial disputes, regulating their laws, and defining their boundaries; Rome was awake,—her spies were amongst you. They walked carefully round the citadel of your freedom; they saw that it was not sufficiently manned, that it was accessible from many points, and accordingly, they poured into it platoon after platoon, regiment after regiment, of the Pope's troops, until they had sufficient force to take possession whenever they deemed it necessary;

and they now tell Americans that the Pope is their legitimate sovereign, and that Americans are but the "cowardly sons of cowardly pirates." They even go further; they perpetrate the grossest outrages upon every law, moral and civil, in utter defiance of American jurisprudence. They keep their *nunneries*, or rather seraglios, in the very midst of them, surround them with ramparts, and not only deny to their civil magistrates the right of entrance, but defy them to do so. This every American citizen knows to be a fact; at least, it is known in the city of Boston, where I now write. No one was admitted within the walls of the Ursuline convent, which an indignant populace reduced to ashes, without special permission from the mother abbess,—allowing the *nuns* within to assume the appearance of decency and propriety before they showed themselves, however flagrant their conduct might have been. Time was given to them and to the priests to assume their usual sanctimoni-appearance; but then all the cells were never seen at the same time. Many were reserved for hidden and criminal purposes, and when some of those nuns were apparently cheerful and happy, leaving on the visitor's mind an impression that nothing but happiness reigned throughout the whole nunnery, there were probably some of them, unseen and unheard by strangers, writhing in the agonies of childbirth. This is no fancy sketch. Read Llorenti's History of the Inquisition, and you will find that the picture I give is far short of the reality.

Such was the profligacy of friars and nuns, as Llorenti informs us, in the fifteenth century, that the Pope, from very shame, had to take notice of it. He

had to invest the inquisition with special power to take cognizance of the matter. The inquisitors, in obedience to orders from their sovereign Pope, entered immediately upon the discharge of their duties. They issued, through their immediate superior, a general order, commanding all women, nuns and lay sisters, married women and single women, without regard to age, station in life, or any other circumstance, to appear before them and give information, if any they had, against all priests, Jesuits, monks, friars and confessors.

The Pope was not fully aware of what he did, when he granted the aforesaid power to the inquisition. He supposed that the licentiousness of his priests did not extend beyond women of ill fame; but in this his *holiness* was mistaken, as he subsequently discovered. All were obliged to obey the summons of the inquisition. Disobedience was heresy—it was death. The number who made their appearance, to lodge information against the priests and confessors, in the single city of Seville, in Spain, was so great that the taking of depositions occupied twenty notaries for thirty days. The inquisitors, worn out with fatigue, determined on taking a recess, and having done so, they reassembled and devoted thirty days more to the same purpose; but the depositions continued to increase so fast, that they saw no use in continuing them, and they finally resolved to adjourn and quash the inquiry. The city of Seville was found to be one vast area of pollution. But Americans will still say, this occurred in the fifteenth century; no such thing can take place now. The whole social system is different now from what it was

then. I tell you again, Americans, that you are mistaken in your inference. Priests, nuns and confessors are the same now that they were then, all over the world. Many of you have visited Paris, and do you not there see, at the present day, a *lying-in hospital* attached to every nunnery in the city? The same is to be seen in Madrid, and the principal cities of Spain. I have seen them myself in Mexico, and in the city of Dublin, Ireland. And what is the object of those hospitals? It is chiefly to provide for the illicit offspring of priests and nuns, and such other unmarried females as the priests can seduce through the confessional. But it will be said, there are no lying-in hospitals attached to nunneries in this country. True, there are not; but I say, of my own knowledge and from my own experience through the confessional, that it would be well if there were; there would be fewer abortions, there would be fewer infants strangled and murdered. It is not generally known to Americans, that the crime of procuring abortion,—a crime which our laws pronounce to be felony,—is a common every-day crime in Popish nunneries. It is not known to Americans,—but let it henceforward be known to them,—that strangling and putting to death infants, is common in nunneries throughout this country. It is not known that this is done systematically and methodically, according to Popish instructions. The *modus operandi* is this. The *infallible church* teaches that without baptism even infants cannot go to heaven. The holy church, not caring much how the aforesaid infants may come into this world, but anxious that they should go from it according

to the ritual of the church, insists that the infant shall be baptized. This being done, and its soul being thus fitted for heaven, the mother abbess gently takes between her holy fingers the nostrils of the infant, and in the name of the infallible church consigns it to the care of the Almighty; and I beg here to state, from my own knowledge through the confessional, that the father is, in nearly all cases, the individual who baptizes it; thus literally verifying what Erasmus has said in sheer irony,—“*Patres vacantur et Sepe sunt.*” I desire to assert nothing, of a character so frightful and disgusting as this, on my own unsupported authority. I could give numberless instances of the truth of my assertions, but let one suffice.

Llorenti, in his History of the Inquisition,—and the reader will bear in mind, that Llorenti is good authority with all Roman Catholics,—relates the following fact. There was among the Carmelite nuns of Lerma, a mother abbess, called mother Agueda. (All the nunneries in the United States have a mother abbess, like the nuns of Lerma.) Agueda was accounted a saint. People came to her, from all the neighboring country, to be cured of their respective diseases. Her mode of curing all diseases was this. She had in her possession a number of small stones, of which she said she was delivered, in all the pains of childbirth. She was delivered of them periodically, for the space of twenty years, according to her own statement and that of her biographer, and by the application of those stones to any diseased person, he was forthwith cured. Rumor, however, got abroad that the *mother abbess*

“was no better than she ought to be,” and that, in place of bringing forth stones, she and the other nuns of the convent were bringing forth children for the friars of the Carmelite order, who arranged all her miracles for her, and enabled her for twenty years to impose upon the public, as the lady prioress of a nunnery and fashionable boarding-school. Whenever she was *confined* and delivered of a child, the *holy nuns* strangled it and buried it. All the other nuns did likewise, and probably would have continued to do so to this day, through their successors in office, had not a niece of the mother abbess and *saint*, in a moment of anger, arising from maltreatment, let fall some observations which excited the suspicions of the public authorities. The burying-ground of the nuns was examined, the spot where the strangled infants were buried was pointed out by the niece of the mother abbess, and the bodies found.

This fact is as well authenticated, as that such a place as Lerma has had existence, or that such a wretch as Mother Agueda has ever been born; and I will hazard the assertion, that if the burying-grounds of the nunneries in the United States were dug open, hundreds of the bodies of strangled infants, the offspring of nuns and Popish priests, may be found in them, though it is said they have discovered some chemical process, by which the bones, as well as the flesh of infants, are reduced, in a little time, almost to perfect annihilation.

Virtuous ladies, into whose hands this book by chance may fall, will exclaim, on reading the above, This cannot be true. I will not believe it. Such a

thing is impossible. If even nuns had witnessed such things, however depraved they may be, they would fly from such scenes; or at all events, no *nun*, who has ever been once guilty of such crimes, would commit them a second time.—Here, again, we see how little Americans know of Popery, and of the practices of its priests and nuns.

The fact is, Roman Catholic laymen know almost as little of Popery as Protestants. They are not aware, that, when a female goes to confession, she virtually binds herself to answer every question which her confessor proposes, and that the concealment of any thought or deed, which she committed, was a *mortal sin*, sufficient of itself to consign her soul to hell. She believes that the priest sits in the confessional, not as man, but as God. Attend, fellow-citizens, to what I here state to you, and you will easily conceive the possibility, nay, even the probability, nay, even further, the truth of every word I relate to you in relation to the crimes of nuns and priests, within the walls of nunneries.

The woman who goes to confession to a priest, whether a nun or a lay-sister, whether married or single, believes, that while in the *sacred tribunal* of the confessional, he is divested of his humanity, and acts, not as man, but as God. Nothing, then, is easier, if he has the least fancy for the penitent, than to persuade her that he is *divinely* commissioned to ———. She does not doubt this, and yields to his wishes. There have been instances,—and there are now thousands of them in Europe, and even in this country,—where a priest tells every good-looking woman who goes to confession to him, that it is her

duty to have children by him! Be not startled, American husbands. I make not these statements to hurt or outrage your feelings. I make it in compassion for you, and to prevent you, if possible, from permitting your wives or your daughters to go in future to these dens of vice, called *confessionals*.

I can easily fancy one of you saying to your neighbor, who is also a Roman Catholic, and whose wife, as well as yours, goes to confession,—“ Well, Mr. A., I care not what may be said against *our* priest, or against *auricular confession*. My wife goes regularly to confession, and if she heard or saw anything bad on the part of the priests, *I* should soon know it. I have no doubt of it, says Mr. B. My wife goes also, and so does my daughter, and *I* suppose nobody will pretend to say that a priest could do anything wrong to *them*. *They* know better than to be imposed upon. There is no better woman in the world than *my* wife; come over and dine with me. My wife just told me that she asked the priest to dine with us, and you must come.” I can not only fancy this, but I have seen such meetings. I have seen husbands unsuspectingly and hospitably entertaining the very priest who seduced their wives in the confessional, and was the parent of some of the children who sat at the same table with them, each of the wives unconscious of the other's guilt, and the husbands of both, not even suspecting them. The husband of her who goes to confession has no hold upon her affections. If he claims a right to her confidence, he claims what he can never receive: he claims what she has not to give. She has long since given it to her confessor, and he can never recover

it. She looks to her confessor for advice in everything. She may appear to be fond of her husband; it is even possible that she may be so in reality. She may be gentle, meek, and obedient to her husband,—her confessor will advise her to be so; but she will not give him her confidence; she cannot,—that is already in the hands of her confessor. He stands an incarnate fiend between man and wife, mother and daughter. All the ties of domestic happiness and reciprocal duties are thus violated with impunity through the instrumentality of *auricular confession*.

Would to God I had never entered that *tribunal* myself! Would to God it was never in my power to relate as facts what I have now put to paper! But no such happiness was intended for me! It was the will of Providence that I was reserved to witness and relate those deeds of darkness and crime committed under the mask of Popish religion, from which my feelings and disposition shrink with horror. Voltaire, Rousseau, Raynal, Price, Priestley, Paine, Diderot, and others, have done evil by their infidel writings. Evils, great and heavy evils, have been the consequence of their introduction into the United States; but ten-fold greater have been the evils which the introduction of Popery and auricular confession amongst us have brought in their train.

The writings of these infidels have in them, it is true, many of the most exceptionable passages, but, as far as we know, their private lives were generally good. Even in their writings, there was much that was good. They advocated the cause of civil liberty; they pleaded, and pleaded strongly and elo-

quently, the cause of human rights, and the liberties of man. These were redeeming qualities. These were noble doctrines, and nobly pleaded. But what has Popery brought amongst us? What have Popish priests introduced into this country? Idolatry, debauchery in every shape, and of every hue. Yet Americans will cast into the fire the works of those infidels,—they will not allow their children to read them, lest they may corrupt their morals, though the authors are cold in their graves. But they will send them to Popish schools,—they will allow them to drink lessons of depravity from the eyes of licentious nuns, and hear them from the lips of Popish priests. Strange inconsistency, this! Infidels in theory are shunned as plagues, while practical infidels are cherished amongst us. It is well known to Protestants even in the United States, that it is a common practice of Romish priests to seduce females in the *confessional*, and it is, or should be equally well known that these very priests hear the confessions of the very females whom they seduce. It is an article of faith in the Roman Catholic church, that the crimes of a priest do not disqualify him from *forgiving the sins of his penitent*, and hence it is that their opportunities of demoralizing every community, where they are in the ascendant, almost exceed conception. Persuade a woman that if she sins, you can forgive her as thoroughly and effectually as Almighty God could forgive her, and you take away every check from vice. All restraint is removed. The voice of true religion is silenced, and sin prevails.

The iniquity of Romish priests in the confessional can scarcely be imagined. There is nothing else

like it; it is a thing by itself; there is a chasm between itself and other crimes, which human depravity cannot pass. Could I state them all, as I have known them, my readers would feel themselves almost insulated; an ocean and a sea of wonders, and waters of grief and sadness for fallen humanity would ebb and flow around them. Just fancy an innocent female on her knees before an artful, unbelieving priest! But why is she there? Why does not instinct warn her off? Why does not conscious innocence tell her to fly from him? How often do we thank God that we are endowed with reason? How often do we sing his praises, and glorify his name, because he has "made us a little lower than the angels," giving us reason for our guide, and thus raising us above all things that are created? Would it not appear as if things were not so; as if the God of heaven were more bountiful to the beasts of the field, and the birds of the air, than to man? Would it not appear that the poet was mistaken, when he said, in the fulness of his heart, and depth of his belief in revelation,—

“ And to be innocent is nature’s wisdom ;
 The fledge-dove knows the prowlers of the air,
 Feared soon as seen, and flutters back to shelter ;—
 And the young steed recoils upon his haunches
 The never-yet-seen adder’s hiss first heard.
 O surer than suspicion’s hundred eyes
 Is that fine sense, which, to the pure in heart,
 By mere oppugnancy of their own goodness,
 Reveals the approach of evil.”

Would it not seem from this that the gift of reason was no bounty in reality to man? as if instinct was

something superior to it? Why does not innocence,—native, conscious innocence,—if, in reality, there is such a thing,—teach woman to flee from those incarnate demons, Romish confessors? Why will they entrust themselves, alone and unprotected by father or mother, brother or honorable lover, with these scheming, artful seducers? Why will mothers, married women, go to confession to these men, or why will husbands be such inconceivable dupes as to permit it? Have husbands any idea of the questions which a confessor puts to their wives? They have not even the remotest. Let me give them a few of these questions, and I assure them, as I have more than once done before, that I state nothing but what I know of my own knowledge. The following are a few of them. 1st. Have you been guilty of adultery or fornication, and how often? 2d. Have you desired to commit either, and how often? 3d. Have you ever intended to commit fornication or adultery? 4th. Have you ever taken pleasure in thinking upon these subjects? 5th. Have you dwelt upon them for any length of time? 6th. Have you ever endeavored to excite your own passions? 7th. Have you ever taken indecent liberties with yourself, or with your husband?

Does any husband really know that when his wife goes to confession,—and probably she leans on his arm while she is going there,—that the above questions are put to her? Assuredly, he does not. Otherwise, we must suppose him a man of base principles in permitting such a thing. But even should he suspect it, and ask his wife whether they were put to her; should he call upon the priest, and bring him

and the wife face to face; should he ask them severally whether such interrogatories were put by the priest to the wife, they will jointly and severally deny it under oath, if required, and in doing this, they both feel justified; or, to speak more correctly and plainly, the priest is laughing in his sleeve, and the wife is his dupe. The reason, however, for the course they pursue, is this. The *infallible* church teaches, that when a priest is in the confessional, he sits there as God, and not as man; and when he denies under oath that he put such questions, he means that he did not put the questions as man, but as God; and when the penitent is asked whether such questions were put to her, she will say on *oath* they were not, because it was God, and not man, that asked them. I am well aware that this will appear strange to Americans, but it is not the less true. I have asked such questions, and given such reasons over and over again, while acting as a Romish priest. I have asked them, till my soul sickened with disgust. Every priest in Boston asks those questions daily; there is not a priest in the United States who does not ask them. No, not one,—from Aroostook to Oregon, nor from Maine to Louisiana. Judge, then, of the moral waste and wilderness which Romish priests are effecting by hewing and clearing down everything that blooms or bears the fruit of virtue and holiness.

But can such things exist in a civilized country? It is all the result of education,—of bad, vicious, and corrupt education. Let us suppose that a married man has a neighbor whom he believes to be honorable, upright, and correct in all his dealings, so much

so, that he never had occasion to doubt his word, and would trust him with thousands, nay, millions if he had it. Suppose his wife had the reputation of a good and virtuous woman. Suppose she was considered so by the pious members of her own and every other church in this city. Suppose this individual, to whom I have alluded, should discover that his wife was in the habit of meeting his neighbor very frequently in some retired nook or corner, and holding long and confidential conversation with him,—think you he would not suspect something wrong? Suppose he were to ask his wife what they were talking about, and she should say that he was giving her spiritual counsel,—think you that this would be satisfactory to him? Would he permit those interviews to continue? Surely not. But why distrust the well-known prudence of his wife, and the honor of a man he has known for years? Is it wise in him to suspect a worthy man? It is not only wise, but it is proper. It would even be criminal not to do so. The man who would not forbid these interviews, would be considered a low-spirited wretch, unworthy the society of all honorable men. He would sink even in his own estimation; and how comes it, then, that this very man, so sensitive, so distrustful of the virtue of an honorable neighbor, will permit the same wife to hold *private* meetings, and *private* conversations in confessionals and in private rooms, with Romish priests,—strangers, some of them, and foreigners,—notorious for the profligacies of the orders of monks and Jesuits to which they belong, and the countries from which they came. This, I will frankly confess, is a para-

dox, which my limited powers of ratiocination do not enable me to solve. I will not say that some of those married ladies, who go to confession, are not virtuous women, but I will unhesitatingly say, that many of them have been ruined in the confessional, that they run a fearful risk in going there at all, and as it is truly said, "he that loves the danger, shall perish therein."

Let not married men, or married women, who belong to the Roman Catholic church, suppose that I mean to be disrespectful to them in what I have said or what I may say hereafter. The reverse is the fact. To them I have no personal enmity, but I have for them the most sincere compassion. I would rescue them, if I could, from those wolves in sheep's clothing, Romish priests. It is my duty to do so, as their fellow-citizen, and it is peculiarly incumbent on me to do so, as I feel that I am the only man in the United States, whose personal knowledge of facts fits him for such a task, and whose peculiar circumstances enable him to do so without bias or prejudice. I am aware they will raise a fresh hue and cry against me; Popish priests and bishops will give tongue, and the whole Romish pack, young and old, married and single, widows and maids, will follow in full chorus. They can do no more than they have done. There is scarcely a law of this land which they have not accused me of violating, ever since I presumed to say that the Bible should be circulated among the poor Roman Catholics, and that the holy mother church was not infallible. The accusations against Luther, Zuingli and Calvin, were not greater or much more numerous, than those which

Papists have brought against me, month after month, and year after year, ever since I left them. They have indicted me for assault and battery, for disturbing public worship, by which they meant the crime of worshipping God otherwise than the Pope directed. They have indicted me for rape—keep your countenance, reader—those chaste, moral priests of the Romish church have indicted me for rape. Is not that a high idea, Americans?—scarcely anything equal to it to be found in antiquity, except, perhaps, it may be in the conduct of Claudius, the Roman emperor, who, like the priests of the Romish church, had a very *great abhorrence* of everything that was in the least degree unchaste. Claudius, as the reader must know, succeeded the emperor Caligula, and that notorious wag, though elegant poet and satirist, Juvenal, tells us that he was much in the habit of accusing his subjects of the crime of adultery. “Claudius accusat macchos,” says Juvenal; whether he spoke ironically or not, those who know the life of Claudius as well as I do the lives of Romish priests, can tell best. But this is not all. They have accused me of robberies, sending and receiving challenges to fight duels, having two wives—I know not but more—at the same time. In all cases, true bills of indictment have been found; Papists appeared before the grand juries in all cases, and swore like true sons of the *infallible church*, and as long as they had no one to contradict them, the holy church triumphed. In this country, however, there happens, as yet, to be no inquisition, and there are several who doubt not only the infallibility of the Romish church, but even the impeccability of some

of her beloved children; and hence, it happened that all their indictments evaporated into thin air. These Protestant Americans, "cowards," as Papists call them, "and *sons of cowards and pirates*," have no faith in the infallible church, and doubted the veracity of her pious children, even upon oath. The consequence was that I am left to write the history of my venerable but guilty mother, the infallible church, and am not without hope that I shall lead her back to the paths of virtue, from which, in very wantonness of crime, idolatry, brutality and wickedness she has long since departed.

It would be really amusing to see a correct list of the various accusations which Papists have made against me, with the various names and legal titles which they bore. The infallible church alone could properly classify them. There is euphony in the very sound of them; there is a variety, nothing short of oriental, in them. But to be serious; I never did, nor do I now, fear the persecution of Papists, while in the discharge of a duty which I owe to my Maker and Preserver. I could always say with sincerity and with humble gratitude, and I can say so now:—

"Let then, earth, sea and sky
 Make war against me! On my heart I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?
 Yes! but not his—'t is death itself there dies."

But to return to the subject from which I have digressed, without even the formality of taking leave of my reader; married ladies, who are members of

the Roman Catholic church, will bear with me a little longer; I cannot consent to leave them without farther warning; and should their husbands and myself ever meet—which probably cannot be, till we meet in heaven—they will thank, in place of blaming me, for cautioning them against the seductive wiles and wicked intrigues of Romish confessors. It is probable the wearisome repetitions in my statements may give the reader a distaste to following them out, and accompanying me through them. It will, I fear, enfeeble the interest, which he might otherwise take in the result. Besides, a higher tone of thought, of literary taste, and intellectual feeling, would undoubtedly be much more pleasant to him. The nature of the subject will not admit of it, and I cannot help, in speaking upon a gross and indelicate subject, doing so in a language as unpalatable to my own taste, as to that of the reader. Besides, I am not master of any other words in the English vocabulary, better calculated to convey to those for whom this book is intended, the full meaning and purport of the statements which I make.

There is taught in the Romish church, and it prevails to an extent broad and long as the land we live in, a doctrine which I feel it my duty to explain to Americans, whether they are Protestants or converts to the church of Rome. When I say that it prevails over the extent of this country, I believe I should qualify the assertion, as I know not fully and exclusively of my own knowledge, that American converts to the Romish church are aware that such a doctrine exists; but I know that European Catholic women, especially the Irish, are taught it

by their priests, and believe it as firmly as they do that their church is infallible. It is a doctrine frightful even to think upon. I know nothing, in ancient or modern times, in heathen, pagan, or Mahomedan creeds, of equal turpitude. It is calculated to overturn all laws, human and divine. It aims a fatal and deadly blow at the root of the whole social system. It snaps, it shatters, it tears into shreds, every cord that binds community to community, man to man, wife to husband, and child to parent. It is this. Married women, who have no children and never had any, are taught by Romish priests that, in case they have no children, the church has the power of giving them fecundity, and thus enabling them to "comply with the great object of their creation," viz., "to increase and multiply." The holy church, in her wisdom, or rather in her craft and deep knowledge of human nature, knows full well that married ladies, especially those who have property, are often unhappy because they have no children; and the priests, looking upon this as a fine opportunity not only to indulge their own passions but to make money, tell such women, in the confessional, that they have the power, specially delegated to them from Almighty God, of giving them those children for which they are so anxious. I well recollect an instance of this Romish infatuation—this worse than hellish belief. It proved a source of much trouble to myself in after life, and I believe I may partly trace to it the very origin of my difficulties with the Popish priests in this country.

While officiating as a Roman Catholic priest in _____, I became acquainted with a Roman Catho-

lic lady and gentleman, of good character and considerable wealth. The husband stood well in society, and so did the wife, and I believe both deserved it. There was but one barrier, to all appearance, in the way of their happiness. They had no children; and having no blood or family alliances in the country, this seemed a source of distress to the wife, though I could not help remarking that they were an extremely fond couple. Not very long after my acquaintance with them, the wife called on me, told me her grievance in not having children, and asked me how much it would cost her to purchase from the church, her interference in the matter and the blessing of having children. I forgot my usual caution. Indignation took the place of policy; I forgot, for a moment, that I was bound to keep the secrets of the Pope and the infallible church, and to defend them both, right or wrong. I replied indignantly, "Madam, you are the dupe of priestcraft. There is no power in the church to countervail the will of God." The lady retired; and I cannot give the reader a better idea of the infatuation of Papist women, or the consummate villany of Romish priests in the confessional, than by relating what followed. She called upon me the day following, stated to me that since she saw me, she called on the reverend Mr. ———, a Franciscan friar, who lived only a few doors from me, and having told him what I said to her, he raised his hands in pious astonishment, and told her that he expected nothing better from me; that he suspected me of *heresy* for some time past, and had now a proof of it, and that I should be cast out of the pale of the church, as fit

society only for the devils; and accordingly in a few months after, this holy friar and the holy Romish bishop of the diocese, solemnly cursed me from the head to the toe-nails, casting me into *hell* for such damnable heresies. I understand that the lady of whom I have spoken is now blessed with an interesting family of children, and the husband one of the happiest *fathers* in the world. The friar is an exemplary and reverend servant of the *infallible* church, still hearing confessions, while I am a wicked heretic, with no human chance of salvation. "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*" Thus are the streams of domestic happiness and social life polluted in our very midst by Romish priests; and yet they are encouraged, they are fed, they are sustained, they are received into society by the very men whose wives and daughters they have ruined, and with whose happiness they have sported and gambled. I say sported, because I know of my own knowledge, that nothing affords the reverend young Yahoos of the Romish church, especially those who come from Europe, more pleasure in their private conversation, than speaking of the *gullible Yankee heretics*, who fancy themselves a match for priests in the infallible church. Could Americans witness the carousals of these infidel and idolatrous priests at their expense, it would have a better effect upon them than all I can say or write; but as time alone can effect this, I must content myself with entreating my fellow-citizens to be upon their guard with Romish bishops and priests, or they will one day rue the consequences.

Once more do I find myself far from the path in

which I commenced these pages. I intimated to the reader, somewhere in the beginning of this book, that I intended to give my reasons for leaving the Romish church; but it would seem as if I had forgotten it; at any rate, I have as yet but little more than half fulfilled it. I have, however, the satisfaction to believe, that the few I have given, up to the time of my arrival in Philadelphia, are amply sufficient. Fresh proofs have there been given to me, that the Popish church was not infallible, and that I could not, consistently with a correct sense of duty, support her doctrines or countenance the practices of her priests; but, even there, notwithstanding all I had seen and witnessed, such were the prejudices of education, that I still tried to persuade myself that Popery was religion; though I tried to circulate the Scriptures, and believed in the necessity of so doing: during four years that I spent in the college of Maynooth, they formed no portion of the education of the students. It is my firm conviction, that out of the large number of students who received their education there for the ministry, there was not one who read the four gospels through, nor any portion of them, except such as were found in detached passages, in works of controversy between Catholics and Protestants. Until I went to college, I scarcely ever heard of a Bible. I know not of one in any parish in Munster, except it may be a Latin one, which each priest may or may not have, as he pleased. But I studied closely the holy fathers of the church; so did most of the students. We were taught to rely upon them as our sole guide in morals, and the only correct interpreters of the Bible. A

right of private judgment was entirely denied to us, and represented as the source of multifarious errors. The Bible, in fact, we had no veneration for. It was, in truth, but a dead letter in our college; it was a sealed book to us; though there was not an equal number of students who were obliged to study more closely the sayings, the sophistry, the metaphysics and mystic doctrines of those raving dreamers, called holy fathers, many of whom, if now living, would be deemed mad men and dealt with accordingly. I looked back again to those fathers for proofs of the infallibility of the Romish church, and for some evidence to satisfy me that I had no right to the exercise of my private judgment, either in reading or interpreting the Scriptures,—but I looked in vain. The fathers themselves were extremely obscure. I found them often inconsistent and at variance with each other upon many of the *fundamental* articles, as they are termed, of the Popish creed. On a re-perusal of those fathers, I have found them often contradict each other. Nay, more; such frequently were the theological vagaries of these semi-deranged though well meaning men, that a careful reader will often find the same father contradicting himself. Chrysostom, whom the Papists worship as a saint, and Tertullian, another saint of theirs, flatly contradict themselves. Chrysostom says, in speaking of the *real presence* in the eucharist, that Christ gives himself bodily to be eaten, and that those who receive him, that is, the consecrated wafer, made of flour and water by a priest, may see him, touch him, and if they wish, fix *their teeth in his flesh*. In another place he says, that “the nature of the bread is not

changed at all, though it is worthy to be called the Lord's body." Tertullian in one place maintains the same doctrine in relation to the *real presence*, but in another place, he tells us, "that the meaning of the Scripture phrase, *this is my body*, is, *this is the representation* of my body." If these men were to live now,—if Jerome and Chrysostom and Tertullian were to utter such rhapsodical nonsense, what should we think of them or their followers? Yet the Romish church requires that the present generation shall forfeit all its advantages of education, science, and all the progressive advancement and expansion of intellect, and take the writings of those men as the only correct interpretation of the Word of God. It occurred to me, therefore, on a second perusal of these works, that I should reject them unconditionally. I knew full well, from my intimacy with the Romish church, that it was a maxim with the fathers, and expressly defended by them, as it is now by modern Papists, that "fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were valuable auxiliaries to truth!" This doctrine is now avowed, or at least taught in the *confessional*, and in Catholic countries out of the *confessional*, as well as in every Popish college in the universe.

From these I turned to my neglected Bible, and in it I discovered no such maxims as were taught by the holy fathers, and are now inculcated by the priests. I have not found that any of the evangelists ever even intimated "that fraud was justifiable, or that it was ever lawful to do evil that good may come." Apart from all this, it appeared to me not at all unlikely that the inspired men who wrote the

Scriptures, knew as well how to convey their own ideas to the world, as the holy fathers or the *infallible* church did; nor could I see anything heterodox, in supposing that if there was anything unintelligible or obscure in their language, they would leave us some record or note of the fact. They wrote by command, and under the direct inspiration of God; they wrote to instruct and enlighten the world; and with all due deference to the *infallible church*, and her holy fathers, I think it is fairly to be presumed, that their writings are less obscure, and more entitled to universal credence, than the rhapsodies of *fathers* and monks, one half of whom were as crazy as so many Millerites. It occurred to me, naturally, as I think it would to any man who was not *clean daft*, that I might, without presumption, invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit, take up the Bible, read it prayerfully, and interpret it honestly, according to the best of my judgment, the opinion of the holy fathers and the infallible church to the contrary notwithstanding.

Up to this very moment I was negotiating with the holy church, and the holy church negotiating with me, through Bishop England, of Charleston, and a very reverend divine now in New York, for an arrangement of our *misunderstanding*. But we could not agree. There was now a barrier between us, which I could not pass. It was now with me, not a question of church or salaries, of location or domestic associations. The controversy now between me and the Romish church assumed a grave character; it was now a question with me of light or darkness, of life or death. I might have gone to

Rome, fallen upon my knees, kissed the Pope's toe, and obtained the blessing of that poor old man. I might have acknowledged the *holy fathers* were better authority and were safer guides in matters of faith, and in all things that concerned eternal life, than the holy Scriptures. It was an easy matter for me, so far as human effort was necessary, to cast aside the Bible altogether, and substitute in its place the sayings and opinions of the holy fathers, whose vanity often led them to suppose themselves inspired. Nothing was easier for me than to reject the Bible as a rule of faith, and permit myself to be governed by the babblings of popes and churchmen. This language, perhaps, may be deemed disrespectful, but it is not so. I cannot apprehend how anything I say can be deemed disrespectful, while I confine myself within the limits which the example of South, Jeremy Taylor and others have prescribed. No theologian, no one acquainted with history, sacred or profane, or with the eminent Dr. Robert South, one of the most learned divines of the seventeenth century, would accuse him of any intention to disparage the memory of the early Christians, who deserve to be honored, nor any of the doctrines which they maintained, unless they were universally admitted to be so absurd, that no man of common sense could sustain them. Yet this eminent man, speaking of the doctrine of *transubstantiation*, as taught by Chrysostom and Tertullian, calls it "*the most stupendous piece of nonsense, that ever was owned before a rational world.*"

Dr. Jeremy Taylor, a distinguished Irish theologian, speaking of transubstantiation, as taught by

the holy fathers, says, "*By this doctrine, the same thing stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself, and yet abides close by itself, and in itself, and out of itself; it is brought from heaven to earth, and yet is nowhere in the way, nor ever stirs out of heaven. It makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of the body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the eucharist, as it is probable that he did, and certain that he might have done.*" But the real presence of the body and blood of Jesus Christ was not the only nonsense which these holy fathers taught. They believed largely in the doctrine of miracles.

Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan about the year 350, has been always, and is now, considered by the Popish church one of her best authorities. Papists tell us, that while he lay an infant in his cradle, a swarm of bees settled upon his lips as a presage of his future eloquence; and I believe it is generally admitted, that if any of the fathers quoted by Papists is good authority in matters of *faith*, he is among the best. During my doubts whether I should take the fathers of the Romish church, or the holy Bible for my guide, I was led especially to the examination of the doctrines maintained by St. Ambrose and those taught in the Bible, and never before did I see that common, though vulgar saying, "comparisons are odious," more strictly fulfilled. I will take one, for example.

Among the many rhapsodies taught by St. Ambrose, a belief in Popish miracles was the most prominent. He taught, as I have stated above, that

the wafer which a Romish priest gives to a communicant, was the solid *flesh* of Christ, and so solid, that he who received it might *stick his teeth into the flesh*.

The following is another specimen of the miracles in which he believed. The Empress Justina asked St. Ambrose for one of the Romish churches for the use of the Arian sect. He refused her, and was then about to consecrate that sumptuous basilic, afterwards called St. Ambrose's church. The people, as we are told, were anxious to deposit in the edifice the relics of some martyr,—relics were used by the holy father Ambrose then, as they are now by Popish priests,—to cure all diseases. The people insisted upon having them, and accordingly the holy father promised that they should be procured. Paulinus and Augustine tell us that "he was favored with a vision of two martyrs, who were never before heard of, named Gervusius and Protusius, who, hearing in heaven of the holy father's design to build a Popish church, instantly fled from their place of repose, and told him that they were murdered by infidel heretics in such a place, and on such a day; that if he would send men with spades and shovels to the place designated, they would find their bones, and to have them removed and deposited in the new church." The holy saint, in compliance with this glorious information, which he received in a vision, sent a number of men with spades, shovels, pickaxes, &c., and they soon found the "bodies of two men of wonderful stature." The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round was soaked with blood. I use the language of the holy fathers themselves,

translated into English, which, considering that all the flesh had already disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles, unless it can be supposed, as the relator wickedly observes, "that it may be new created." As the workmen proceeded down towards the martyrs' resting-place, "their skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the *possessed*, who had been brought upon such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in the most lamentable ways, thus giving attestation to the power of glorious martyrs." "The relics, blood and bones were carefully removed to the new basilic, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased persons, who were so happy as to touch them; such was their virtue, that even to touch the pall which covered them was sufficient." Among others, a butcher, who had been a long time blind, was restored to sight. The blood of these martyrs was worked up into paste, and distributed all over Christendom, as an antidote against all diseases.

The writings of the *holy* fathers abound with legends of this kind. We are told by them, that one of the Romish saints in Egypt, named Apia Till, suffered martyrdom, after being cut to pieces ten times each day, for ten successive days, by the tyrant, Maximin, and was every night put together by the angel Gabriel. Another tells us, that he has a bottle in which are corked up carefully some of the "rays of the star of Bethlehem, handed down to posterity by one of the wise men who went in search of the new-born Saviour." Another of those *infallible* lu-

natics tells us, "that he has sealed up in perfect preservation some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's Temple."

Among the innumerable miracles in which the holy fathers of the Romish church believed, or pretended to believe, there are some so ridiculously incredible, that humanity itself, in the lowest depths of degradation into which it has fallen, blushes at their repetition. It is gravely related by a Roman Catholic divine,—and no Roman Catholic in the United States disbelieves it,—that the sacrament of the *Eucharist*, or, to make it more intelligible to my readers, the wafer which the priest gives to the sick, and elevates to the people while saying mass, was conveyed into a bee-hive. In all probability, it dropped out of the pocket of some priest. The bees were found dead, and in the midst of them the wafer became an infant Christ, looking like other infants, but more beautiful. (See Peter Cluniac, first book, first chapter.) It is related by another Romish writer, that a hive of bees was once heard singing most harmoniously. A devout priest, passing by, happened to look in, and saw among them the holy sacrament of the Eucharist, to which they were singing glory and praise.

There is scarcely an American traveller, of any note, who has not visited Naples. There are now in that city of worse than Pagan idolatry, some of those *converts*, which Bishop Fenwick says he has made from the "*most respectable Protestant families in Boston.*" The bishop was right in one thing. The families to which he alluded, are highly and deservedly respectable; their children are respecta-

ble, and these parents can have no objection that I should appeal to them for the truth of any assertion I make. I appeal to those *American converts* now in Italy, whether it is not believed there, that Saint Januarius, on a certain day, is invoked to be "propitious to the people." During this invocation, in which the whole city, and thousands upon thousands from the neighboring country, unite, certain ceremonies are performed, bells are rung, every one goes to *confession*, masses are said, incense offered, *holy water* is sprinkled profusely, beads are counted, relics are kissed, and when all this is over, a priest comes forth from the sacristy of the church, preceded and followed by an immense train of boys, bearing lights, &c., &c. The priest holds in his hand some of the *blood* of St. Januarius, formed into a hard *crust*. He calls upon the saint to be *propitious*, and to grant his prayer. If the saint is willing to be *propitious*, the crust of the saint's blood, which the priest holds in his hand, bubbles into a red liquid. For a true account of this, I refer the general reader to Dr. Moore's Tour. The doctor was the father of Sir John Moore, and was an eye-witness of this mummery; but I will refer those *respectable Protestant families*, from whom the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick says he has made so many converts, to their own children, now in Naples, and who have been seduced by these arrant and designing knaves,—Popish priests and bishops,—to abandon their homes, their country, and their civil rights, and give them in exchange for such degrading mummeries as they are now witnessing in Italy. Their children will tell them that what I state is correct. Let these parents

reflect, that probably they themselves are the cause of the errors into which their children have been decoyed. It was recently observed by an eminent divine of Boston, that the great prosperity of this country may be the cause of the many evils which threaten our people. The sentiment appears strange to many, but the eloquent gentleman was right. The downfall of nations might always be traced to their superabundant wealth and prosperity. The same may be applied to individuals. Reader, did you ever see infidelity in a cottage? Never, where the Bible has found its way. Misery you will find there, but that you will find in palaces. The poor love the name and the religion of Christ. The puritan fathers of the nabobs of this land loved them, and they had reason to do so. To religion and to the Bible they are indebted for all their worldly comfort, their liberty, and their civil rights; and the parents who permit their children to be seduced from their tender care by Jesuits, notorious for centuries for nothing but fraud, deception, seduction and avarice, have a long account to settle with their Eternal Master. Let them take heed, lest their wealth be the cause of the temporal and spiritual poverty of their beloved children.

Be not startled, reader, if I inform you that a miracle, more incredible than that of the blood of Januarius, has been wrought in these United States only a few years ago, if we are to believe a Roman Catholic bishop, who was reputed to be one of the most talented men in the Romish church.

Who is it, that does not recollect the notorious Prince Hohenloe, who, a few years ago, played so

many "fantastic tricks before high Heaven," and who, if we are correctly informed by his Popish biographers, wrought more miracles in one month, than the Saviour of mankind did during the whole course of his ministerial life?

It appears that the Popish priests and nuns of the United States have been for several years expecting, or, at least, pretending to expect, some miraculous evidence of divine favor in their behalf. The nuns and *sisters of charity* in the convents of Emmetsburg and Georgetown felt jealous that their *brothers* and *sisters* in Europe should be empowered to work and witness miracles almost daily, and thereby enrich their convents, while they themselves had not a single miracle among them,—at least, of their own manufacture. Up to that time, as far as I know, no miracle was performed or witnessed by Popish nuns and *lay sisters* in the United States. This was deemed a serious calamity. It was even a loss of revenue, and this the priests and nuns knew full well. Something must be done; revenue must be had from some source; and the unprincipled priests and bishops of this country, understanding well the weaknesses and imperfections of humanity, knowing that human nature is the same in all nations and among all people, and seeing the vast benefits, which, in a pecuniary point of view, their church derived from the belief of their people in miracles, resolved to try an experiment, upon a small scale, upon *brother Jonathan*. Accordingly, about the year 1828, when *St. Hohenloe* was in all his glory, his *divine* power shining in full blaze, the bishops and priests of the Roman Catholic church resolved

upon having a miracle of their own, instanter. The following was their *modus operandi* :

A *lay sister* in the nunnery of Emmetsburg or Georgetown, I forget which, was taken ill. She bore her indisposition, which was attended with *excruciating pains*,—"risum teniatis,"—with *angelic resignation*. The best medical aid was always at hand, but she grew worse and worse every day, until her case became hopeless. Her recovery was pronounced impossible. Medical aid could do no more; her whole time was devoted to prayer; but,—*miribile dictu*,—one night, as she lay in momentary expectation of death, the spirit of Prince Hohenloe paid her a visit, bid her be of good cheer, and directed her to have *mass* said for her in her room on a certain day, and at a certain hour,—naming both,—and that, when the priest raised up the wafer at mass, she should look at it, and would see the infant Saviour in his hands, body and blood, soul and divinity, and in shape and form like other infants. She communicated this visit from the saint to her *confessor*. He, as is usual in these cases, did not believe it at first; but the saint visited him, too, and reprimanded him for his incredulity. Bishop England, of Charleston, was immediately sent for. The circumstance of the saint's visit was related to him; he pretended to disbelieve it also for a while, but was finally convinced of its truth, and consented to say mass on the appointed day and hour in the lay sister's sick room, and, almost incredible to relate, this Bishop England, a man of talent, and a man of sense, though the slave of the Pope of Rome, vouches in a letter to the public, through the *Catholic Miscel-*

lany, which he himself then edited, that the whole of this *lay sister's* fal-deral was true,—that the saint visited her,—that he said mass according to his instructions, and that she saw in *his hands*, not a little wafer, made of flour and water, *but a full grown infant*, in all the natural proportions of humanity.

I regret extremely that I have not the Catholic Miscellany, containing an account of this transaction by Bishop England himself, as it is hardly to be expected that Americans can otherwise believe it; but undoubtedly Bishop Hughs, of New York, and Bishop Fenwick, of Boston, must have files of the Miscellany, containing an account of this miraculous event.

Is this not enough of itself to deter any man, endowed with the faculty of reason, from holding any communion whatever with Roman Catholic bishops and priests? A degradation of the understanding like this, and among a people like ours, cannot exist, unaccompanied with depravity of heart. The intellect cannot be darkened, when the heart is pure and bright, and such a heart cannot be possessed by a Papist who remains so after a thorough knowledge of Popish iniquities, which all priests and bishops are supposed to have. I declare it as my solemn conviction, and from my perfect knowledge of Popery, that a thoroughly educated Popish priest, I mean thoroughly educated in Popery, can no longer retain the image of the Deity, which the God of nature has stamped upon every created mind, undefiled or undebased, while he has any connection with the church of Rome. That church is and ever

has been the curse of the earth, the scourge of all good governments, and the greatest obstacle to the Divine Will. Under this conviction, I have addressed myself to the public in this book. Under this conviction I have taken the liberty of appealing to Protestant families, and cautioning them against the intrigues of priests. It was this conviction that induced me to disregard that ancient aphorism which says, "If the people will be deceived, let them be deceived." I felt that the people had no chance to escape deception, unless the truth were known and fairly explained to them. When dust is thrown into the eyes of the people, or even into those of private families, it is the duty of every man, and mine as well as that of others, to remove and clear it away; otherwise, I should be undeserving of the blessings and privileges secured to me by the laws of this country. Could I rest supinely and see a body of men prevail by artifice, who hate the very name of liberty, without resisting them as far as in me lay, I should be acting criminally. It is bad enough to tolerate amongst us miracle-mongers and convicted idolaters; but to allow them to continue in the practice and propagation of such deeds, without warning our people and cautioning them against being drawn into the whirlpool of Popish corruption, which now foams and boils and bubbles over our land, would show in me an ingratitude towards this country, to which I owe everything I am, and which gives me as good a right as others to expect much more.

It is strange that we should have amongst us a society called Puseyites, who believe as firmly as

Papists do in the long-exploded doctrine of miracles,—a doctrine upon which age after age has pronounced an unqualified verdict of censure and reprobation. Yet so it is. Allow me to give you an example of the long list of miracles in which they believe.

“Sixty confessors were made prisoners by Huneric, the tyrant king of the African Vandals, in the 4th century. He ordered their tongues to be cut out, even to the roots, inclusively; but notwithstanding this loss of their tongues, roots and all, they lived many years after, and spoke more plainly than ever.”

The reverend Mr. Ward, a distinguished friend of Puseyism, now living in England, and looked upon by the Puseyites in the United States as one of the most able advocates of their wild doctrine, assures us with great gravity, and on the authority of the holy fathers of the middle ages, that the above fact is true, and as much entitled to credit as anything related in the holy Scriptures. He even tells us that “to attribute anything like idolatry, or anything approaching it, to such men as related the above and similar facts, was a *fearful approximation to blasphemy against the Holy Ghost.*”

The Mr. Ward to whom I allude is well known to many literary men in this country, as the author of a work recently published, and called *Ward's Ideal of a Christian Church*. The name of the work is assuredly an appropriate one. His church must be *ideal* indeed. It is something invisible, intangible, hitherto unknown and never heard of before,

either in scriptural or church history; and where he found the materials, out of which he formed this *ideal* of a Christian church, must be known only to himself. But Mr. Ward is a philosopher,—so say the Puseyites,—and philosophers now-a-days have some strange dreams. They had such in all times and in all ages of the Christian, as well as the heathen world. “Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to fling away. Sciences may be learned by rote, said my father to Yorick. Yorick thought my father inspired.”

Whether Puseyites think Mr. Ward inspired or not, I am at a loss to know; nor am I a judge; but that he is a *philosopher*, is beyond doubt. Nor do I feel the least hesitancy in saying that he will have, one day or another, his name inscribed in the same niche, and his ashes rest in the same urn, with such *distinguished* men as Joe Smith, Hiram Smith and O. Brownson, all conspicuously eminent *philosophers*. The fact of my not understanding one word these eminent *philosophers* have uttered, is no argument against their *ideal* churches, or their *ideal* theories.

“I will enter into obligations this moment, said my father, to lay out all my Aunt Dinah’s legacy in charitable uses, if the corporal has any one determinate idea, annexed to any one word he has repeated.” Thus spoke the learned author of the *Tristrapedia* to *Trim*; but it by no means followed, that *Trim* was not a philosopher, no more than it does that Mr. Ward and other Puseyite doctors are not philosophers, though not one of them has any

one determinate idea annexed to any one word they have said or written.

Thrice honored, then, be Monks, Mormonites, Millerites and Brownsonites. All will have their day, and so will common sense.

I am apprehensive that some will accuse me of levity in my manner of alluding to Puseyism. Others will say that I should have mentioned no names, or, if I did, I should have treated them with respect and kindness. Far be it from me to treat a grave subject lightly; but when I see the whole Christian world represented as profligate, and the Popish world alone represented as sinless and pure, by the authors of Puseyism, I can scarcely treat such a false representation and perversion of truth otherwise than with contempt and irony; and when I bring before the public the names of some of the individuals who have merited this, by exhibiting themselves as the authors and abettors of these gross outrages upon all that is sacred among men and among nations, I only do them justice. Are acts alone, and not their consequences, to be noticed? Are we to take cognizance of effects, and pass by in silence their causes? Are we to wage a *seven years' war* against Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and against other ideals of moonstricken dreamers, and say not a word of the dreamers themselves, or the consequences that follow from them? Suppose we had here in Boston, or New York, the hydrophobia; suppose a citizen were in pursuit of the mad dog which introduced it; would any of my readers say to the citizen, never mind the dog, let him go, but take care of the hydrophobia? Assuredly not.

The name, the color, the appearance of the dog, and the symptoms of his madness, should be proclaimed to the public, lest he might scatter the hydrophobia still further amongst them. Suppose an incendiary was seen on the streets of one of our large and populous cities, say, for instance, Boston or New York, and that our police officers were in pursuit of him; let us fancy a crowd of sympathizers interfering and saying to the officers, let that man alone; pursue him no farther; do not even mention that he is an incendiary; it may be the cause of sending him to gaol, or, perhaps, to the state prison for life; say nothing to any one against him,—but take care of fires. See well to it that the city is not burned. What, under these circumstances would be thought of the sympathizers? Who would feel for *them* if the city was reduced to ashes? Who would feel for *them* if their homes were rendered desolate, and their wives and children made houseless. I would not check the generous or natural flow of human sympathy, but I do not know that I should do wrong in saying, that such men deserved no commiseration.

Under these circumstances, why should I be accused of treating a grave subject lightly or ironically? Never did the witty Lord Shaftsbury utter a plainer truth than when he said, that ridicule is one of those principal lights or natural mediums by which things are to be viewed, in order to a thorough recognition.

I am aware that there are many objections to the use of ridicule and irony, in speaking on grave subjects; but, as Fielding very properly observes, there can be no objection to making use of its assistance

in expelling and banishing all falsehood and imposture when once fairly detected; and as this method is for my present purpose unexceptionable, I think it will also prove efficacious.

Having perused the dreams, or, if the reader prefers it, opinions of the holy fathers, and taken a glance at those of a new sect amongst us called Puseyites,—which is but another name for Popery,—I could see no reason why I should believe them of higher authority than the Scriptures, or why I should not prefer the latter for my rule of faith. The holy fathers of the church of Rome, and her unbaptized children, Puseyites, seem to me of equal authority. I say unbaptized, because I know not that their reputed parents, the Pope and his spouse, the church of Rome, ever thought of such a thing as Puseyite. I am rather inclined to think that the venerable couple are, up to this moment, unconscious of having any paternity whatever in Puseyism. At any rate, *their* holy fathers, such as Mr. Ward, Newman and others, appear to me as *demented* and *clean daft* as any that ever existed in the middle ages. The “Knight of Cervantes,” as a late number of the London Quarterly expresses it, “never abandoned himself to delirious musings, on the faded glories of chivalry, more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of Popish powers, and the glories of the saints.”

The Bible was with them a matter of minor consideration. I knew by experience that it was so; and I know that it is so, at the present day, with every priest and bishop of the Romish church. I was aware then, as I am now, that it was perfectly

useless to attempt reasoning with them, and I had, of course, no alternative left but to cast from me their writings and doctrines, as the veriest trash that ever was written, and seek from the Bible, the fountain of truth, instructions for my future life. I looked upon the majority of the holy fathers either as notorious blockheads or dishonest knaves. There is no alternative. There is not even a medium.

But to return to the subject, from which I have so widely, though unconsciously deviated.

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, I became acquainted with a Protestant family. I had the pleasure of dining occasionally with them, and could not help noticing a seemingly delicate young man, who waited at the table. There was something in the countenance and whole appearance of this individual which struck me as singular. I could see no indication of positive wickedness or signal depravity in the external configuration of the young man's head. The expression of the eye indicated meekness, humility, and habitual obedience, rather than anything else; but I could see, nevertheless, in the closely-compressed lips and furtive glance, which I could only occasionally catch,—and even then by a sort of stealth,—something that puzzled me. I know not why, but I could not like him. There was no cause, as far as I could see, why I should dislike the young man. Constitutionally, I was myself rather fearless than otherwise. I cannot recollect that, with equal means of defence, I ever before feared any one.

I do not desire to be considered a braggadocio, nor do I make this assertion with any such view. I

have not in my composition,—if I know myself,—a single particle of bravery, neither do I covet its possession. I have often seen men of bravery tremble at the roaring of a lion, caged up and strongly chained in a menagerie. I have often seen and heard a brave man whistle as he passed through a church-yard; a brave man will shudder and quail at the very sight of his own shadow. A bully, a cut-throat, a highway robber, a Jesuit, or a traitor, may be brave; conspirators against the peace and prosperity of their country may be, and have been, brave men. I desire not to belong to this class; but I desire sincerely to merit the high distinction of being considered a man of courage. To this class all sincere Christians belong. To this class all who were distinguished for virtue and morality, even among the heathens, belonged. Witness the conduct of Cicero. He sought to shelter himself against the violent assaults and personal attacks of the conspirator Catiline; he wished no unnecessary, uncalled-for collision with this blood-thirsty villain, when no good could follow, and his duty did not require it. But when the good of his country demanded it, and the voice of conscience called upon him, Cicero came forth, alone, and met the conspirator, Catiline, in the presence of the whole senate of Rome, and charged him, face to face, with his crimes, his treason, and his conspiracy. Cicero was not a brave man, according to the acceptation of the word bravery among the assassins and stiletto-bearers of his day, nor would he be considered so in the acceptation of the word among the brawling *repealers*,

O'Connellites, traitors and conspirators of the present day; but he was a man of courage.

There is a wide difference between a brave man, and a man of courage. A brave man may stand at the mouth of the cannon, while under the influence of some animal emotion, and quail even at an imaginary danger; but a courageous man smiles at all such things, and calmly prepares, and is always ready to meet those that are real. A man may be brave, and fear the whistling of the wind; but a courageous man fears nothing, not even the whistling of the cannon's ball.

Luther was not a brave man, in the modern acceptance of that term. He rushed not among his foes; they hunted him like a wild beast, but they turned him not from his path. He met them face to face. He unfurled the standard of Christianity; he took his stand, and met them, and fought them under that glorious banner. He was not brave, but he was a man of courage.

These are the men I should like to imitate, and their courage,—“*Sic magna cum parvis componere solebam,*”—is that which Popish priests and Jesuits, traitors to their God and this country of my adoption, will find I possess, as far as my limited powers of mind or body will permit.

Cicero looked Catiline in the face, and told him he was a conspirator and a traitor. Luther looked the miracle and indulgence mongers of Germany in the face, and told them they were base idolaters; and I tell the minions of the Pope in the United States, that they are worthless idolaters, traitors and conspirators against the peace of this country, and

that their sovereign lord, the Pope of Rome, should be made to feel that his bulls and insolent interference in the affairs of the United States, shall soon meet that chastisement which is due to treason and its abettors.

But to return. I could never find the eye of this man fixed upon me without an involuntary feeling of dread. I met him often in the streets; he always seemed neat and tidy in his person; he was civil and respectful in his deportment; never seemed to forget that society had its grades, and that circumstances had clearly designated his own. With that he seemed well contented; never, as far as I could see, seeming to feel the least desire of intruding upon that of others. This being rather a rare case in the United States, twenty years ago, at any rate, when it was difficult to get servants who knew their places, struck me as another singular feature in his manner and character, and did not at all tend to remove the unpleasant impressions which his appearance made upon my mind. Not long after this, a messenger called at my rooms to say that "Theodore ——" was taken ill, and wished to see me. I was then officiating as a Romish priest, and calling to see him, was shown up stairs to the door of a garret room, into which, after a loud rap and announcing my name, I was admitted to the *sick* young man. He had returned to his bed before I entered, and was wrapped in a large overcloak. I asked him whether he wanted to see me, and for what purpose. He deliberately turned out of his bed, locked the door again, very respectfully handed me a chair, and asked me to sit down, as he had something very im-

portant to tell me. He wrapped himself again in his cloak, lay on the outside of the bed, and spoke to me in a firm, decided tone to the following effect :

“Sir, you have taken me for a young man, but you are mistaken. I am a girl, but not so young as I appeared to you in my boy’s dress. I sent for you, because I want to get a *character*, and confess to you before I leave the city.” I answered, “You must explain yourself more fully before you do either.” I moved my chair further from the bed, and tightened my grasp upon a sword-cane which I carried in my hand. “Feel no alarm,” said this now young woman ; “I am as well armed as you are,”—taking from under her jacket an elegant poignard,—“I will not hurt you. I am a *lay sister* belonging to the order of Jesuits in Stonyhust, England, and I wear this dagger to protect myself.” There was no longer any mystery in the matter. I knew now where I was, and the character of the being that stood before me.

I discovered from her that she arrived in New Orleans, some time previous, with all necessary recommendations to the priests and nuns of that city. She had the necessary “Shibboleth” from the Jesuits of Stonyhust, to their brothers and sisters, who were then, and are now, numerous in that city. They received her with all due caution, as far as could be seen by the public ; but privately in the warmest manner. Jesuits are active and diligent in the discharge of their duties to their superiors, and of course, this *sister*, who was chosen from among many for her zeal and craft, lost no time in entering on her mission. The *Sisters of Charity* in New Orleans took immediate charge of her, recommended

her as chambermaid to one of the most respectable Protestant families in the city; and having clothed her in an appropriate dress, she entered upon her employment. She was active, diligent and very competent. The young ladies of the family were delighted with her; she appeared extremely pious, but not ostentatiously so. She seemed desirous to please in all things; talked but seldom of religion, but took good care that her devotional exercises should be noticed, though she seemed to avoid such a thing. Her conduct was in every way unexceptionable. So great a favorite did she become in the family, that in a short time she became acquainted with all the circumstances and secrets, from those of the father down to those of the youngest child.

According to a custom universally in vogue among the Jesuit spies, she kept notes of every occurrence which may tend to elucidate the character of the family, never carrying them about her, but depositing them for safe keeping with the mother abbess, especially deputed to take charge of them. She soon left this family under some pretext or other, obtained from them an unqualified recommendation for honesty and competency, which, with the previous and secret arrangements of the *Sisters of Charity*, obtained for her without delay a place in another Protestant family. Here, too, she was without fault, active, honest and industrious, to all appearance. Little did these families know that while they and their children were quietly reposing in the arms of sleep, this apparently innocent waitingmaid or chambermaid was, perhaps, in the dead hour of night, reducing to paper their conversation

of the day previous, and preparing it, at least as much of it as could answer any Jesuitical purpose, to be recorded among the secret archives of the Jesuit college of Stonyhust, from which they were to be transcopied to those of the parent college in Rome.

Thus did this *lay sister* continue to go from place to place, from family to family, until she became better acquainted with the politics, the pecuniary means, religious opinions, and whether favorable or not to the propagation of Popery in this country, than even the very individuals with whom she resided. No one suspected her; all believed her innocent and industrious; the only fault they could find with her, was that she seemed too fond of going from one place to another. For this, however, the *Sisters of Charity* had some salvo or other.

This was not the best of the joke, if joke it may be called. This excellent chambermaid, or rather lay Jesuit sister, wished to leave New Orleans and come north to a better climate; and how do you think, reader, the means were raised to defray the expenses of travelling? There was no difficulty in the matter. Americans can be gulled at all times. The *Sisters of Charity* have always some friend in readiness to supply them with the means of performing *corporal works of mercy*. This friend went round to these American families where this chambermaid lived from time to time; told them that she wanted to come on as far as Baltimore; that it was a pity to have her travel as a steerage passenger; a person of her virtue and correct deportment should not be placed in a situation where she might be liable to insult or rude treat-

ment. A cabin passage should be procured for her; she should be introduced to some respectable family who were going north, and would take charge of her. The necessary funds were immediately collected for her; the generous Protestants with whom she lived, pitying the poor girl, told her she might want the little she had earned to support herself in the north, until she could get a place. A handsome purse was soon made up, a cabin passage was engaged, and the young ladies on whom she waited made her presents of every article of dress necessary for her comfort or convenience. She was the depository of all their love-stories,—she knew the names of their lovers, she heard their love-sighs, and probably witnessed many of their tears; at all events, if there were secrets among them, they were known to her; and having made herself acquainted with the state of things in New Orleans, she started for Baltimore, laughing in her sleeves at the success of her mission so far, and at the credulity of *American dolts*, as Jesuits very properly term them.

On arriving in Baltimore, she, of course, called upon the nuns of that city, who were prepared for her reception, and had already a situation engaged for a “chambermaid whom they expected from New Orleans, and who was coming highly recommended by some of the first families in that city.” She took possession of a place as soon as convenient, spent several months in that city, discharging all her duties faithfully, no one finding any fault with her, except her restlessness in not staying long with any family. Having now become acquainted with the secrets and circumstances of almost every Protestant

family of note in Baltimore, and made her report to the mother abbess of the nunnery of her order in that city, she retired to the District of Columbia, and after advising with the mother abbess of the convent, she determined to change her apparent character and appearance.

By advice of *that venerable lady, the holy prioress*, on whom many of the wives of our national representatives, and even grave senators, look as an example of *piety and chastity*, she cut short her hair, dressed herself in a smart-looking waiter's jacket and trowsers, and, with the best recommendations for intelligence and capacity, she, in her new dress, applied for a situation as waiter at Gadsby's Hotel in Washington city. This smart and tidy-looking young man got instant employment; and now we have the *lay* sister in quite a different character. His intelligent countenance,—we must not say her in future,—soon attracted the notice of some of our most eloquent statesmen. He appeared so humble, so obedient and so unattentive to anything but his own business, that those senators on whom he waited, not suspecting that he had the ordinary curiosity of servants in general, were entirely thrown off their guard, and in their conversations with one another seemed to forget their usual caution. Such in a short time was their confidence in him, that their most important papers and letters were left loose upon their tables, satisfied with saying, as they were going out, "Theodore, take care of my room and papers."

Now the Jesuit was in *her* glory. Now the lay sister had an opportunity of knowing many of our

national secrets, as well as the private characters of some of our eminent statesmen. Now it was known whether Henry Clay was a gambler; whether Daniel Webster was a libertine; whether John C. Calhoun was an honorable but credulous man. Now it was known what value was put upon Popish influence in this country, and what were the hopes of Papist foreigners in the United States. In fact, this lay sister in male uniform, and but a waiter in Gadsby's Hotel, was thus enabled to give more correct information of the actual state of things in this country, through the General of the Jesuit Order in Rome, than the whole corps diplomatic from foreign countries then resident at our seat of government.

After relating to me in her sick room,—as the family in which she lived fancied it was,—all these circumstances, she deliberately said to me, “I want a *written* character from you. You must state in it that I have *complied with my duty*; and as it is necessary that I should wear a cap for a while, having cut off my hair, you must say that you visited me in my sick room, that I confessed to you, received the *viaticum*, and had just recovered from a violent fever. in which I lost my hair. My business is not done yet,” said she. “I must go to New York, where the *Sisters of Charity* will find a place for me as waiting-maid.” It is needless to say with what reluctance any man could comply with such a request as this; and my having done so, is a stronger evidence than I have heretofore given of the indomitable strength of early education.

The conduct of this emissary of Satan, was the embodiment of all that was iniquitous and dishon-

orable; it was a violation of every tie that holds society together; it was a part of a system of social, political, moral, public and private treachery, which no other being than a devil or a Jesuit could devise. Yet I was a Popish priest. My education, my profession, my oath, compelled me to sanction it; and I did sanction it. The *lay sister* retired to New York, put on her female dress, and during some months following, acted as a chambermaid in several of the wealthiest Protestant families in that city. A few weeks after she obtained from me this character, the Rev. Mr. ——, (I will give his name in full if necessary,) President of the Jesuit college in Stonyhust, to which I have alluded, and where this demon, now in petticoats, was a lay sister, called on me in Philadelphia. We were old acquaintances, he being Vice President of the college of Maynooth for about twelve months.

The misunderstanding between myself and the acting superior of the diocese of Pennsylvania, had just commenced, and my friend, the Jesuit, thought it his duty to call upon me. He hoped that I would abandon my schismatic course,—I was not then a heretic,—and cease to circulate the Bible among the people. He never alluded to the *lay sister* during our whole conversation, though he was the very man who caused her to be sent out to this country, and the one who first procured her the situation of *lay sister at Stonyhust*. Both were relatives, and both natives of Dublin, in Ireland.

Whether the relation of this circumstance will have the effect of putting Americans on their guard

against Jesuits and nuns, I know not; and in truth, such is their apathy on the general subject of Popery, that I am tempted to say, I care not. My impression is, that until some attack is made upon an American's purse, and Popery becomes a question of dollars and cents, Jonathan will never be roused from his apathy. So far as I know Americans, as the antagonists of Popery, they will listen to no argument upon the subject, either in their national councils or in their pulpits, except to the one great argument, the "*Argumentum ad crumonam.*" I will only say, "*Qui vult descipatur.*"

It is unnecessary, I presume, to remark here, that the conduct of the modern *fathers* of the Popish church, in sending to this country the *lay sister* of whom I have been speaking, and encouraging her as a spy amongst our citizens, did not tend much to diminish my doubts about the veracity of the *ancient fathers*.

Providentially, however, another circumstance occurred, which finally decided me. It is of so atrocious a character, that if there were not several now living, who witnessed the whole transaction, I would scarcely mention it; or if I did, it could be with little or no hope of being believed by Americans, although some money is mixed up with the affair.

There lived in Philadelphia, about the year 1822 or 1823, a gentleman of high character as a sea captain and otherwise. He commanded an East-Indiaman, belonging to one of the wealthiest houses in that city. One of the firm now lives there, though at an advanced period of life. This captain of whom I speak, was in the habit of visiting Balti-

more, whenever he returned from the East Indies. He was a remarkably fine-looking man, and believed to be worth from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. He shipped largely upon his own account, and was successful.

While in Baltimore, he formed an attachment for a Roman Catholic lady of beauty, but no fortune. The Reverend Mr. K——, the Stonyhust Jesuit, whom I mentioned, happened to be there during one of the captain's visits to that city, to see this lady. The Jesuit having discovered who the captain was, what he was, and how much money he was worth, obtained an introduction to him from this Roman Catholic lady. He soon found that, like most men whose lives have been spent upon the sea, he was a frank, open-hearted man. A little further intimacy satisfied him, that he was deeply in love with this Popish lady. His course was now clear. The Jesuit serpent saw plainly that his prey was within striking distance; that he need only coil himself into a proper attitude and spring upon it at his leisure. He represented to the captain, that the lady to whom he was paying his attentions was one of the most amiable and excellent of her sex; highly approved of the captain's taste and judgment; with many other such observations. The captain was more and more pleased with the object of his affections, and urged his suit with increased assiduity. The Jesuit in the mean time was not idle; his eye rested with a serpent-like fascinating gaze upon the movements and money of the captain. He had private interviews with the lady. He contrived to have her become his *penitent*, and go to confession to him.

His control over her in future was boundless. She lost her identity as a member of society. She almost ceased to be a human being; a rational one she could not be. She became a thing, a mere thing to be shaped and moulded as her *holy father* the Jesuit directed. He spoke to her of the captain, of his great attachment to her, and recommended to her to marry him, but on condition that he should become a Roman Catholic. He talked eloquently of the awful consequences of having a member of the *infallible* church unite herself to a heretic, whom she knew to be excommunicated and damned by the Pope and the holy church, as all heretics are, and finally obtained from the young lady a solemn promise that she should never marry her suitor, until he became a member of the church of Rome.

When the captain next called to see her, the lady told him that she had one objection, and only one, to marrying him; unless that was removed, she could never consent to do so; and stated to him what that objection was. The unsuspecting and frank sailor, not being a professor of any religion, and caring very little to what church he might go, replied, that he would as soon be a Roman Catholic as anything else. All things were now arranged, except the formality of uniting with the Popish church. The Jesuit was sent for, and it was agreed that the marriage should take place in a few weeks, during which time the captain, under the direction of the Jesuit, was to prepare himself for confession; a necessary preliminary for joining the Popish church.

It is a custom with Jesuits, and almost with all

priests of the Romish church, to require of those who are about uniting with them, to go into what they call a retreat; viz., to enter into some retired or secluded place, where they will have an opportunity of communing with themselves, without interruption from the world or its busy citizens. The Jesuit recommended to his unfortunate dupe, the captain, to retire to —— convent. where he might be alone as much as he pleased, and where he would hear nothing but songs of praise to the Most High God, from *blessed monks and nuns*.

The captain, according to orders, entered upon his *retreat*. Before I proceed further, I will observe that this captain, of whom I am speaking, had a remarkably beautiful set of teeth, of which it was said he was extremely vain. He was not many days upon his *retreat*, when symptoms of derangement became evident; and one day, while under the influence of some natural or artificial cause—the reader may guess which—the unfortunate gentleman went down to Alexandria, called upon a dentist in that city or neighborhood, and insisted that he should pull out seven teeth from each jaw. In vain did the dentist remonstrate; out they must come, and out they did come.

The Jesuit hastened to Baltimore, called upon the lady who was engaged to be married, told her the captain was insane, beyond recovery, and that she should be thankful to the Virgin Mary, who caused this visitation in time to prevent her from being married to a madman. Judge you, Americans, of the feelings of this lady on that occasion, and say what ought to be the punishment of the incarnate

fiend who occasioned them. The poor captain, though considerably recovered, continued to be partially deranged; but it assumed a character of religious gloom and melancholy. The Jesuit returned to ——, seeming to do all in his power to lighten the *spiritual* load which lay upon the captain's soul. He became his confessor, and soon persuaded him that the only way of saving his soul, was to convey to the order of Jesuits what property he possessed, and to become a Popish priest; that he had a visit from the Virgin Mary, who ordered him to tell him—the captain—that he must take holy orders; that there was a grand field opened for him to promote the cause of religion and the *saints*; that he must go forthwith to Philadelphia, where an infamous heretic called Hogan was spreading most *damnable* heresies. Will you believe it, Americans? It is drawing almost too heavily upon you to do so. He did come to Philadelphia, and preached against the heretic Hogan and Hoganism, a fact which fifty thousand people now living there can attest. But *quantum mutatus!* When he left it some time before, he was a happy, honorable and fine-looking man. He was wealthy, and he obtained his wealth by honest industry. But how was he now, the distorted shadow of what he was; penniless, toothless, and a senseless fanatic, drugged into madness, and by whom?—by nuns, who act in the treble capacity of cooks, teachers, and prostitutes for Jesuits. This is harsh language indeed. Call it gross, if you please, reader; but if you will figure to yourself for a moment an honorable man, a native of these United States, a fine specimen of manly proportions and

manly beauty, and then conceive this individual reduced to the condition to which I and thousands now living have seen this noble-hearted sailor of whom I have spoken, reduced, my language will appear neither harsh nor coarse.

What! must we call Jesuit assassins reverend gentlemen? Must we call robbers honest men? Must we call their accessories—nuns—ladies of virtue? Sympathizers may do so; but I do not write for them alone. I write for men of sense; I write for lovers of their God and their country; I write not for advocates of Puseyism, or such exploded fooleries as they believe in. Whatever I say, is intended for those alone who have the capacity of distinguishing between common sense and mental vagaries, and who have the honesty to call things by their proper names.

The first sermon which this unfortunate man preached against me in Philadelphia, was attended by crowds. Many had known him before he went to Baltimore. He was then universally popular, and on his return among them he was well received. His friends saw the change—the fatal change—which had taken place in his whole external configuration; but they knew not by what means it was effected. Some attributed it to self-denial, others to fanaticism, but none to the right cause. This was known only in the *confessional*; and under all these circumstances, it may be easily supposed that his discourses against me, however unconnected they may be, however fugitive and irrelevant as a whole, had a powerful effect upon the public mind.

Public sentiment, which up to this period sus-

tained me in my opposition to Popery, and in my efforts to circulate the Bible, now began to flag. Popish priests and bishops went about industriously representing that this reverend convert to Popery was inspired; reported that he had visits from saints and angels, attesting the fact of his inspiration. There was no difficulty in persuading a man of his shattered constitution and now weak mind, that such was the fact; and he redoubled his efforts in trying to persuade those who attended my church, and who were becoming readers of the Bible, never to do so again. His disordered mind often "saw me in hell, side by side with Luther, and the blessed Virgin spitting in our face." "He often saw me with Ignatius Loyola, who was breaking me on the rack as a punishment for my heresies." The utterance of those wild rhapsodies were not without their effect; almost all the poor Irish Papists believed them; and it required from me more bodily and mental labor than I was able to endure, to counteract the effects of this madman's rhapsodizing.

I am now so well acquainted with the character of American Protestants, and even with American converts to the Romish church, that I know it is difficult to persuade them that the Romish priests of Philadelphia, or other parts of the United States, were so utterly abandoned to degeneracy, as to give credence to these visions or visits from saints, which I have just spoken of. But let them recollect that practices upon popular credulity are now carried on, and were then carried on, upon as large a scale, as at any period in the existence of the Romish church. Such impositions are encouraged all over the world, even

at the present day. The wildest extravagances of intellect have circulated freely for the last thirty years in the world. Read Eugene Sue. He tells us of numerous instances of the kind. Read the last edition of Genin, page 82, and you will find an account of the Medal of the *Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary*, struck only the other day, 1838. Over two hundred thousand copies of this medal have been already sold. The story is this, as now vouched for by the most eminent *holy fathers of the infallible church*:—That the Virgin Mary showed herself to one of the *Sisters of Charity* in France, a branch of which holy sisterhood we have in this city of Boston, the capital of New England, and revealed to her the pattern of a medal to be struck for her; the dress she was to appear in, and the kind of rings she was to wear.

This medal has cured, and is now curing, according to the accounts we receive from the *holy fathers*, all manner of diseases, such as paralysis, epilepsy, cancer, and, according to the belief of some Puseyite moral philosophers, it causes the blind to see, the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. A capital story is related of the potency of this medal. It is too good to be omitted, especially as many of my Puseyite friends believe it, and no doubt will be glad to hear it repeated.

A *Sister of Charity* got acquainted with a married couple. The wife was a Papist of the most exemplary character, obedient to holy Mother the church, and her confessor, in all things. The husband had no faith, especially in his wife's confessor. He drank, cursed and swore, "like all possessed." The

holy *Sister of Charity*, seeing him at the point of death, and wishing to rescue his soul from hell, called to see him, and slipped one of these medals between the sheets of this wicked man's bed, and the next morning he gets up as well as ever and goes to confession. Another miracle which was performed by this medal in 1838, deserves notice, and may prove invaluable, if it finds its way into this country. One Marie Laboissiere, aided by her lover, murdered her husband, and forced her son to take part in the murder, to prevent him from being witness against her. The lady and her lover were, however, arrested, tried, and found guilty of the murder. They appealed to a higher tribunal. During the interval between the sitting of the higher and lower courts, one of the *Sisters of Charity* threw a medal round Marie's neck, and though the court and all saw that she was guilty, and ought to be judicially declared so, they could not do it. The medal would not let them, but obliged them to acquit her. If the reader will take into consideration that such visions as the Rev. Captain fancied he had, were matters of every-day occurrence with pious Papists, and that a belief in them is encouraged and enforced by Popish priests and bishops everywhere, they will cease to be surprised that a man tortured into madness, as my reverend antagonist was, should have visions such as those ascribed to him; nor will they wonder at the effect of his preaching, upon a congregation principally composed of Irish and French Papists.

I was alone, without a clerical friend; not a Protestant preacher, with the exception of one, raised

his hand or his voice in my support. They seemed to like *the fun*, as some of them expressed it, amongst the Papists,—I suppose they considered me one then,—but they came not to my aid. They appeared to me pretty much like the wife when she saw her husband fighting with a bear, and was expected to interfere, but very coolly replied, “I don’t care which of them gets licked.”

Under these circumstances, I felt discouraged; became utterly disgusted with Popery and its infamous practices, with the holy fathers and their fooleries, and resolved in future to have no more to do with Popery. I collected such volumes as I had of the holy fathers, piled them up into one heap, added to them the lives of the *saints*, and placing on the top of the pile the Pope’s bull of excommunication, which the poor old man thought would frighten me out of my wits, I consigned them, book by book, volume by volume, together with the aforesaid bull, to the warm embraces of a good hickory fire. I knew the day was not far distant, when Americans would see something besides *fun* in Popish quarrels; and in the mean time, I determined to employ myself in the study of Blackstone, Chitty, &c.; a much more profitable employment, in a pecuniary point of view, than fighting in the cause of American Protestants with European Papists.

It was said of Erasmus, that he laid the egg of the reformation, and that Luther hatched it. I trust it will not be deemed vanity in me to say that I have done as much for American Protestants, as Erasmus did in his day. At least, I have done all I could;

but whether they or any of them will do as Luther has done, time alone can decide.

In this connection, it is not improper for me to state the ultimate fate of this reverend convert to the Romish church. After I retired from Philadelphia, and Hogaism was put down, the Jesuits measurably neglected their convert; a thing very unusual with them, to do them justice. He felt the loneliness of his situation. With a mind enfeebled by drugs, a correct view of his situation could only strike him by glances; but they were terrible and fearful. He saw himself robbed of the one beloved object of all his earthly affections; plundered of a fortune, the fruit of honorable toil and industry. He saw in himself but the mutilated skeleton of what he once was, and the dupe of crafty Jesuits and licentious nuns. He shrunk from the view, and as if God, in his mercy, wished to hide it from him by means which may appear to us incomprehensible, he fell into fits of real madness, from which he recovered but occasionally. The last I have heard of him was that he was arrested somewhere near Newcastle, Delaware, for attempting to commit a rape on a child nine years old; but the poor maniac was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Several priests were called as witnesses in his behalf; and well they may be witnesses. It was they that caused him to be what he was; it was they that maddened him.

Those who are not familiar with crime, whose hands are unstained by blood, and whose consciences have not been seared and discolored by the blackness of guilt, may hesitate to give credence to these

disgusting details. Comparatively short as our national existence is, and though brief the period since we cut loose as a nation from what we deemed the polluted governments of Europe, still there was a time, even in these United States, when such deeds as I have related would not and could not be believed amongst us. There was a time when the ancient Romans did not think that there existed such a crime as patricide; and hence it is that there was no law against it. There was actually no punishment known to their laws for the commission of such a crime; and why, reader? Did the ancient Romans encourage their children to kill their parents, or to commit patricide? No. Far from it. No people in the world venerated their parents more than the Roman children of the day to which I allude. They had no law against the crime, because they did not believe it possible that such a crime could be committed. Nor is it to be wondered now, that many Americans should consider it almost impossible that such deeds as I have laid to the charge of Jesuits and nuns, should be perpetrated amongst us. But time, that exponent of all things, will soon satisfy our people—as it did the Romans before us—that there is nothing impossible, or even beyond the range of Jesuitical iniquity. The archives of Jesuitical intrigue are now in a measure being thrown open to the world. The diffusion of literature is so general, and human curiosity, at the present period, so great, that nothing can escape its searching inquiries. It is therefore to be hoped that our people will not be much longer in ignorance of the iniquities of Jesuits. Americans can now

learn from historical evidence, which admits of no doubt, that Jesuits have been expelled, successively, from thirty-nine different governments; they can also learn, that by intrigue, deception, perjury and poison, they have survived each and every one of those expulsions. They may see,—if they can see anything but money,—that the Jesuits are now making a final struggle for a settlement in this country; and if they are not so stupid as not to see that similar causes must produce similar events, they will infer that Jesuits, who have successively and effectually introduced disunion, discord, and disorganization into thirty-nine governments, cannot fail to do the same in ours. If by poison and assassination they have dethroned the rulers of other countries; if by debauchery and superstition in the confessional, they have seduced their wives and daughters, can it be supposed that our rulers shall escape, our government be secure, or our wives and daughters safe from the daggers or subtle poisons of these notorious fiends?

Let any American take the "Wandering Jew,"—let him read it attentively, and reflect that the writer, Eugene Sue, is a Roman Catholic now living in France,—and say whether there is any crime too daring for a Romish priest or Jesuit. If he doubts what I relate of a young lady in the beginning of this book, who was debauched by a Romish priest, and poisoned by a nun, the mother abbess of a Jesuit seminary of learning, to get rid of her illicit offspring; let him see the history of Charlotte De Cordoville, in the Wandering Jew. He will see in the history of that young lady, distinguished though she was for for-

tune, beauty and charity, how she was reduced to misery and unhappiness, by the intrigues of Jesuits. You will see how her own aunt was made the instrument of all her misfortunes; but the aunt was first made a Jesuit, and in that capacity she disregarded honor, truth, the relationship of blood, and all the alliances of natural friendship. She caused her to be imprisoned and maltreated. She and her associate Jesuits caused herself and her lover to be poisoned or drugged into an insane stupor;—all for the glory of the *infallible* church, and with a view of adding to its ill-gotten treasures. For a full account of this transaction, see Eugene Sue.

But Romish priests will not permit their people to read Eugene Sue; it is a forbidden book; his royal holiness, the Pope, has cursed the book and all who read it. He has cursed all who presume to discuss fairly the merits of Popery; but even this will scarcely be believed by Americans. Strange infatuation! Will Americans read a report made to the French Chambers in Paris, by the Duke de Broglie, on the subject of public instruction and Jesuitism? Will they further read a small work written by Messrs. Michelet and Quinet, professors in the French national college? If they do, it may open their eyes to consequences which may be apprehended from even tolerating Jesuits amongst us. They will see that Jesuits are the avowed enemies of liberal education, and that they are sustained in their opposition to it by the curses of the Pope.

Professors Michelet and Quinet, in 1843, were discussing, in public, the influence of the different religious orders. They had, as we are told, commented

upon that of the Templars, and were speaking of the society of Jesuits, its origin and its interference in political affairs; and though the professors themselves were Roman Catholics, though they lectured in a Roman Catholic country and to Roman Catholic people, under the sanction of a law of the land, yet Jesuits attempted to disturb those lectures, by creating an uproar among the audience; just what they are doing in this country. But what renders their conduct on this occasion more strange, is the fact, that the very existence of Jesuits, as a society is illegal in France. There is a law in France against secret associations, and under this law they cannot exist. How pregnant with instructions to Americans is this single historical fact! A few years ago, Charles X. and his family had to fly from France, because, under the influence of Jesuitism, he violated his faith, he broke his royal word and oath to the people. The people of France hunted him and the Jesuits out of that country, as they would so many wild beasts. Such *then* was the indignation of Popish France against that infernal society, the Jesuits, that not one of them dared to show his face in the streets of Paris, without trembling for his life. Like dastardly cowards, as all dishonorable and bad men are,—I never knew an exception,—these wretches moved about like beasts of chase, “stealing from one cover to another;” the representatives of all that was base and dishonorable; the embodiment of all that was vile, false and treacherous; the incarnation, the sentiment and the sediment of all that was odious in fallen humanity. But see them now, in 1843 and '44, and see

the conduct of these very French people towards them. Though the law forbids their existence, they have the hardihood to interrupt the legitimate professors of the college of France, in their inquiries into the spirit and influence of Jesuitism; and they are supported by a portion of the very people, who, but a few years ago, pelted them with rotten eggs and dead cats, through the streets of Paris. And what effected this extraordinary change in popular sentiment? It is accounted for in various ways; but I contend that the only fair solution of the problem is to be found in the fact, that republican, democratic North America has opened her hospitable doors, and without suspicion, or without dreaming that she was entertaining her deadliest foe, has spread her tables to feed, and opened her purse to build asylums for these scapegoats of the human family.

In 1830, Jesuits were crushed in France; they fled to the United States, collected together their broken phalanxes, told brother Jonathan they were a persecuted people, prevailed on him to build colleges for them, and they have risen again, not only in this land of the brave, but even in France, under the present king, Louis Philippe.

But notwithstanding these truths, the inquiry is sometimes made,—the question has often been put even to myself,—“Are there really any Jesuits in the United States?” “Do you believe that females are seduced into nunneries?” “Do you believe they attempt to tamper with our children or our wives?” I allude to the subject of privately tampering with the wives and daughters of Americans thus fre-

quently, because I think it is all-important that they should thoroughly understand the dangers to be apprehended from having any intercourse whatever with Jesuits and nuns. Many a man asks this question, who accompanies it with saying, the nunnery to which my daughter goes to school is not a Jesuit nunnery. The priest to whom my wife confesses is not a Jesuit. The priest to whom my daughter and servants go to confession is not, and never was, a Jesuit; and consequently there is no danger from this source. Many a man asks this question, and states these circumstances in good faith, and feels secure that all is right, as nothing in his opinion is to be feared but from Jesuits. This is a delusion. This man's wife is already governed by Jesuits through her confessor. It even happens sometimes that the confessor himself is unconscious of the part he is acting. The confessor acts under the immediate advice of his bishop, to whom alone, in most cases, the Jesuits will entrust their plans, unless the confessor is personally known to them; and unless the confessor professes and solemnly swears to observe,—I use the words of the oath,—“obedience, courage, secrecy, patience, craft, audacity, perfect union among ourselves, having for our country, the world; for our family, our order; for our queen, Rome.”

Few of the confessors in this country, except the bishops, are entrusted with the plans of the Jesuits; perhaps not ten, except they are of the Jesuit order. It is through those confessors, that many of our American youth, both male and female, are seduced into Popish schools, where they become, with few

exceptions, spiritless, false, slaves of abject superstition, and the victims of a superficial education. No time is given, no room left, as a modern writer expresses it, for the energies of the mind to develop themselves. No sustenance is provided to nourish the finer feelings of the heart. The intellect is checked, the flow of imagination is stemmed, and all the warm and generous affections of the soul are poisoned in their very bud.

For an instance of the fatal consequence of such an education as this, I would call the attention of Americans, once more, to the Wandering Jew. See the effects of a Jesuitical education upon the noble and generous mind of Gabriel, the adopted son of the honest Dagoberth. What could be more lovely than the disposition of this young man. His sentiments were as upright and as chaste as fallen humanity would permit. But the Jesuit society laid its impure hands upon him at an early period of life; they persuaded his guileless adopted mother to go to confession,—not to a Jesuit,—but to a *Cure* of another order of priests; and the bishop of this *Cure* gave him his instructions how to manage the mother of Gabriel. The bishop knew that this adopted son of the virtuous and craftless wife of Dagoberth, was one among other heirs of an immense estate, and he directed the *Cure* to prevail upon this simple woman, while at confession with him, to send Gabriel to a Jesuit school, and have him become a Jesuit priest. Americans, read the sequel, and in *that* you will find a warning, stronger and louder than I can give you, never to send a child of yours to a Jesuit seminary. Let mothers

read the history of Dagoberth's wife, and if, after a careful and honest perusal of it, they will again commit their daughters to the care of a nurse who goes to confession, I must only conclude that they are either infidels or mad, or both. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*"

Gabriel,—the virtuous and good Gabriel,—was nursed by Dagoberth's wife. From his infancy, it seems he had no inclination to become a Jesuit; he appeared to have an innate aversion to the order of Jesuits; he struggled against uniting himself with them, as far as a sense of gratitude and a feeling of affection for his adopted mother, the nurse of his childhood, would permit. But all to no purpose; the mother was the dupe of her confessor. He was instructed to win over the youth by any and every means; and, with the advice and coöperation of Jesuits, the confessor of this really honest, but deluded woman, succeeded, by perseverance and increased fondness for her adopted child, in neutralizing his aversion towards Jesuit priests.

In an evil hour he joined them; their traps were too well laid, and without being seen in the business themselves, they accomplished their iniquitous purposes through the instrumentality of this affectionate and charitable woman. All was done through *the confessional*. How many similar cases have I witnessed myself, in the course of my life, but particularly while acting as a Romish priest in the confessional! How often have I known some of the best of women, belonging to the Roman Catholic church, unconsciously made the dupes of priests! How often have I seen women, who, had they been

properly educated, and under different circumstances, would be an honor to any religious denomination, made the instruments of all that was vile and flagitious, by Popish confessors! How often have I seen Roman Catholic servant-maids in Protestant families, inveigled by their *ghostly fathers*, in the confessional, into treachery, deception and ingratitude, towards their employers and benefactors! How often, as I have stated in my book on Popery, have these Roman Catholic servants stolen the infants from their Protestant mothers, and brought them to myself to be baptized!

There is now, in the state of Massachusetts, a young Protestant clergyman, distinguished for his talents and piety, an honor to his profession as a minister of the gospel, and to the state of Massachusetts as a republican citizen, who was baptized by myself in Philadelphia, when acting as a Roman Catholic priest. The name of the gentleman and the date of his baptism were duly registered by me; but the clerical Goths and Vandals, who succeeded me in St. Mary's church in that city, *expunged* the register which I kept, not deeming it safe to leave in existence, if possible, any records of the iniquities taught or practised in the Romish church.

There are in all bodies and in all denominations of clergymen, certain individuals by whom it becomes fashionable to get married and baptized; and during my residence in Philadelphia, I held rather a conspicuous place among them. The congregation of St. Mary's church was a large one. Notwithstanding my *schismatic* doctrines,—I was not then deemed a heretic,—crowds attended the

church, and I believe,—though I cannot tell the exact number,—that I baptized more children than any clergyman in the city. Among these there were hundreds of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists and Baptists, brought to me for that purpose, by their Roman Catholic nurses, without the knowledge or consent of their Protestant mothers.

This has ever been the treacherous practice of the Romish church, from the days of Hildebrand down to the present moment. Dagoberth's wife is not a solitary instance of the undue influence which Romish priests have over those women who go to confession to them. Show me the house of a Protestant family in the United States where there is a Roman Catholic, male or female, who goes to confession and communion in the Romish church, and I will show you a watch, a spy upon every act and deed and movement of that family. There is not a letter that comes into such a family, that is not watched by Popish servants. They soon know from whom it comes, or whether anything is to be gained by intercepting it. The confessor is immediately consulted, and it is ascertained, from some servant in the house where it was written or where it was received, what was its purport, or what it contained.

This practice of domestic *espionage*, we all know, is common in every country where auricular confession is taught and practised; but it is carried on more generally here, in proportion to the number of Roman Catholics, than in any other country in the world; and the reason is obvious. It is said that Jews never cheat each other; this is not because

they will not cheat as well as others. The reason is, they will not trust each other. They are always on the watch, or, as Yankees would express it, on the "look-out" for each other. Neither is it because other countries or other people are less disposed to indulge in this species of espionage than we are, that they have less of it; it is because Catholic countries and Catholics will not trust each other. They are on the *qui vive* in all matters of intrigue, whether in domestic or national affairs, whether in morals or politics. But poor Jonathan, with all his *smartness* and all his *cleverness*, is probably the most gullible biped that crawls upon this earth. I have known some poor servant-maids and servant-men, who did not seem to have an idea beyond a Hottentot, who, after one month's proper training in the confessional by a Romish priest, could wheedle them out of all they possessed, except their money; and never have I known a Romish confessor, not even the simplest Reverend Yahoo from the bogs of Ireland or flats of Holland, who could not filch from them whatever money he wanted for any given purpose.

The cunning of Americans, their knowledge of human nature and of things in general, cannot be mentioned in the same category with the craft and knowledge of man which Jesuit priests and confessors possess. This is exemplified even in the case of American missionaries. Send an American missionary to France, to Spain, or to any Catholic country, and without aid from home he will starve. He has no Roman Catholic to come to confession to him, to give him money to build a church for him; he has no servant-maid or servant-man, through

whom he can persuade, to give him ten or twelve dollars for saying mass; no dying man or woman will send for him, and pay him well for taking out of his pockets a set of *oil stocks*, for the purpose of greasing them over, commencing on the forehead, the tip of the nose, eyelids, the lips, the breast, the loins and the soles of the feet. He has no one to send for him and pay highly, for putting his hand in his breeches pocket and pulling out a box full of *gods*, viz., wafers made of flower and water, and giving him one of them. No. He has none of these resources; he starves amongst them until bread is sent to him from home. Talk of Yankee cunning! He is a simpleton compared with a Jesuit. A Jesuit comes amongst us, or he goes to any Protestant country, without a dollar, but he never travels without his jackals, male and female. He brings with him his *lay sisters* and his *lay brothers*; they soon scent out prey for him; they hire themselves, as servant men and women, to Protestant Yankees, and the first intimation we have of a Jesuit missionary amongst us, is the alarm of some rich-toned bell, which we hear from the steeple of a church built for him by Protestant Yankees. In place of sending home for money to support him, as the American missionary has to do, a Jesuit is sending home money to pay the passage of others to come out and help him. He is purchasing some of the most valuable real estate that Protestant Yankees own, with Yankee money, and writes home to his royal holiness, the Pope, that Americans are a simple, gullible people. "Persevere," says the Jesuit in America to

his Pope; "already have you three millions of faithful troops from your own faithful allies of France and Spain and other Roman Catholic friendly governments, among them. Besides this, holy father, your holiness will bear in mind that many of those *American heretics*, are deserting their own churches and joining us; and above all, most holy father, you will remember,—and I pray you will graciously condescend to take note of it,—that these Americans are all politicians, all fond of offices and would kiss your — as well as your toe, if your *subjects* will only aid them in keeping their offices, which, I am happy to inform your holiness, we are very willing to do, until we have numerical strength enough to turn all the heretical wretches out, and fill up their places with your faithful subjects. This, with the aid of the blessed Virgin Mary, we shall be able to accomplish in a very few years. Press on, most holy father; your *subjects* are coming in thousands per day. Send *dispatches* to your royal brothers of Austria, Prussia and Spain; urge upon them to send us help, and the glorious cause of your holy spouse, the infallible church, the *Queen* of heaven, will triumph.

"Write to the greatest *layman living*, Daniel O'Connell, whom your holiness intends shall receive from your hands a crown as king of Ireland; urge upon him the necessity of sending over to the United States all the repealers he can spare. Let him persuade the Irish, that the *union* was the cause of all their grievances,—that they would have nothing to complain of, if the *union* were repealed. Let not your faithful son, D. O'Connell, ever allude to the

fact,—the poor Irish would never dream of it,—that the *union* is not quite fifty years old, and that, for seven hundred years before its existence, the Irish were much more quarrelsome, clamorous, litigious than they are now. It won't do to let them know this; *repeal* would lose all its charms, and the *greatest layman living*, would become,—between you and myself and the holy Virgin Mary,—what he really is, the greatest scoundrel and the biggest poltroon living. These heretical Americans are trying to cause a division between your son Daniel O'Connell and your *subjects*. *Poor dolts!* How little they know about us. We know what we are about. Your son need only go regularly to confession, and attend mass in some public place, such as at a mass meeting of repealers, and nothing can separate your subjects from him. I trust the move which we made the other day in New York, through your faithful *subject* Lord Bishop Hughs, was highly satisfactory to your holiness. Your royal holiness will be graciously pleased to remember, that the first murmurings of repeal thunder, proceeded from the city of New York, through that *humble, pious* and *zealous* servant of the infallible church, the Lord Bishop Hughs. He was among the first to call the people together, and, under pretence of desiring repeal in Ireland, he told them to organize, to weigh well their own power and influence in the political balance. He advised them to give their support to no man but a *repealer*, and very judiciously instructed his confessors in private, that it should be given only to those who were most favorable to

your holiness' spouse, the *infallible church*. He succeeded well. The American heretics swallowed the bait; the President of the United States for the time being, was the first political gudgeon he caught. Next followed two young spawns of his. They shouted *repeal* throughout the country. Your *subjects* promised to elect the three of them presidents in succession; but when the hour of election came, as in duty and by oath of allegiance to your holiness bound, we acted as we thought would best serve the interest of our *holy church*."

This may all seem like romance; but is it so? Do not facts within the knowledge and almost view of my readers, prove that it is the very reverse? Who is there that does not know, that does not recollect, or that can forget the events and circumstances of the last election for President of the United States? Who is there that does not recollect the part, which *repealers* played in that election? Can any man who has paid the least attention to passing events, forget the conduct of Bishop Hughs of New York, or of Bishop Fenwick of Boston, or of any other bishop (Romish bishops) of the United States, during the last political eventful year? Who ordered the Irish Catholics to turn out with a banner bearing upon it the treasonable inscription,

"Americans shan't rule us"?

Bishop Hughs of New York. Did not a band of traitorous *repealers*, calling themselves democrats, parade the streets of New York, Buffalo and other cities, under the jurisdiction of the Lord Bishop Hughs, shaking this banner in the very faces of Amer-

ican citizens, hurraing for Daniel O'Connell and repeal? Did not this bishop Hughs order several hundred stands of fire-arms to be placed in the Roman Catholic churches of New York, with a view of firing upon the citizens should they even dare to show any dissatisfaction, at these traitorous proceedings? Has not this Bishop Hughs been in close correspondence with the traitor O'Connell, ever since he sounded the first note of repeal? And is not this demagogue Hughs at this very moment corresponding with the confessors of Daniel O'Connell, and the other leaders of repeal in Ireland? Yes, I assert it,—he is. There is a continuous line of correspondence, as I have stated in my recent book on Popery, between the Propaganda in Rome, the Romish bishops of Ireland, Daniel O'Connell, and the Romish bishops of the United States. The Propaganda of Rome is the muddy and polluted source from which the various streams of treason, which are inundating our country, have proceeded. Their course is a sinuous one; their gyrations are intricate in the extreme. It takes in France, Austria, Russia, Switzerland, the Netherlands; in fact all civilized Europe, besides South America and Mexico; its fountain in Rome, and emptying itself in the United States. Yet we now hear this Lord Bishop Hughs telling his *subjects* in New York and elsewhere,—telling what, my readers?—will you believe it, should I inform you? Or will you not think me trifling with you, and sporting with a grave subject? He tells *his subjects* now, after doing all the mischief he could, after exciting family against family, after

creating disunion, dissension and discord, after exciting peaceable fellow-citizens to imbrue their hands in each other's blood, that he entirely disapproves of Daniel O'Connell; that he believes him a *monarchist*, and that it is the duty of Papists to stand by the government that protected them. This is unquestionably the boldest piece of impudence, and the most clumsy attempt at imposition upon the credulity of Americans, that has ever been attempted in this country. It has no parallel in the history of Popery in the United States; and if ever there was a time or an occasion which calls upon Americans to vindicate their honor, and fling from them with indignation the imputation of being *credulous dupes*, now is the day and now is the hour. What is this insolent upstart Hughs,—who but the other day as another expresses it, “was pitchforked from the potato-field into a palace,”—that he dares thus insult the common sense of the free-born citizens of America? He, a foreigner, a foundling for aught we know, nursed and fed by Jesuits into manhood, their slave and their tool, how dare he insult the very country that gives him an asylum? how dare he outrage the feelings of the very people that give him bread to eat, and clothes to his back? I will give you, Americans, some idea of who he is, and who his brethren of the Popish mitre are. They are individuals—and the Lord Bishop Hughs is preëminently conspicuous among them,—who, stript of the false splendor which circumstances and place throw around them; who, if deprived of the drapery and mimic glories of Popery, in which holy mother,

the church, has enveloped them, would appear among the meanest and most despicable members of society. Such men may be borne with, while they abstain from insulting the common sense of the people; but when their arrogance, insolence and vanity presume to trample upon the rights of the people, and ridicule the understanding of the community, they deserve something more than commiseration.

When, in the plenitude of their vanity, they cease to be content with the profits of office and the free exercise of their religion, and dare insinuate aught disrespectful to the understanding of their benefactors, they cease to be objects even of toleration. In ages of ignorance, the trappings of Popery may strike with awe. Those ages are gone by; and if Americans are true to themselves, they will never revive in this country, notwithstanding the insolent efforts of this Lord Bishop Hughs. This reverend bully has long bid defiance to the unarmed arguments of Americans. He will not condescend to listen to the American theologian, who brings into the arena of religious controversy, truth without a sword, and fair argument unbacked by bowie-knives and clubs; he will not stoop to such a mode of warfare. No. This clerical rake would, if he could, Gothicize this nation of freemen. He would extinguish, if he could, among Americans, the light of learning and philosophy. Nay, he would, and he has been trying to, raise from the putrid pools of ignorance and superstition, fogs and evaporations, and clouds and mists, sufficiently thick to hide from

the eyes of Americans the pure, the brilliant, and the glorious light even of the Bible itself. It is not enough for him that his *subjects* should consider him their *official superior*; it is not enough that some poor foreigners,—and I blush to own it,—even Americans, should look upon him and his brethren as their superiors in the church, but they are required also to consider them their superiors in wisdom and virtue, though they know them to be Jesuits. Papists, whether foreigners or Americans, are, even in the United States, little better than living automatons and self-acting tools, for the corrupt agents of his royal holiness, the Pope.

Can this be? the reader will say. Can it be, that man, created a free agent, living in a free country, and governed by equal laws,—can he be made to obey the word of command given by a Popish bishop, as a wild beast would the lash or the whip of the keeper of a menagerie? It is so, reader; and particularly with every human being, male or female, who goes to confession. I care not how intelligent he may appear to be, or what his acquirements or accomplishments may be; if he is weak enough, fool enough, or hypocrite enough and mean enough to go to confession to a Romish priest, he deserves not the name of a freeman. He who bends the knee to a Romish priest, and asks him to forgive his sins, submitting to such restrictions or discipline as the priests may be pleased to impose upon him, becomes a degenerate being. Take, for instance, a bird, one of the feathered citizens of the open air; take a lion, a proud denizen of the boundless forest; compare

him with one of those tamed, broken-down and whipped into obedience, by the keeper of a menagerie, and how strongly, how painfully marked is the contrast. Their very looks bespeak their degradation. How great is the contrast between those who have broken loose from obedience to nature's laws, to the degrading servitude of obedience to man. But the contrast is not greater nor their fall more humiliating, than that of the man or woman, who exchanges that obedience which he or she owes to reason, to pure religion, and the divine law of the gospel, for the degraded servitude required from them by Popish priests and confessors.

Let us suppose a whole people thus tamed, thus broken, thus snaffled, bitted and bridled by skilful Popish riders and Jesuit jockeys, will they not soon lose all ideas of liberty, morals and individual manliness? Will they not soon be ready to exclaim, in the language of inspiration, "Why died I not from the womb?"

But let us return to the Lord Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his sudden conversion from repeal and O'Connellism. As I have stated before, it is the boldest stroke that ever has been made to deceive a whole nation. Nothing equal to it, that I know of, in modern history, except perhaps, it may be that of the Jesuit Rodin, which we find related in the Wandering Jew. The only difference between the Jesuit Hughs and the Jesuit Rodin, is this,—that Rodin's audacity, hypocrisy and treachery, were practised on a small scale, when compared with that of this modern Jesuit, Lord Bishop of New York.

There is, however, a strong similitude between these two illustrious individuals. I need not inform my readers,—as I believe they have all read the *Wandering Jew*,—that Rodin was a Jesuit, commissioned by the society of Jesuits in Rome, to act as its agent, with full powers to secure for the society of Jesus, as it is nicknamed by them, an immense estate, belonging, in law and in justice, to a French family of the name of Rennepont. He was empowered to secure this property to the society, but he must use no *violence*. It must be done solely by the *play of action*, hypocrisy and deception. The reader will remember, as we are informed in the *Wandering Jew*, that the Rennepont family had to fly from France, after the king of that country, at the instigation of the Pope, and by a violation of the most solemn compact, had broken the edict of Nantz, which secured to the Protestants the quiet possession of their property. After fighting their way through blood and Popish butcheries, this noble family, with thousands of others, had to fly from their homes, friendless and penniless. Only a few escaped the bloodhounds of Popery. Their wives and daughters were dishonored, and, as we were told upon good authority, their helpless infants were dashed against the corners of houses, and their brains scattered upon the pavements. Nothing was left them. They had to seek refuge in distant lands; they went east and west, north and south. Many of their descendants are now living in some of the Southern States of this confederacy.

The general of the Jesuit order in Rome discovered that some of the descendants of the Rennepont

family had survived the disasters of the times, and held in their possession proofs sufficient to establish claims to their patrimonial rights. The Jesuits determined to defeat them, and if the reader's curiosity induces him to learn by what means they endeavored to do so, and what agents they employed to effect it, let him read the account given of the whole transaction in the *Wandering Jew*, by that inimitable writer, Eugene Sue. They will find in that work proofs of the wickedness of Jesuits. They will find that *auricular confession* is something even worse than I have described it. I have not talent to give a sufficiently accurate picture of this diabolical Popish invention.

Lord Bishop Hughs has been for several years lecturing through the State of New York, as every man who has read the leading newspapers of the country must know; he has represented O'Connell as one of the greatest and best men of the day, and one of the most persecuted of men by the British government. O'Connell and genuine Popery are almost synonymous terms with this lord bishop. As I have stated above, he tried to enlist,—and has actually succeeded,—all foreign Papists, and a vast number even of Americans, in the cause of O'Connell and Irish repeal. Wherever this lord bishop went, dissension and anarchy followed in his train; but mark him now. Mark the course of this Bishop Hughs for the last few years, and you will be struck with the exact similitude which in every feature exists between itself and that of Rodin. The readers of the *Wandering Jew* will recollect that Rodin established a press in Paris, for the ostensible pur-

pose of inculcating truth, and advancing the public good. The title of this press was, "LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR." The editor was one Nini-Moulin, a notorious drunkard, ignorant and profligate in the extreme, and, personally, irresponsible, either in a pecuniary or moral point of view. If sued for any libellous matter contained in this press, nothing could be recovered from him, because he had nothing. If thrown into jail for the immorality of the act, he could not suffer in his reputation, because he had none to lose; he may continue *editor* still, and all that was necessary, was that Rodin should supply him with something to eat and drink. For the amusement of my readers, I beg to give a brief description of the editor of Rodin's paper. I take it from that given by one who knew him, who was the mistress kept by this editor of Rodin's paper, one Rose-Pompon: She thus describes the editor—"A face as red as a glass of red wine, and a nose all covered with pimples, like a strawberry." Rodin, describing him, gives a different character altogether. He says that "Nini-Moulin is a very worthy man, though, perhaps, a *little* fond of *pleasure*." Here is a precious specimen of Jesuitism and Popish morality; a man living notoriously with a woman of the town, bearing upon his face the marks of drunkenness and profligacy, is pronounced by a *Romish priest* to be a *very worthy man*, though perhaps a *little* fond of *pleasure*.

Suppose Rodin and Nini-Moulin were amongst us here, in the city of Boston, or in the city of New York,—who is there that would not shrink from a

contact with either? The Jesuit Bishop Hughs, of New York, and his brother Fenwick, of Boston, have presses in each of those cities, and the wretches who ostensibly conduct them, are, in point of fact, of no higher or more worthy character than Rodin's editor, Nini-Moulin. No man, who opposed Jesuitism in Paris, or who was even suspected of being inimical to it, escaped the abuse of Rodin's journal. The fairest characters were blasted by it; it defamed and bespattered with its scurrility, some of the most honorable and high-minded citizens, while the artful and cowardly hypocrite himself was hidden from observation. Is it not so with Hughs, of New York, Fenwick, of Boston, and the whole tribe of Popish bishops throughout the United States? No man is safe, no character is spared from the virulence of the presses which they own. Witness the Truth Teller, of New York, owned by Bishop Hughs,—though, like Rodin, he denies the ownership of it,—what can be more vile than the language of that press? It declares that "*Americans shan't rule us—Popists.*" It has for years been spewing forth its malicious tirades against Protestant Americans, while the real author of this scurrility, Bishop Hughs, is skulking behind the bush.

But I will tear off that masquerade dress which hides the moral deformities of this man; and I trust that all Protestants will sustain and pardon me, in holding him, and not the Nini-Moulins who conduct his press, responsible for its contents. Let no Protestant notice the miserable beings who are the reputed editors of the Truth Teller, Bishop Hughs' organ; let the bishop himself be held responsible

The Jesuit bishop of Boston, Fenwick, another Rodin, has also a press called the *Pilot*, apparently edited by a silly-looking, Irish jackanape. Let not Bostonians notice the abuse which this paper has heaped upon them for years; or if they do, let them hold Bishop Fenwick responsible for it; he is the real author of its contents, and not the little brainless gander, its reputed editor.

I might quote a thousand instances of the similarity of thought and deeds which governed, and which now govern, the whole body of Romish priests. But enough. It is time that Americans should vindicate their honor.

Having done all the mischief he could, having inflicted upon the peace of our country a wound, which, in all probability, can never be healed, he adroitly turns round,—just as the hypocritical villain Rodin, the Jesuit, did,—and tells Americans that he was wrong in supporting O'Connell; that he can support him no longer, because the said O'Connell is a *monarchist*. Let us try and reconcile this with the solemn oath of this vaporing Jesuit and canting patriot, Hughs. The following is an extract from the oath which, as a Popish bishop and a Jesuit, he took at his ordination and consecration:

“Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his holiness' rights and customs, against all usurpers of heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever; especially against the now pretended authority and Church of England, and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sa-

cred mother church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or *state* named Protestant, or *obedience* to any of their inferior *magistrates* or *officers*. I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, and of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and of other of the name Protestants, to be damnable, and they themselves are damned, and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare, that I will help, assist, and advise all, or any of his holiness' agents in any place, wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom, I shall come to; and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical *Protestants' doctrine*, and to *destroy all their pretending powers, regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical* for the propagation of the mother church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they intrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father, or by any of his sacred convent. All which, I, A. B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament, which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath."

Now, Mr. Bishop, suppose you and I reason together for a moment. Either this oath is binding

upon your lordship or it is not. If the former, assuredly you can have no reasonable objection to supporting O'Connell, either as a *monarchist*, or as your ally in defending the *rights* and *prerogatives* of his royal holiness the Pope. If the latter, that is, if it is not binding on you,—if you will not *defend* the Pope's *power*, his throne and his prerogatives,—say so like an honest man. Until you do this, we must look upon your denunciations against O'Connell, as the veriest farce that ever was enacted by the veriest mountebank scoundrel that ever filched a dollar from the pockets of Americans. Will you dare stand before me, and tell me that the Pope of Rome is not himself a monarch? Will you dare look me in the face, and say that you would not support him? Will you dare look me in the eye, and say that you would not support his government? Recollect that I understand the mysteries of Popery as well as you do; remember that I have studied its doctrines more deeply than ever you had an opportunity of doing; and I experience not the least emotion of vanity, when I assure your Jesuit lordship that I am a much better general scholar than you are. You will therefore be cautious in future; I will watch you in your ecclesiastical and political gyrations, and whenever you assert what is false in morals, or dangerous to the institutions of my adopted country, I will check you, and that with no gentle hand; though I shall do unto you and your brethren, but that which you and your brethren have done unto me. The truth is, Mr. Bishop, you are an overrated man, an inflated humbug, and probably you would have passed for a learned one, had you not, without pro-

vocation, interfered with me. You, a Popish bishop, tell Americans, that you cannot support a *monarchist*! Have you ever read the works of Salmeron, a Jesuit like yourself, but a theologian of learning, which you are not? Either he was a liar, or you are one. Listen to what he says of *his monarch*, the Pope. "The Pope has supreme power over all the earth; over all kings and governments, and if they resist he must punish them." Salmeron was a native of Toledo, and was so thoroughly *orthodox* in Popish belief, that he wrote several commentaries on the Scriptures, which were approved of by the *infallible church*. He died only about two hundred years ago. Can you blush, my Lord Bishop? Either you think Americans an extremely ignorant people, and unable to discern between flippancy, repeal gab, and solid historical information, or you must blush at your attempt to impose upon them. The veriest child in knowledge of ecclesiastical history, knows that the Pope is *king* and *monarch* of Rome, and that you are sworn, by the most fearful oath, to support him and his government in opposition to all others; and yet, forsooth, you cannot support O'Connell *because* he is a *monarchist*.

Have you, my Lord Bishop Hughs, ever read the life of Pope Adrian? Was he not a monarch? Was he not, to use his holiness' own words, the monarch "of all the islands upon which the sun hath shone?" Are you ignorant of this fact, Mr. Bishop? I beg leave to instruct you upon the subject, by submitting to your lordship and to the poor, unfortunate Irish Catholics, whom you are leading blindly by the nose, in every species of mischief and error,

the following *bull* sent by the aforesaid Pope Adrian, to Henry the II., in the year eleven hundred and fifty-four. You will see from this *bull*, that Pope Adrian was a *monarch*, and I believe it is not usual with you or your brother bishops, to admit that there was ever any change in the power or prerogatives of the Popes, from the days of St. Peter down to the present moment.

“Adrian, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearest son in Christ, the illustrious king of England, health and apostolical benediction. Full laudably and profitably hath your magnificence conceived the desire of propagating your glorious renown on earth and completing your reward of eternal happiness in heaven, while, as a Catholic prince, you are intent on *enlarging the borders of the church, instructing the rude and ignorant in the truth of the Christian faith*, exterminating vice from the vineyard of the Lord; and for the more convenient execution of this purpose, requiring the counsel and favor of the apostolic See.

“There is indeed no doubt, as your highness also doth acknowledge, *that Ireland and all the islands upon which Christ, the sun of righteousness, hath shone, do belong to the patrimony of St. Peter and the holy Roman church*. Therefore are we the more solicitous to propagate in that land the godly scion of faith.

“You, then, most dear son in Christ, have signified to us your desire to enter that land of Ireland, in order to reduce the people to obedience unto laws and extirpate the seeds of vice. You have also de-

clared that you are willing to pay for each house a yearly pension of one penny to St. Peter.

“ We, therefore, with that grace and acceptance suited to your pious and praiseworthy design, and favorable assenting to your petition, do hold it right and good, that, for the extension of the borders of the church, the restraining of vice, the correction of manners, the planting of virtue and increase of religion, you *enter the said island and execute therein whatever shall pertain to the honor of God and the welfare of the land; and that the people of said land receive you honorably and reverence you as their lord.*

“ If, then, you be resolved to carry this design into effectual execution, study to form the nation to virtuous manners; and labor, by yourself and by others whom you may judge meet for the work, in faith, word and action, that the church may be there exalted, the *Christian faith planted*, and all things so ordered for the honor of God and the salvation of souls, that you may be entitled to a fulness of reward in heaven, and on earth to a glorious renown throughout all ages.”

Does it not appear, Mr. Bishop, from the above *bull*, that Pope Adrian was a *monarch*? And do you dare condemn your predecessors in office for supporting him as such, or for being themselves monarchists? I opine you would not.

Pope Adrian was an Englishman, and the only one who ever filled the office of Pope. The successor of Adrian in the popedom was a native of Sienna, and a *temporal monarch* as well as Adrian. He gave away kingdoms and crowns, as did all pre-

ceding and successive popes; and yet your *lordship* will not pretend to say that they did wrong. You dare not do it. It would cost you your mitre, and the other paraphernalia with which the *holy church* has befooled and bedizened your sacred person. Let me give you an instance of the manner in which some of the *holy* popes have disposed of whole kingdoms. I might give many, but I shall content myself with one for *your* special edification, and that of your deluded followers, the Irish in particular. The following is the *bull* of Pope Alexander, the successor of Adrian, confirming his transfer of the kindom and people of Ireland to Henry the second, king of England, in the year 1555.

“Alexander, bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his dearly beloved son, the noble king of England, health, grace and apostolical benediction. Forasmuch as things given and granted upon good reason by our predecessors are to be well allowed of, ratified and confirmed, we, well pondering and considering the grant and privilege for and concerning *the dominion of the land of Ireland to us* appertaining and lately *given by our predecessor, Adrian, do* in like manner *confirm, ratify and allow the same*; provided there be reserved and paid to St. Peter, and to the church of Rome, the yearly pension of one penny out of every house both in England and in Ireland; provided, also, that *the barbarous people of Ireland* be by your means reformed from their filthy life and abominable manners, that, as in name so in conduct and conversation, *they may become Christians*; provided, further, that *that rude and disordered church being by you reformed*, the whole na-

tion may, together with the profession of the faith, be in act and deed followers of the same."

The above bulls are recorded in the archives of the Roman Church, in Ireland. They were publicly read at a Roman Catholic Synod held in the Cathedral of Cashal, in Ireland, Anno Domini 1171, and are now to be found in almost every history of Ireland, that has ever been written since. But notwithstanding these historical facts, the poor Irish are told that they are indebted to the church of Rome, even for *their nationality*. We have in this very city of Boston, a poor moonstricken changeling, and would-be philosopher, who has recently been hired by the Jesuit Bishop Fenwick, to make such an assertion, and the Irish Catholics to a man believe him. Unfortunate people! How long will you remain the dupes of popes, bishops, priests and their agents?

Come out from among them; fly from the darkness of Popery; "come out of that deadly shade, and seat yourselves with us in God's own sunlight."

The *Lord* Bishop Hughs of New York, finding that it would not answer his purpose to support O'Connell any longer, and feeling that he made his spring too violently and too soon; knowing that he fell far short of his leap, he turns round, like the Jesuit Rodin, and tells Americans that he was altogether mistaken in the course he pursued, and that he was truly *their* friend; that they should *rule*, and by right ought to rule, and that he and his *subjects* would be the first to aid them against England, or O'Connell. Well done, Mr. Bishop. Impudent and barefaced as your assertion is, more treacherous and false than

even the Jesuit Rodin as you are, I have not the least doubt but you will succeed.

It is curious to observe the similarity of sentiment and action which govern Jesuits, however far apart they may be. We know from the *Wandering Jew*, that the Jesuit Rodin, for several years, never ceased to pursue and persecute the orphan descendants of the Rennepont family. He commenced his persecution of them in Siberia; he scented their track with the keenness of a bloodhound, from that to Dresden. In Dresden, as we are told, he had a fresh pack of bloodhounds, who fell upon the innocent twin orphans of an exiled father, and protected only by a faithful French trooper. It is impossible to read the account given by Sue, of the ill-treatment which these children and their protector received from a ferocious brute, named Morok, a *lay Jesuit brother*, during the time they remained at the "White Falcon Inn," without strong emotions of pity and commiseration. From this they were pursued by the Jesuit Rodin, by different agents and by different means, which the reader will find beautifully delineated in the *Wandering Jew*, until their arrival in Paris.

Here, it will be seen, that new plots were formed, and new schemes devised, to defeat their just claims to their paternal inheritance, by keeping them in total ignorance that any such claims were ever in existence. Unfeeling, indeed, and cold as the marble slab which covers the house of the dead, must be the heart of that man or woman, who could unmoved witness the sufferings of these helpless orphans and the faithful servant, Dagoberth, while in the city of Paris; all

brought upon them by Jesuit priests and Jesuit nuns,—fiends, vipers, vampires in human shape. All their movements were watched and betrayed, through the confessional. But the eye of the Lord seemed to rest upon them in a most extraordinary manner. It would be wrong to diminish, by anticipation, the pleasure which my readers may find in reading for themselves this part of the Wandering Jew. Let us, therefore, pass on to Rodin, the Jesuit, and prototype of the Lord Bishop Hughs of New York. Rodin, finding that all his plans and schemes, in trying to possess the vast estates of the Rennepont family, were likely to fail, and would inevitably be frustrated, unless some new scheme were devised, retired within his own room, deliberated on what was best to be done, and suddenly springing from his chair, thus soliloquized with himself:

“Never have I had better hopes of success, than at this moment; the stronger reason for neglecting nothing. A new thought struck me yesterday. We will act here in concert. I have it,—an ultra Catholic journal, called ‘*Love your neighbor as yourself.*’ It will be deemed the organ of Rome. *I will originate the question of the liberty of teaching. The common liberals will support us,—the idiots. They admit us to common rights, when our privileges, our immunities, our influence through the confessional, our obedience to Rome,—all put us beyond the pale of common rights, of the very advantage which we enjoy. DOUBLE IDIOTS! They fancy us disarmed, because they know themselves to be disarmed towards us. That is as I would have it.*”

This is precisely the course which the Jesuit

Hughs, of New York, has pursued towards Americans. Rodin immediately acted upon the new idea which occurred to him; he wrote to the general of the Jesuit order in Rome, who immediately advised him to cease *apparently* from further persecuting the heirs of the Rennepont inheritance; to avow himself their warmest friend, and to denounce all those who attempted to injure them in any way, as plotters against their rights and their happiness. Having a previous understanding with his co-laborers in iniquity, he denounced every one of them, and by this act of apparent friendship and justice, he wormed himself into the undivided confidence of all who heretofore looked upon him with fearful suspicion. Just so is Bishop Hughs trying to worm himself into the confidence of Americans, by assuring them that he disapproves of the treachery of O'Connell, and by recommending to his *subjects* and his dupes, in New York and elsewhere, to assemble in public, and declare that they are opposed to O'Connell's movements in Ireland, and that they are the friends of the United States; and accordingly we find that on Monday, the 16th of the present month, June, 1845, a meeting was called by the tools of the aforesaid Bishop Hughs, for the ostensible purpose of expressing their disapprobation of O'Connell, the Pope's tool, in Ireland. The bishop, knowing that the bitterest feelings have been aroused in the bosoms of Americans, at seeing Papists forming associations throughout the length and breadth of this land, and collecting vast sums of money, to be transmitted to Ireland, not for the purpose of feeding the half-starved population of that unfortunate country; not

to clothe the almost naked peasantry of that unhappy land; not to relieve from bondage and worse than Siberian slavery, a people naturally brave and generous, but to pamper and to forward the plans of a roaring, brawling demagogue and coward, Daniel O'Connell.

The least observant among us, is aware that the scenes of bloodshed, which have been witnessed in this country, may be traced to those associations, which that Irish Jesuit, Bishop Hughs, has fanned into existence, by his inflammatory appeals to the worst passions in the hearts of *his* people; and now, alas! too late,—even if he were serious,—he attempts to extinguish the flame which he has kindled. But I tell you, Americans, he is not serious. If you depend upon his professions, you will be deceived. He is sworn, on the most fearful oath, to support the power, the *kingdom* and the jurisdiction of the Pope of Rome, over all kings, potentates, states and magistrates. Neither are his subjects in this country sincere; and that very Bishop Hughs,—I accuse him of it in the face of the world,—I accuse him of it on the authority of the Roman Catholic church, of which I have been a priest myself,—teaches those very people, that any oath of allegiance which they have sworn to this government, is null, void and of no effect. When I was a Roman Catholic priest, it was my duty to absolve from their oath of allegiance, all those who came to confession to me. While a priest, I instructed the Irish to swear allegiance to the *heretical* government of the United States; but with a mental reservation, that the first allegiance was due to the Pope of Rome. Every

Roman Catholic, who goes to confession to a Romish priest, is a mere political automaton, not to be trusted by a Protestant, or Protestant government, further than either would trust the priest to whom he confesses; and how far a Romish priest merits the confidence of an American Protestant, time will tell.

The tools of Bishop Hughs, of New York, at Tammany Hall, June 16th, 1845, passed the following resolution:

“Resolved, That there are thousands in this country, (meaning Papists,) who would bare their breasts to any power, (meaning English,) that may invade this country.” It was also resolved, at the same meeting, “that they would defend the American claims to Oregon and to Texas.” It was further resolved by these self-same repealers, the sworn *subjects* of Bishop Hughs and the *Pope*, “that the American eagle shall not be impeded by natives of Ireland in this country.”

If there was not something diabolically treacherous beneath the surface of those resolutions; if a viper were not hidden and concealed under the fair and verdant foliage of these words, they would be to me, as well as others, a source of pleasure. But let us remove the leaves and brambles, the blossoms and roses, which conceal the subtle and fatal poison, and they are calculated to chill and to freeze those sympathies which, under other circumstances, Americans would feel for those people. Irish Papists bare their breasts in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans,—and that by the advice and with the consent of a Popish Jesuit bishop! Monstrous insolence, to impose thus upon hospitable and generous

Americans. The resolution, in truth, amounts to this: Resolved, That as our Bishop Hughs is permitted by the infallible church, to act the hypocrite, we, as professors of the same creed, are entitled to do the same. Resolved, That, as our bishops and priests are permitted to keep no faith with Protestant Americans, we shall pursue the same course, until we gain entire possession of this Protestant land.

The idea of foreign Papists "baring their breasts to English bayonets, in defence of the rights of Protestant Americans," to Oregon or Texas, is laughable; it is farcical. Ireland contains nearly ten millions of souls,—I should have said slaves,—and they will not bare *their breasts* to the trifling number of sixteen thousand troops, which England deems fully sufficient to keep them in perfect subjection. But I will tell you, Americans, what those Popish heroes will do, and have been doing, ever since the year sixteen hundred and forty-nine, when the ruling Pope sent Monsignor Gio. Batista Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo, as his nuncio and minister plenipotentiary to Ireland, almost two hundred years ago. They will bare their ——— to be kicked, whenever John Bull may take a fancy to exercise his clumsy feet in that favorite amusement of his. Such slaves as these talk of "baring their breasts" in defence of American rights; who, numbering ten millions, still permit themselves to be kicked, cuffed, buffeted and spit upon, by sixteen thousand British soldiers! Pshaw! Where is the American, who will not indignantly say, in the language of a Roman

writer, "*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*" Bishop Hughs and his myrmidons, talk of defending the rights of Texas! Poor priest-ridden, pope-ridden dupes! The Texans would spurn your aid; they do not want you; they would not have your aid. The Texans had not a thousand effective men when they declared their independence of Mexico, which was then able to raise an army of two hundred thousand men. But that army was an army of priest-ridden slaves, like yourselves, and the gallant little band of Protestant Texas, composed chiefly of Americans, defied their power; declared themselves independent, banished from among them the treacherous Spanish priests, who were in Texas; they fought for their freedom and they won it.

Irish repealers, the slaves of O'Connell and the scheming Jesuit Hughs of New York, resolve to defend the rights of Texas! The thing is too ludicrous. I shall not dwell upon it.

Let it not be inferred, from what I have stated above, that I believe the Irish Papists to be naturally cowards. I will not do them this or any other injustice. They are naturally a brave people. Unsubdued and untampered with by their profligate priests and Popish superstition, there is not a braver or more generous people in the world, and the chains which now bind them to British slavery, would be snapped in six months,—ay, I repeat it, Ireland would be free in six months, were it not for the ulterior designs of the Pope and his agents, in urging upon them abject submission to a power which, by a single effort of their native strength, they could crush never to rise again. Well does the

Pope know, well do Jesuits and priests understand that if the Irish nation freed itself from English rule, by its native arm, as the United States did, they would also free themselves from the dominion of his royal holiness the Pope, and the trammels of Jesuitism and priestcraft; and hence arise the scruples of O'Connell, about violating the British constitution. Hence the exhortation of Irish priests to their down-trodden Irish slaves, to do everything *constitutionally*, which means nothing more or less than this:—let us priests, bishops and pope, act for you; we are afraid to risk our own precious necks; we will negotiate matters for you. You must feel indebted to *us* for everything you possess; in the mean time come to confession to us regularly, bring us every dollar you earn, and we will take care of your political as well as your spiritual interest. Your bodies and souls shall be taken care of by us.—I can assure the Irish Papists in this country and elsewhere, that Daniel O'Connell and the Jesuit Bishops Hughs, Fenwick, and their brethren in this country, have no more idea of emancipating them, than they have of renouncing the Pope, unless with the view of making them still greater slaves to the Pope and the *infallible church*; and it is with this view they are now forbidding the use of the Bible, knowing full well that the free perusal of its sacred pages would enlighten them not only on the subject of their everlasting, but also on that of their civil rights. Well indeed may we apply to the Pope, and to the *Lord* Bishop Hughs, and each of his brethren the words of the poet,—

“Loyal his heart, and church and *Pope* his toast ;
 He for religion might not warmly feel ;
 But for the church he had abounding zeal.”

We might well fancy these right reverend gentlemen addressing us in the following words of the same poet. They do so, in fact, every day.

“Why send you Bibles all the world about ;
 That men may read amiss and learn to doubt ?
 Why teach the children of the poor to read ;
 That a new race of doubters may succeed ?
 Now can you scarcely lull the stubborn crew ;
 And what if they should know as much as you ?”

There is not in history one solitary instance to be found, where the court of Rome, or Romish priests as a body, afforded aid to any people struggling for freedom, unless with the ulterior view of subjecting them to their own dominion,—a dominion far more despotic in its principles and tyrannic in its exactions, than any that has before been devised by human ingenuity ; because that, and that alone, enslaves the soul as well as the body.

Many instances might be quoted of the truth of this, but I shall only refer to one of a recent date. While Poland was struggling for her liberty, as we are told by a modern and beautiful French writer, Lamennais, (*Affaires de Rome*, p. 110. Pagnerre, 1844,) and the success of the Russians remained a doubt, the official *Journal of Rome*, did not contain a word which could offend the victorious in so many combats ; but scarcely had they, the Poles, fallen,—scarcely had the atrocious vengeance of the Czar begun the long punishment of a nation devoted to the sword, to exile and to slavery,—when the

same journal could find no terms sufficiently injurious, wherewith to stigmatize those, the noble Poles, who had fallen victims to fortune. Cowardly Rome trembled before the Czar. He said to Rome, would you live yet, place yourself beside the scaffold to which I have consigned those rebellious Poles, who had the audacity to attempt to free themselves from my government, and while they pass on their way to the gallows, *curse you* the victims:—and Rome did curse the Poles.

Atrocious, revolting as the conduct of the Czar has been towards the suffering Poles, yet there is something noble, something majestic in his treatment of Rome. He pays no regard to the insolent ecclesiastic of Rome, who would be lord of the universe. The Czar does not comprehend the meaning of those cabalistic words, *spiritual supremacy*. Let us contrast the conduct of this sovereign of Russia, with that of the sovereigns or executives of the United States, and the contrast cannot fail to make a forcible impression upon our minds. That of the Autocrat of all the Russians is so far truly independent; while that of one of our executives, in relation to the Pope, is truly spiritless and sycophantic. Witness the following letter of Mr. Van Buren, to the American consul at Rome, dated, Department of State, Washington, July the 20th, 1830.

“Your letters of the 11th of April and 5th of May, the first anticipating the favorable sentiments of his holiness the Pope, towards the government and people of the United States, and the last confirming your anticipations, have been received at this department, and submitted to the president; by

whom I am directed to tender his holiness, through the same channel, an assurance of the satisfaction which he derives from this communication of the frank and liberal opinions entertained by the apostolic see towards the government and the people, and of the policy which you likewise state his holiness has adopted, and which is so worthy of the head of a *great and Christian church*, assiduously to cultivate, in his intercourse with foreign nations, the relations of amity and good will, and sedulously to abstain from all interference in their occasional difficulties with each other, except *with the benign view of effecting reconciliations between them*.

“You will accordingly seek an early opportunity to *make known to the Pope*, in terms and manner *best suited to the occasion, the light in which* the president views the communication referred to, and likewise you will assure him that the president reciprocates, in their full extent and spirit, the friendly and liberal sentiments entertained by his holiness towards the government of the apostolic see, and the people of the states of the church; and it is the president’s wish that you should, upon the same occasion, offer his congratulations to the holy father, upon his recent succession to the Tiara, not from any hereditary-claim on his part, but from a preponderating influence, which a just estimation of his talents and private virtues naturally had upon the enlightened councils by which that high distinction was conferred; and which affords the pledge that his pontificate will be a wise and beneficent one.

“You will take care, likewise, to assure his holiness, in reference to the paternal solicitude which he

expresses in behalf of the Roman Catholics of the United States, that all our citizens professing that religion, stand upon the same elevated ground which citizens of all other religious denominations occupy, in regard to the rights of conscience, that of perfect liberty, contradistinguished from toleration; that they enjoy an entire exemption from coercion in every possible shape, upon the score of religious faith, and that they are free, in common with their fellow-citizens of all other sects, to adhere to, or adopt the creeds and practise the worship best adapted to their reason, or prejudices; and that there exists a perfect unity of faith in the United States amongst religionists of all professions, as to the wisdom and policy of that cardinal feature of all our constitutions and forms of government, those of the United States and separate states of the union, by which this inestimable right is formally recognized, and the enjoyment of it inviolably secured.

M. VAN BUREN."

I would especially invite the attention of my readers to the above letter. A proper understanding of this correspondence between the executive of this country and the Pope, through their representatives, will set at rest a question long mooted in every section of the United States, viz., whether the Pope is a *temporal* or *spiritual potentate*. If the former, Mr. Van Buren and the President of the United States did but their duty in giving the assurances contained in the above letter. This was due to him as an *independent* sovereign. As king of Rome, he was as well entitled to it as any of the sovereigns of Europe; and so far from blaming Mr. Van Buren,

for the respectful and courteous manner in which he addressed his *royal holiness*, I should be among the first to award him just praise. The numerical weakness of a foreign potentate's subjects, the paucity of their numbers, or their intellectual degradation, is, now-a-days, no argument against the legitimacy of their independent sovereignty. But if the latter,—if the Pope of Rome, is not an *independent* and *sovereign* potentate,—if his sovereignty is only *spiritual*, as the Jesuit Hughs and all Romish priests and bishops in the United States would persuade us, then I contend, that Mr. Van Buren, the President of the United States, or any other man who, with his sanction, writes such a letter as the above, is a conspirator against this government, and should be prosecuted as such.

Among the foreign powers known to this government, no such power as a *spiritual* one is enumerated. The constitution of the United States recognizes no *spiritual* power, either at home or abroad; and if Mr. Van Buren, as the representative of this government, has corresponded with a foreign *spiritual* potentate, he did that which he was not authorized to do by our national charter, and which the executive of the United States, had no more right to order him to do, than I had. If the cabinet of his holiness, the king of Rome, have half the intelligence, tact and management for which they get credit, they must have felt highly amused at the simplicity and sycophancy of Mr. Van Buren's letter. If the power of the Pope, in these United States, be only spiritual, what has he to do with this government, or this government with him? The

constitution of the United States, and the various constitutions of the respective States, recognize no *spiritual* power whatever. No court of law nor equity, from one end of this country to the other, understands what a spiritual power is; nor have they made any provision to maintain or enforce it. What, then, is it? Where is it to be found? Is it visible? Is there any record of it? Is it tangible? In whom is it centred? No trace of it can be found among us, and yet we are told it exists; and three millions of Papists in the United States, are bound to obey this invisible and intangible thing, or whatever it is.

We are told by Bishop Hughs, that the Pope claims only spiritual jurisdiction over this country. I explained, in my recent work on Popery, what Papists mean by spiritual jurisdiction and spiritual power. It would be a loss of time to refer to it again. The legerdemain and humbuggery of the whole affair are too transparent to deceive any eye but that of a credulous American. Without this doctrine of spiritual allegiance to the Pope of Rome, Popish priests could raise no money for his *holiness*, in the United States, and they dare not *openly* claim for him any civil allegiance. Without it, repealers could raise no money for that champion of Popery, Daniel O'Connell.

Had the Romanists of the present day the spirit of the ancient Romans, they would spurn this shameful exaction upon their credulity, but especially upon their purse. It is base to submit to it; even a Pagan Romanist would spurn at it. He did so once before, and if his Pagan spirit was not broken by

worse than Paganism,—Popery,—he would do so again. “For I,” said Brutus,

“Can raise no money by vile means :
By heavens, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection !”

Yes, even a Pagan would spurn and scorn the deception, cupidity and hypocrisy of Popish Jesuits and priests.

Was there ever upon the Papal throne, since the days of Hildebrand, a Pope who did not claim sovereign and temporal jurisdiction over the kingdoms of the earth? Do the annals of mankind record so dispassionate and so solemn an act of treachery, or so glaring an evidence of temporal power and despotism, as that of Hildebrand, known as Gregory, over the Emperor of Germany? The universal monarchy and sovereign power, which he and Rome wrung from a bleeding world, was never more absolute than that which the Popes of Rome wrung from the superstitions of mankind, in almost every age of the world; and now, in the nineteenth century, in 1845, the present Pope has the unparalleled insolence, through his agents in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, to fasten upon our necks a yoke more galling than that which heathenism imposed upon the Romans.

This they cannot do by argument, because, to use argument with effect, man must be in the right; but to make the best possible use of bad arguments, may be, nevertheless, the privilege of genius, craft, and intrigue. Hence the introduction of auricular

confession. Hence it is, that Romish bishops and priests persuade their people to go to confession, where they have the complete mastery over their feelings, passions, and judgment. They know if they can debauch and seduce one female in a family, the whole of the household is at their mercy. It is in that accursed tribunal that they persuade the people, first, "that it is abominable to maintain that men can work out their salvation, under any form of creed whatever, provided their morals are pure." Second, "that it is odious and absurd, to grant to the people liberty of conscience." Third, "that it is impossible to hold the liberty of the press in too great detestation." Every Papist is compelled in the confessional, to subscribe to these degrading concessions. He must swear solemnly, that these propositions are orthodox, and that every government should be compelled to acknowledge them as such. No man can die in the faith of the Romish church, until he acknowledges that these propositions are true. No individual can be confirmed as a member of the Romish church, at least in Catholic countries, until he assents to them. No one can be ordained a Roman Catholic priest, until he solemnly swears to maintain them.

They familiarize the human mind to these infamous axioms of theirs, from their very infancy; and thus when they arrive at the age at which they are permitted to go to confession, which is generally from eight to twelve, there is no difficulty in confirming their people in the belief of these horrid principles.

The following passage may be found in the *en-*

cyclic letter, addressed by the actual Pope, to all the bishops of France, in 1832, in order that they might conform, they and their flocks, to these instructions, although they are in direct opposition to the laws of the country, and the rights of its citizens. Is it necessary to say that M. Lamennais protested, with all the powers of his great soul, against such odious maxims as these, stated in all their ultramontane candor?

“We now come,” says the holy father, “to another cause by which we lament to see the church afflicted at this moment. To wit: to that *indifference* or *perverse opinion*, which has spread itself abroad on all sides, by the artifices of evil men, and in accordance to which, MEN MAY ATTAIN EVERLASTING SALVATION BY THE PROFESSION OF ANY CREED, PROVIDED THAT THEIR MORALS ARE PURE. It will not be difficult for you, in a matter so clear and evident, to repel an error, so fatal as this for the people.”

Is this clear enough? A word to those of our number, who are intrusted to the care of these pastors. So here is an Italian monk, the ultramontane head of our bishops, who annuls, at a single dash of his pen, one of our most sacred rights, a right, the maintenance of which has cost the country torrents of bloodshed in the religious wars, like water.

“From this corrupt course of indifference,” proceeds the holy father, “originates that absurd and erroneous opinion, or madness rather, which asserts that the liberty of conscience must be secured and guarantied to every one, whomsoever. The way is being cleared for this pernicious error by the liberty of opinions, full and unbounded, which spreads itself

far and wide, to the ruin of civil and religious society."

It is evident, that the holy father commands our bishops to inspire their flocks with a horror of one of the fundamental laws of our society. Let us conclude with an attack by the same holy father, by no means less violent, or less conclusive, against the dragon of the press.

"With this is connected *that fatal liberty*, of which we cannot but stand in awe, THE LIBERTY OF LIBRARIES TO PUBLISH ANY WRITING WHATSOEVER; a liberty which some persons still dare to solicit and extend, with as much noise as ardor."

"Pope Gregory the XVIth, had scarcely ascended the pontifical throne, when he heard of the revolt of Bologna. His first movement was to summon the Austrians, and excite the *Sanfedistes*. The Cardinal Albani beat the liberals at Cesena; his soldiers pillaged the churches, sacked the town, ravished the women. At *Forli*, the bands committed assassinations in cold blood. In 1832, the *Sanfedistes* showed themselves in broad day, wearing medals, with effigies of the Duke of Modena, and of the holy father, letters patent, in the name of the apostolical congregation, privileges and indulgences: The *Sanfedistes* took the following oath liberally: '*I swear to elevate the altar and the throne upon the bones of the infamous liberals, and to exterminate them without pity for the cries of their children, the tears of their old men and women.*' The disorders committed by these brigands, passed all bounds; the court of Rome made anarchy regular, organized the *Sanfedistes* into bands of volunteers, and granted to

these bands extraordinary privileges."—*The Revolution and Revolutionists of Italy. Review of the Two Worlds, November 15, 1844.*

This is a specimen of the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, as taught in this country; and thus, Americans, would they erect altars upon your bones, "heedless of the cries of your old men and your old women," should the Pope's spiritual power ever gain the ascendancy over your strong arms,—or should his priests, by intrigue and by a play of passions, (as Rodin expresses it,) and excitement, obtain the control of your hitherto clear intellects. Pause, Americans. Hesitate for a moment, you young men and young ladies, who, under the influence of some momentary excitement, may be tempted to unite yourselves with the Romish church, or to go into their nunneries.

The first advance you make, the very first step you take to effect this, is in itself utterly degrading to you. It is the abandonment of your whole selves, bodies and souls, judgment, intellect, understanding, mind, liberty and all, to the guidance of a body of men whose political intrigues, and public and private immoralities, have blackened the pages of history for the last sixteen hundred years.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Strasburg, in a letter to the Paris Constitutionnel, has denied that such doctrines as those contained in the three propositions which I have quoted above, are taught in Popish colleges. He pledges his *honor* in support of this assertion. I have quoted from the *Casuists*, a work written by the fathers of the Jesuit Society. The bishop does not deny the doctrines positively,

but says that the work from which the quotations are made, was written, not by Jesuits, but by a Rev. Dr. Moulet, a secular priest. If any other proof were necessary, to show the iniquity of Jesuit doctrines, and the truth of every word I have said, and others before me have said, against Jesuit intrigue and tergiversation, this admission of the Bishop of Strasburg, would be sufficient.

What is the difference between a Jesuit father, and a secular priest? It is simply this. Jesuits are limited in the sphere of their duties, by the general of their order; and whenever a Jesuit makes his appearance in the diocese of any Popish bishop, he is subject, while there, to the said bishop.

The Strasburg *professor* may succeed in imposing upon those who know not the difference between a *secular* priest and a Jesuit. The matter is not mended, or the difficulty removed, by having the book written by a *secular* priest; it is so much the worse. An evil deed, for instance treason, when committed by a servant, is bad enough; but it is much worse when committed by his master. An act of perfidy or immorality committed by a priest, under the jurisdiction of a bishop, merits execration, and should receive it; but if committed by the bishop himself, would become still more execrable.

I presume that when the Bishop of Strasburg *pledged his honor* that the crimes imputed by others, as well as myself, to him and his tools, were not sanctioned in his college, or by the writings of Jesuits, he had Brother Jonathan in view. His letter to the Paris Constitutionnel was intended exclu-

sively for Americans, whom Jesuits know by the name of "*dolts, double dolts.*"

Let us now see how far the *word* and *honor* of this Jesuit Strasburg bishop are entitled to credit. It is proper to do so, as his letter has found its way into several of our presses in the western country.

I pronounce the Bishop of Strasburg's assertion *an unqualified, deliberate, and unmitigated falsehood.* An issue is now made between myself and the bishop. The question is one of veracity, between us; and I am willing to leave the decision to a jury of the public. The bishop is a *Jesuit*, and bound, by his oath of allegiance to the Pope, to *support him and the doctrines of his church*, at the expense of all Protestant *governments.* He is bound by his oath to "hold no faith with heretics." He is bound by his oath "to destroy them." He is no citizen of this country. He has nothing in common with Americans, but the external configurations of humanity. He is not personally known to any American, as far as I am acquainted; and under these circumstances, he comes before the American public with the naked, unsupported assertion, that what history has handed down, and I, a fellow-citizen of their own, have confirmed and declared to be true, is false. Is he to be believed in preference to me, even if history was silent?

I have lived in this country more than twenty-five years, and though a foreigner by birth, I will venture the assertion, that no Roman Catholic priest ever came to America with higher recommendations than I did. Some of them are from Roman Catholic bishops, and are now in my possession; but I will

not ask Americans to give them any credit, because a Romish bishop or Jesuit would recommend the devil himself, who takes the *necessary* oath of allegiance to Rome, and swears to overthrow, by all possible means, the *heretical government* of the United States, which sanctions,—I use the very words of the Pope,—“that *fatal liberty of the press of which we cannot but stand in awe, the liberty of libraries to publish any writing whatsoever; a liberty which some—Americans—dare to solicit with noise and ardor.*”

I will not insult Americans by asking them to give me credit for veracity on the strength of recommendations from Popish bishops in Europe, men who are the sworn enemies of everything dear to freemen. I brought with me, from other sources, testimonials of the highest respectability, not as a Popish priest, but as a man. Among them were introductions to that eminent patriot, De Witt Clinton of New York, who immediately, on my arrival at his hospitable residence in Albany, and during the session of the Legislature, had me appointed chaplain to the senate. But I will not ask Americans to give me credit for veracity on account of any connections or acquaintances which I formed while I was a Popish priest. The very fact of my being a *priest* was in itself contamination. It should disqualify a man from being considered anything that was candid, frank or virtuous. But I will ask Americans to credit me, in preference to the Bishop of Strasburg, or any other Jesuit priest, upon the testimony of American citizens, men known to themselves, men of honor, probity and patriotism.

I have been a member of the bar of the States of South Carolina and Georgia, for nearly twenty years, until ill health obliged me to change my residence temporarily; and I value the following letter which has been sent to me by William Law, Esq., then judge of the superior court of Georgia, more highly than all the documents, testimonials and recommendations, which the Pope of Rome, or the whole college of his cardinals and Jesuits, could furnish.

“Savannah, 25th June, 1832.

“DEAR SIR,—Understanding from you that it is your intention to leave the State, with a view to the practice of law elsewhere, it will I apprehend be necessary that the certificate of admission to our bar furnished you by the clerk, should be accompanied with a certificate from myself, as the presiding judge of the court in which you were admitted. This is necessary to give it authenticity in another State. It will afford me pleasure to append that verification to it, if you will be pleased to send me the certificate.

“Permit me, as you are about to leave us, to offer you my humble testimony to your correct, upright deportment as an advocate at the bar of the superior courts of the eastern district of Georgia, since your admission to the practice of law in the same.

“Wishing you success and prosperity wherever you may settle, I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM LAW.”

Judge Law resides now in Savannah. He has retired from the bench, and practises law in copart-

nership with senator Berrien, of Georgia. I need not say who Judge Law is. He is well known, as one of the most eloquent and learned advocates of the American bar; nor is he more distinguished for his legal knowledge, than for his Christian virtues and exemplary life. He is at present, and has been for many years, an elder of the Presbyterian church, in that city. I believe that I have the honor and the friendship of this worthy man, up to the moment I write. Every earthly interest I have is in this country. Its prosperity will advance mine. The overthrow of its government would bury in its ruins all I have to support me. Who then is to be believed by Americans,—the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, whose *country* is the *world*, whose *queen* is the *Popish church*, and whose *kindred* are monks and Romish priests? Am I unreasonable, under these circumstances, in asking a jury of Americans for a verdict in favor of my veracity, my word and my honor, in preference to the *honor* of a foreign Jesuit bishop of Strasburg, or any other Popish priest or bishop in the United States? You, Americans, are the best judges. In addition to these facts and circumstances, I will take the liberty of stating that nearly the whole delegation to Congress from the State of Georgia, where I have so long resided, have borne testimony to my correct conduct, by recommending me to high and lucrative offices under this government. Among these were the names of the Hon. J. M'Pherson Berrien, then a next door neighbor of mine, the Hon. Thomas Butler King, William C. Dawson, and the lamented Richard W. Habersham, of Savannah. This last named gentleman is no more, but he has

not left behind him one whose confidence and friendship I valued more. He was, indeed, *the noblest work of God*, an honest man. His name is now revered in Georgia, and will be there venerated as long as she has records to preserve it. I have in my possession the most friendly and affectionate letters from this Christian patriot up to within a few weeks of his death, which occurred about two years since. I may further add to these distinguished names, that of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, the Hon. Isaac Holmes, of the same State, and the Hon. Judge Wayne, of Savannah, one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. I have evidence in my possession, up to a few weeks ago, of the personal friendship of that elegant and accomplished gentleman Judge Wayne. I have studied law more than twenty years ago with the Hon. Mr. Holmes, and never since has his friendship towards me been interrupted. As a literary man and finished classical scholar Mr. Holmes has scarcely a superior in the country. With such testimonials as these of my *Americanism*, honor and veracity, I dread not the verdict of an American jury in the case now pending between me and the Jesuit bishop of Strasburg.

But before you make up your verdict, I beg to submit to you the following sketch of a debate, which took place the 5th of last March, in the Swiss Diet in Switzerland, on the subject of Jesuits in that country. It is taken from a speech of the Hon. Mr. Neuhaus, a representative from Berne. The debate commenced by the chancellor laying before the assembly petitions from the people of Switzerland,

signed by 120,000 persons, praying that the Jesuits might be expelled from that country.

“ M. Neuhaus said that the question of the Jesuits, which was raised last year, had made great progress since that time, and its importance might be estimated by the impression which it had produced on the population, the anxiety with which the result of the deliberations of the diet was looked forward to, and the care taken by all the great councils of the cantons to have their opinions duly represented. * * According to the eighth article of the federal compact, the diet took all the measures necessary for the internal and external safety of Switzerland. That right on the part of the diet was incontestable, and had been put in force on former occasions within memory. The question, therefore, was not whether the diet had a right to take steps against the Jesuits, but whether the Jesuits had compromised and were compromising the safety of Switzerland. It was therefore the question of fact only that he would approach. Were the Jesuits dangerous or not? Were they particularly dangerous as respected Switzerland? Yes, the Jesuits were dangerous. 1. Because of their morality. They taught the people to commit, without remorse of conscience, the most culpable actions. Their morality necessarily exercised on those exposed to their influence a deleterious effect; and a writer of the eighteenth century had said, with great truth, that he detested the Jesuits because they were an order *aboutissant*. But in republics morality was wanted above all things. 2. The Jesuits were dangerous because they made use of the ecclesiastical character to carry disorder

into families, and to divide the members of them, in order the more easily to govern them. Examples abounded, and, if necessary, he could cite many. 3. They were dangerous because the order required of all its members a blind obedience, an absolute submission. He who was a member of the society, whether he were a Jesuit properly so called, or merely belonged to the order under another denomination, could no longer have either opinions or will. As soon as the leaders gave orders, those who were enrolled in that militia were obliged to obey, without examination; and if the chief ordered the members and their associates to work in secret to subvert republican governments, they were obliged to obey, without examination, whether they thought it right or wrong. But what was necessary to the people of Switzerland, if they wished to maintain their independence, was the sentiment of liberty and moral force, and that sentiment the Jesuits annihilated. 4. The Jesuits were dangerous because they had neither family nor country. As soon as a Swiss citizen entered the order of the Jesuits, he only belonged to that body. On this account the governments of the cantons would do well to make a law that any one entering the order of the Jesuits should lose his natural rights. When a man was obliged to lay aside his feelings of family, to disown his cantonal as well as federal country, he was no longer a Swiss; he was nothing but a Jesuit and a stranger to every country. 5. The Jesuits were dangerous because they endeavored everywhere to seize upon power. In despotic and monarchical governments, where the head was invested with extended authority, they

might be tempted to make use of the Jesuits as auxiliaries. As long as the Jesuits did not dominate, they would consent to serve a master; but when they had attained their end, they took advantage of services which they had rendered to establish their domination over those who had recourse to them. This was what made all the governments of Europe banish them from their states. They were dangerous to monarchies, and still more to republics, where the authorities did not possess the elements necessary to counterbalance their pernicious influence. 6. They were especially dangerous to Switzerland, because one of the principal ends of the order was to extirpate Protestantism. Without doubt, the Swiss Catholics had a right that their Protestant brethren should respect their religious convictions; but the Protestants had also rights which should be respected by the Catholics; and the deputies of the canton of Berne would demand, if those Catholic cantons which tolerated, and even invited into their bosoms an order, the object of which is the extirpation of Protestantism, conducted themselves like good confederates towards the reformed cantons; if they fulfilled the federal duties, and if those states had not the right to say to the states which received the Jesuits, 'We have no congregation which labors for the extirpation of Catholicism, and we ask of you not to tolerate a corporation so hostile to us as the Society of Jesus.' These were the principal reasons which made the canton of Berne consider the Jesuits as dangerous; but there were many others which he could state, and among others, the recent events in the country were a strong proof of the danger of the

Jesuits. The only legal way to settle the question was, by taking the opinions of the cantons in the diet, and if twelve of the cantons voted that the Jesuits were dangerous, the others must submit. M. Neuhaus concluded by reading his instructions from his canton, which were to demand a decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from every part of Switzerland.

“The action of the diet is already known.”

The reader may see from the above, proofs almost positive of the truth of every crime with which I have charged Popish Jesuits. The Hon. M. Neuhaus, a representative from a people proverbially generous, distinguished as a nation for honesty and simple integrity. Switzerland and chivalry are almost synonymous since the days of William Tell. Switzerland, honesty, virtue and piety are understood to be almost one and the same thing. Even among ourselves, in the United States, a Swiss Protestant emigrant needs no recommendation but a certificate of his nativity. We trust him; we confide in him, because he is honest; we believe him because he is truth himself. All the finer qualities of uncorrupted humanity seem to be his by birth-right. One hundred and twenty thousand of these honorable men petitioned their Legislature to pass a law for the *expulsion* of Jesuits from their country, and their representative, M. Neuhaus, the embodiment of their virtue and integrity, supports the prayer of their petition, charging those Jesuits to their teeth, proving from the history of their past and present lives, that they are collectively and individually *immoral and treacherous* men, the sworn enemies of

freedom and disturbers of the peace. He accuses them of being leagued together, and bound by the most awful oaths, to overthrow the government and exterminate the Protestants of Germany. He accuses them of maintaining spies in Protestant families, of tampering with their children, and introducing disobedience and disorder amongst them.

I regret extremely that I have not his whole speech, but if there is a file of the Swiss papers in the city, it will be found in those of last March.

I am ready now, fellow-citizens, for your verdict. I submit the case between the Jesuit Bishop of Strasburg and myself, to you without further argument.

If I am correct in my charges against Jesuits; if the various crimes, with which Eugene Sue charges them, be well founded,—and I declare, on the *honor of an American citizen and a member of the American bar, that they are*,—I ask my fellow-citizens of the United States for a verdict in my favor.

But it will be said, for the hundredth time, that the constitution of this country protects our people against dangers from Jesuits, or any other foreign source; and that our representatives will never betray the trust which the people repose in them; or even if they did betray it, the constitution provides for such a contingency. True, it does. But let me observe, that our constitution never supposed nor made any provision for such a contingency as that the people would betray themselves; and still this case is as plain to me as the noon-day. It is not only possible that the people of this country could betray themselves, but they are actually doing it at the present moment.

I will admit that a courageous people, such as our citizens are, can be neither cozened nor bullied out of their liberty; but it must be also admitted, that an intelligent and generous people may cease to be such; they may abet and admit amongst them the sworn enemies of their constitution, under false ideas of *toleration* and liberty; they may want the wisdom and judgment necessary to discern their danger in time; and in the necessarily downward progress of degeneracy, it is not even impossible,—such things have been before now,—that they may want courage to ward off the evil when it stares them in the face.

Look back, Americans, to the history of by-gone days. The Tarquins were expelled, and Rome resumed her liberty. Cæsar was murdered, and his whole race exterminated: but Rome remained in bondage. In the days of Tarquin, the Roman people were not entirely corrupt; in the days of Cæsar, they were thoroughly so. You, Americans, may be betrayed, though perhaps you may never betray yourselves voluntarily. But take heed, I entreat you, of Jesuits. Our constitution makes it difficult, if not impossible, to destroy our liberty by any sudden outbreak of popular fury, or even by the treachery of a few. But if you, as a people, or the majority of you, will concur with the *few*; if you will deliberately suffer them to acquire a majority, your constitution is nothing better than “a piece of parchment, with a bit of red sealing-wax dangling from it.” It ceases to be yours; it becomes the constitution of foreigners; it is the property of Jesuits and Popish priests, the moment they get the major-

ity of voters; you, Americans, have nothing to do with it. It secures no rights for you, nor should it be longer called the *American* constitution. Recollect that ten or fifteen years will give Papists a majority of voters in the United States, nor should I be surprised if, within half a century, the Pope of Rome was seen in New York or the city of Boston, as he is now in Rome, on Palm Sunday, mounted upon an ass, in blasphemous imitation of the Saviour entering Jerusalem, with thousands and tens of thousands of Papists spreading palms upon the streets, and shouting Hosanna to "our Lord God, the Pope."

This subject, Americans, is worthy of your serious consideration, to say the least of it. You are jealous of your charters and your privileges; perhaps sufficiently so. But you seem indifferent to the peril with which your liberty is threatened by Romish priests, inculcating treason in their confessionals, up to your very beards. What avail your laws against treason, implied treason and constructive treason? What avail your bills of rights, either national or state, when a priest, at your very door, aye, under your very roofs, is insidiously instilling into the ears of his PENITENTS at the confessional, treachery to your government, to your laws, to your religion, and even to each other? What avails your trial by jury, when oaths lose their sanctity, and a Jesuit teaches his *penitent that no faith is to be held with Protestants*; while there are amongst you nearly three millions of people, who are taught to disregard your laws, whose rulers,—the priests,—connive at its infringement, and refuse themselves to be amenable to

your civil or criminal courts? Do not be startled at my telling you that they refuse to be amenable to your courts. This is probably new to many of you; but as I make no statement which I cannot prove, I refer you to the case of the Romish priest, Carbury, in New York. It occurred some years ago, and is duly reported.

This priest, Carbury, peremptorily refused answering, while on the stand as a witness, any questions put to him by the court, in a case of great importance affecting the government of the State of New York. He defied the judge on the bench, the sheriff, and all other officers of the court. He contended that the constitution of the United States guarantied to him the free exercise of his religion, and, by implication, the right of hearing *confession*, and giving and receiving in the confessional such *counsel* and advice as his church required of him to give. And such was the sway which foreign Papists had in New York at that time, that the court did not and dare not commit him to prison for *contempt*; though, under similar circumstances, the officers of the court would drag an American citizen to jail, as they would a common felon. But the priest Carbury did no more than he was ordered to do by his church.

The Popish council of Lateran declares "it unlawful for a civil magistrate to require any oath from a Roman Catholic priest." A work, called the *Corpus Juris Canonici*, containing all the revised statutes of the Council of Trent, the last held in the Popish church, has issued the following proclamation to all monks, priests, bishops, and Jesuits: "We declare it unlawful for civil magistrates to require

any oath of the clergy, and *we forbid* all priests from taking any such oath." The Council of Lateran declares and announces to the Popish priesthood, as well as to the whole world, "that all magistrates, who interpose against priests in any criminal cause, whether it be for *murder* or *high treason*, shall be excommunicated; and if he condemn any priest for *murder*, or any other crime, he shall be excommunicated."

Thus we see that in our very midst, a Romish priest has but to go into his confessional, and there he may become accessory before or after the fact, to treason, arson, murder, or other crimes, and hold our laws and our magistrates in utter contempt and utter defiance. This they have done before, in the neighboring city of New York, and this they will do again, whenever it suits their plans and purposes.

Pour in amongst us a few more millions of a people who believe and sanction this doctrine; flood our country with a population subject to a priesthood maintaining such doctrine as this, and what must be the consequence? Vice, ignorance and laziness; just what it is in every country where Romish priests are permitted to exist and exercise their pernicious principles. There is a defect of moral principle and moral honesty wherever the Popish confessional is to be found. I know the reverse of this is believed by Americans, and not without some apparent reason. Here I do not blame them. They are deceived, and often have I wished, often and often have I resolved to undeceive them in this particular. Many and many a time have I resolved to be no longer a party to this shameful imposition

upon Americans. Many and many a time, have I determined to shake off from my soul any participation, directly or indirectly, in fastening upon the minds of American Protestants that the Romish confessional was the means of making Roman Catholic laborers and servants more honest than they otherwise would be. It is not so. Protestants know not the plans or schemes of Popish priests, in anything. Fraud and imposition are reduced to a science in the Romish church. Let me explain how the impression has got among Protestants, that *confessing sins to the priests* is a very good thing "for the ignorant Irish." "*It keeps them honest.*" I can scarcely refrain from laughing, when I hear this observation. It has been made to me by some of the most amiable, benevolent, and charitable ladies and gentlemen in this city of Boston, and elsewhere; and though I understood the deception played upon them, I felt almost unwilling to remove so charitable but delusive a dream. There is an old proverb, "it is better late than never." Let me do so now. Justice to Protestants, and even to the Roman Catholic laborers and domestics themselves, requires this at my hands.

The *modus operandi* of Romish priests is as follows: When a Popish or Jesuit priest settles in a city or town, he looks about him and ascertains what the character, circumstances, politics and religion of the different families are. If he discovers that any particular Protestant family is wealthy, entirely unacquainted with Popery, and liberally disposed, he takes a note of the fact, and determines, by some means, to form an acquaintance with the

head of that family. This is sometimes not easily done. It is not often that men of wealth are desirous of the personal acquaintance of clergymen of any denomination. They know that, pretty generally speaking, there is little to be gained, so far as worldly goods are concerned, from a personal intimacy with them. Of this Romish priests are well aware, and act accordingly. When one of them desires an acquaintance with the head of a family, he unceremoniously calls upon him, hands him some money,—more or less according to circumstances,—and without any explanation tells him it is his, and seems no way desirous of further conversation. The gentleman or lady, who receives the money, of course, detains the priest or Jesuit, and asks what he wishes him or her to do with this money; whether he deposited it for safe-keeping, or whether he wished it paid over to some one. The answer of the Jesuit is, sir, or madam, “the money is yours. I received it in the discharge of my duty as a priest,” and he departs.

The result of this piece of Jesuit acting is obvious. The gentleman mentions the circumstance to his family, the merchant to his neighboring merchants, the mother mentions it to her children, and to every mother on her list of visitors, and all finally come to the conclusion that the money has been received in the *confessional*; that some poor Roman Catholic in their employment had stolen it, and that the priest in the *confessional* caused restitution to be made; that, after all, this “going to *confessional* was a good thing,—it kept the Catholic servants honest; and if it were not for it, there would be no safety in giving

them employment." The husband tells his wife to throw no obstacles in the way of her domestics going to confession, as he believed it was a check upon their dishonesty, and makes up his mind that it is at least good policy to sustain Popery and Popish priests. He calls upon the Jesuit bishop or priest, touches his hat for him should he meet him upon the streets, tells him he would be happy to see him at his house; and thus, by this tedious, though sure process, does a reverend Jesuit priest gain his end. The family is now at his mercy; and the best recommendation a domestic can bring to this family, or any of their acquaintances, is that of a scheming deceitful Popish priest or bishop, with whom, if properly known, no respectable man would be seen walking the streets. Often have I done this while a Romish priest.

This process, by which Popish priests and Jesuits often insinuate themselves into the confidence of some of our most respectable Protestant families, has in it something ineffably mean, contemptible and wicked. There is something worm-like and vampire-like in the whole process. The bold robber is an honorable man, compared with a skulking Jesuit priest. The robber runs some risk in gaining possession of his booty; he has, at least, the redeeming quality of personal bravery. The eagle, which takes his prey to the very pinnacle of the loftiest rock, though that prey should be the infant of the fondest mother, and there devours it before the eyes of its agonized parent, must claim more or less admiration for its boldness. There is a majesty in its flight which diminishes the atrocity of the act; by

one bound the noble bird gains his point. But the Jesuit, like the worm, like the loathsome reptile, gains his by beginning at the root, at the base of domestic happiness and virtue, and creeps and gnaws his way until he reaches its summit, and then laughs as he sees it mouldering under his feet.

But this is not all. The Protestant family with whom he forms an acquaintance by these dishonorable means, are not the only sufferers. Injustice is done to the Catholic domestics in Protestant families. A palpable imputation of dishonesty is thrown upon the whole body of them. An implied impression is left upon the minds of Protestants that they are all dishonest,—that they would all rob, pilfer and steal, if they were not forbidden and compelled to make restitution in the *confessional*. But what signifies it to a Jesuit priest, what Protestants think of poor Roman Catholics? If they only believe that priests and Jesuits are *saints*, that is all they care for. If priests can only manage to cause Protestants to attribute the honesty of Papists to themselves, and can cause the Catholics to hate and despise Protestants for suspecting them of dishonesty, their point is gained, though at the expense of injustice both to Protestant and Catholic. It is peculiarly unjust towards Catholic domestics, who are really as honest as other people, if their priests will let them be, and who might be as good citizens as others, were it not for priests and Jesuits. Do away with the supremacy of the Pope and *auricular confession*, and the foreigners who come among us from Ireland and other Catholic countries, would be as peaceable, as industrious and as worthy citizens as any we have, but never

can these poor people enjoy the blessings of freedom here or elsewhere, while they have any connection with priests, confessionals, or popes. Americans are not inimical to foreigners who conduct themselves with propriety, and pay a due respect to the laws of their country; but they are inimical,—and it is their duty to be so,—to all who traitorously interfere with their civil rights; and it is not a little singular, that among the millions of foreigners which have fled to this land of freedom, none but Papists have interfered with their laws, their institutions, or their customs. I have resided in the United States for thirty years or thereabouts, and never have I heard a Protestant say that he has been ill-treated or unkindly dealt with by Americans, on account of his foreign birth; and I can declare, with equal sincerity, that I have never known a Roman Catholic satisfied with our republican form of government, and who did not avow,—when he could do so without being heard by Protestants,—that he *wished a Roman Catholic government* established in its place.

It is a strange circumstance, but nevertheless true, that Americans have no difficulties with any foreigners amongst them except the Roman Catholics. There are various denominations of foreigners in the United States, but all others enjoy the blessings of liberty, quietly and thankfully. Papists alone are dissatisfied; they alone refuse to hear to reason, and seem inclined to govern by force. No Protestant priest in the United States has ever been known to be controlled in the discharge of his duty by a foreign potentate. None of them were ever known to harangue their flocks and march them through

American cities, with banners bearing the treasonable motto, written in conspicuous letters, "*Americans shan't rule us.*" Popish bishops and Papists alone, have dared to do this.

I have always been, and I trust I am now, the advocate of peace; but I will confess, that I am at a loss to know whether there is to be found in any code of political, or even moral ethics, a single passage which can justify Americans in permitting this outrage upon their laws and upon their national character. It may be a *salutary inconsistency, a laudable apostasy*, on the part of Americans, to permit this insult to their country and to the memory of their noble and patriotic ancestors; but if these ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, were living, and saw this *Popish flag* with this *Popish motto*, paraded by foreign Papists over their graves, I will only say, the insult should never be repeated; there would be no one left to bear the standard.

I do not believe, that, from the days of Cain to the days of Bishop Hughs, of New York, there has ever been witnessed so insolent, or so inflated a condensation of treason, as was contained in that solitary Popish motto, "*AMERICANS SHAN'T RULE US;*" and if Americans were not a people of singular forbearance, they would have levelled to the ground every Popish church, and put to the sword every Popish priest and bishop in the country.

The poor Irish Papists who marched through our cities, waving in the very face of Americans, the flag which bore this treasonable motto to which I have alluded, are not so much to be blamed; a majority of them are but the children of impulse, whose

passions are played upon by designing priests. I repeat it,—and again and again I have repeated it,—the Irish are naturally a well-disposed people. They would be true to this country, and faithful to its laws and constitution, if their priests and church would let them. This is evident in the contrast which is visible between the Papists and Protestants of Ireland. There are not in this country better men or more faithful citizens than the Protestants of Ireland. Where can we find a man who values *character* more highly than an Irish Protestant? Where is there to be found a man, who contributes more, by his own example and that of his family, to the preservation of virtue and morality, than a Protestant Irishman, in the United States? I can say, from my own knowledge of Protestant Irishmen in particular, that they are temperate, frugal, industrious, and eminently sincere in their professions and attachments. I mean not any invidious comparison, when I say there is no finer character than a Protestant Irishman. He is in earnest in everything, in his words and in his actions.

Americans, give him the hand of friendship; give him your confidence; he will not betray you. In the hour of danger, he will stand by yourselves, your laws, and your constitution. He will defend them with his strong arm and brave heart; his religion teaches him to do so. But not so the Irish Papist. Trust him not, at least until he renounces his religion, which tells him that you are *heretics*, and should be *extirpated*, and that your constitution shall not *rule him*.

I am little inclined to moralize, but it is to me a

sad reflection, to see this contrast between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Irish; all occasioned by that accursed thing called Popery.

Even the Christian League, so grossly abused by Papists, seem to entertain no other feelings than those of hospitality towards them; but in truth, nothing is to be feared by Papists from that association. As far as I know them by reputation, they are men of zeal, piety, and fine talents; but they are no match for the trained bands of the Popish army. They want discipline. It is true I know nothing of them but through their speeches, some of which have been published in our leading religious journals. These I have read, and the *League* itself could not give me credit for taste or judgment, did I not pronounce them pointless, pithless, powerless, almost useless. They evidently overrate themselves or undervalue the force of their opponents. The latter I have reason to know is the fact.

It is true his holiness has condescended to *curse* them. He sent recently a bull formally excommunicating them as a set of *dammèd heretics*. I am glad of this. It may arouse them to a greater concert of action.

But what if this League should succeed in that which seems to be after all their leading object, the circulation of the Bible in Italy? Suppose they even succeeded in suppressing Jesuitism altogether in that country, what then? Would Popery cease to exist? Or has the *Christian League* counted the cost at which this may be done? Have they reflected that while they are mowing down the withered weeds of Popery in the morally barren fields of Italy, that

Jesuits are carefully collecting its seeds and roots, and planting them in the new and rich fields of their own country, where, in the homely but expressive language of our farmers, one acre will produce more than ten in Italy? The whole course of this League, as far as I am able to judge, is injudicious, and for the one moral good that will be the consequence, fifty evil ones must follow. Not a single member of this learned association would apply their rule of action, in relation to Italy, to the management of any other transaction in life. What farmer, for instance, would waste his time in cultivating a sandy barren field on his farm, and leave uncultivated a rich, loamy and productive one? Or would he try to cultivate both without sufficient hands to do either well? Assuredly, no judicious man would do so; or if he did, a failure and poverty would be the necessary consequence. If the *League* desire success, they must strike at the root of the evil of which they complain. Who, for instance, that had a tree in his garden, whose fruit and blossoms were poisonous, would spend his time, every spring and autumn, in plucking off those blossoms and gathering up this fruit, with a view of getting rid of this troublesome and destructive tree? Would you, gentlemen of the Christian *League*, not smile at the individual whom you saw thus employed? Would you not, in charity, say to him,—sir, you should root out that tree altogether from your garden; but especially should you take care that if any of its seeds has found its way into a richer garden or more valuable soil of yours, to extirpate the latter first, as the poison which that

will emit will be much more rank, subtle and in greater quantity.

If Jesuitism were now confined to Italy alone, the members of the *Christian alliance* may, perhaps, be right. If there was but one tree in the farmer's garden, and its seeds had not taken root in any of his more valuable domains, he might take his own time in removing the tree, either by cutting it down, or by gathering up its fruits and blossoms to suit his taste, fancy or eccentricity. But when the seed of this tree has taken root and begins to flourish luxuriantly, in the only spot of land from which he expected support for himself and family, he is a thriftless farmer that would not extirpate this tree, root and branch, fruit and blossom, from this valuable spot on which his own support and that of a numerous family depended.

Let this rule be applied to the individual members of the *Christian alliance*, or rather let each member apply it to himself. He cannot but see that the poisonous seed of Popery has found its way to this country, and taken deep root in some of its most verdant fields. I am aware that these gentlemen will pay but little attention to my remonstrances or warnings. Men entrenched behind the pride of opinion will seldom yield to the summons of reason. For more than twenty years I have warned Protestants, but to no effect, of an approaching inundation of Popish priests and Jesuit principles. Suppose a fire should rage through one of our most populous cities; suppose it should have extended to the very middle of its lengthiest streets; would it be wise to go and try to check its progress by seeking for the

spot where it began? The whole force of the fire companies and citizens should be concentrated at the extreme point at which it extended; every effort should be made to prevent its progressing further. Palaces, houses, hovels, goods, all should be pulled down at every risk of individual property to stop the conflagration. Suppose a prairie were on fire; suppose that prairie belonged to the *Christian alliance*; suppose the loss of it involved their own ruin and the ruin of their posterity,—would they, or any one of them, go to look for the spot where the fire originated? Not they. It would be madness to do so. Each and every one of them would turn up their sleeves and never cease to labor until they cut a ditch deep and wide enough to prevent the progress of the flames.

Why do they not pursue the same course in relation to Popery? They see Popery burning, blazing, whizzing, and devastating this whole land, and in place of cutting a ditch, or throwing up such a barrier as will check its further advance, they go by a sort of retro-progressive movement, back to Italy, to begin this work. Pardon me, fellow-citizens. Though I disapprove of the course of your proceedings in trying to prevent the further spread of Popery, I am willing to acknowledge that in talents, zeal, piety, and general learning, you infinitely excel me; but I believe I am not vain in saying that in the knowledge of Popery and Jesuit intrigue, I am not inferior to you. You are evidently in the dark in practical acquaintance with Popery, and I hesitate not to tell you now, that until you unite with me heart and hand in my efforts to extirpate it from this country,

you will be laughed at by every Romish priest and bishop in the United States; well knowing, as they do, that while you are converting one Italian to Protestantism, they are converting five hundred Americans to Popery; and that while you are distributing one little tract, which one Italian in a thousand,—even if he could, would not read,—they are building one hundred colleges, nunneries, and monk houses, in your very midst, and at your very doors. You will find, by-and-by, that this very country of yours, this very land of freedom, will supply even Italy with Jesuits and priests enough to drive you, your Bibles and tracts, beyond their boundaries. Stand upon your own soil; let Americans never engage in any foreign religious or political war. You have not now the moral power to wage an offensive religious war; that day is gone by. I warned you of it twenty-five years ago, but you heeded me not; you were deaf. You have quite enough to do now to defend your own soil, and much more, I fear, than you will be able to accomplish, with all your zeal and talents.

One of the members of the *Christian League*, at its late convention in Boston, has stated, if I am not mistaken, that the *Pope read one of its tracts, and looked very sad*. For the word *sad*, should be substituted *glad*. If he read the tract at all, which I doubt, it must have been extremely gratifying to him. It showed him clearly that he had succeeded in humbugging Americans even farther than he expected; and with due deference to each and every member of the *League*, I must say, that this is the only inference which any man, versed in a knowl-

edge of Popery, or even of human nature, would or could draw from that circumstance.

The Romish church has a vast interest in this country; an interest so deep that no line can sound it; an interest of such magnitude, that the power of numbers can scarcely calculate it, and of such altitude, that it scarcely admits of a measurement; and the Pope's object is to divert the attention of the *Christian League*, and all other American Protestants, from this country to Italy, which, if given to us with all its *relics*, Jesuits, monks and nuns, would not enrich us much in a pecuniary point of view, and would be only the means of flooding us with infidelity and immorality.

It is sound policy in the Pope, to attract the attention of American Protestants to Italy. He knows well, that the citadel of our liberties can never be taken, without this or some other similar plot. Let him but succeed in turning the eyes of Americans from the altar of our own liberty, on which the God of freedom sits enthroned, to Italy, and pour in upon us his vassals at the rate of two thousand in *forty-eight hours*,—as we are told was done in New York, last week,—and freedom's God will soon be dishonored, and the image of some Popish vagabond, called *saint*, will be seated in its place.

The whole country must form itself into one Protestant alliance, and swear upon the altar of freedom, that no man shall be admitted to the rights of an American citizen, until he forswears *all allegiance, spiritual and temporal, civil and religious*, without mental reservation or equivocation, to the Pope of Rome. Every appeal to the Pope of Rome, from the

citizens of this country, or from any man living within its limits, for the purpose of settling any difficulties between them about church rights, civil rights, or any other rights whatever, should be considered treason; and the individual or individuals who shall make such appeals, whether a Popish archbishop, bishop, priests, Jesuits, or laymen, should be prosecuted as *felons*, and subjected to the most ignominious punishment known to our laws.

This, and this alone, can effectually arrest the progress of Popery in these United States. No Papists can complain of this, and no honest man will object to it. Such a law is not at variance with our constitution; it prevents no man from worshipping God according to the dictates of his own conscience. On the contrary, it only guaranties even to the Papist, in still stronger terms than our constitution now does, the right of worshipping God as he pleases, and relieves him from the degrading obligation of being obliged to worship him according to the dictates of the conscience of a foreign tyrant, the Pope of Rome, and his insolent minions in this country.

I believe there is not even an Irish Catholic in this country who will not support such a law. A little reflection will satisfy them that nearly all the evils they suffer, and have borne patiently for centuries back, have been brought upon them by the Church of Rome. They will soon perceive, if they only take the trouble of examining the question, that there is not, and never was, such a system of general, permanent, and unlimited slavery, as that to which the Romish church has reduced them. It is irreconcilable with happiness, good order, public and

private tranquillity; and there cannot possibly exist a more singular anomaly, than to see a whole people willing to submit to such a system, and preferring it to the rational freedom which they enjoy in this country.

Far be it from me, and foreign indeed is it from my thoughts, to say, or do, or write anything that may injure the true welfare of the poor Irish Catholics. I would serve them, and, in the full flow of my affection for them, I would beg of them to pause and look seriously into their condition. The year before last, 1843, the Irish people paid to O'Connell twenty-eight thousand pounds. This was called the O'Connell tribute. In the same year, they paid *repeal rent*, amounting to the enormous sum of seventy-eight thousand five hundred pounds sterling; amounting in all, to one hundred and six thousand five hundred pounds British money. The above, I take from the accounts and estimates of the repeal journals. Let us add to the above sum the amount which the Irish in the United States have sent over to Ireland, and some idea may be formed of the grinding tyranny which the Romish church and her agents exercise over their deluded victims here and elsewhere.

Under these circumstances, is it not my duty, is it not the duty of every friend of humanity, to appeal to the good sense of the Irish, to their "sober second thought," and ask them, why submit to such imposition as this? Why not resist these tyrannical exactions of the Church of Rome? For they know well, that it is not *Irish repeal* or *American repeal*, that the Pope and his priests have in view;

but *church* repeal. What have the Irish received in exchange for the vast sums which they have given, and the blood which they have shed, to effect this Irish, or rather *church* repeal, and the loss of that confidence and esteem, which they might otherwise have from Americans? Nothing. Emphatically nothing. Suppose they succeeded in overthrowing the constitution; suppose they reduced to sad reality the words of their daring and treasonable motto, "*Americans shan't rule us,*" and the American constitution were trampled under their feet; suppose the "*Protestant heretics* of the United States" were extirpated and exterminated, *qui bono*, whose advantage would it be? Would it be yours, poor, warm-hearted, but deluded Irish Catholics? Would your new Popish rulers give you a better constitution? Would your new Popish *signers* to your constitution be men of more piety, liberality, or patriotism, than the signers of the Declaration of the Independence of these United States? Let the civilized world answer the question. I shall not record it. It should be registered only in heaven.

Poor Papists! You are not only slaves, but you are denied the privilege of choosing your own master. Your task-master, the Pope, and his *overseers*, the bishops, will not even allow you to choose your own teachers, or have priests of your choice. They will not even give you a voice in the choice of your pastors. Do you call this freedom of conscience? A bishop, some insolent tool of the pope, tells you to build a church; puts his hand in your pockets, takes out the last dollar some of you have, builds a magnificent chapel, and when you want a priest, whom

you believe most competent to instruct yourselves and your children, you cannot have him; and if you insist upon your just right to choose him, you are told by your tyrant *overseer*, the bishop, to be silent, or he will lock up the church, and *curse* you, and every one belonging to you. Call you this freedom of conscience? Call you this the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of your own conscience? Yes. Such is your infatuation. I ask you, Irish Papists, whether I am exaggerating or even discolored the truth, in what I here state?

About the year 1818, the Roman Catholics of Norfolk, Virginia, had for their priest a man supposed by them to be among the best of the order. They wished him continued among them; but their bishop would not allow it; and when they murmured, he threatened to *curse* them; they sent a remonstrance to the Pope of Rome, but he did not deign to notice it; they had to submit. Here was liberty of conscience with a vengeance! The Roman Catholics of Philadelphia, New Orleans, Charleston, and New York, sent similar remonstrances to his *royal holiness*, the Pope; but in place of redress, he reprimanded them for their insolence, and threatened to *curse* them, if they exhibited any further symptoms of *contumacy*; and they crouched like so many whipped spaniels, perfectly content with the *privilege* of paying out their money and building magnificent churches for the Pope's agents.

A similar case occurred in this city of Boston, if I am correctly informed, only a short time ago. A large majority of one of the most respectable Roman Catholic congregations in this city, wished to have

for their pastor, a priest whom they believed to be a man of talents; but their Bishop, Fenwick,—a practical Jesuit, with talents below mediocrity, but possessing all the craft, cunning and intrigue of his order,—had the unparalleled assurance to tell them that *they should not have the pastor of their choice; that they had no voice in the matter*; that he was the *church* within the limits of his diocese; that they who did not *hear* the church “were worse than heathens and publicans;” and that if they did not shut up their mouths, he would shut up their church at once, and *curse* them if they became *contumacious*. Is this freedom of conscience? And yet we hear this very majority,—this insulted, down-trodden majority,—talk of the right of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience. Shameful proceedings these, in a free country! Base tyranny over a generous people! Why not say to this would-be despot, Fenwick, we acknowledge you our bishop; we will hear to any objections which you have to make against the pastor of our choice; but if you have none to make, we shall have him; the church is *our property*; and you and your interdicts, *curses* and all such “raw-heads and bloody-bones,” may go to Rome; we want you not in a free country. No longer shall we submit in blind obedience to you, or to a foreign Pope.

The great mass of Irish Catholics, on whom the arts of delusion and chicanery are chiefly practised, do not understand the meaning of the word freedom. They are taught by priest and Jesuits in the confessional, to misapply that term altogether. Freedom or liberty means in its true sense, a faithful and conscientious adherence to law and the constitution of

the country in which we live, and of which we are members. It is the obedience of duty, and anticipates compulsion. It is not a blind obedience, such as that taught by Popish priests, and which favors the extension of their power. Priests and bishops would, if they could, limit the comprehensive term, liberty, to the privilege of bowing to his *holiness* the Pope, and building churches for him. But even Papists are beginning to doubt the legitimacy of this application of the term, and I am much mistaken if there are not, even now, thousands of them in the city of Boston, New York, and elsewhere, who will unite with Americans in petitioning Congress to pass a law, making it treason, in any man in the United States, whether native or foreigner, to hold any correspondence, or to avow any allegiance of any kind or under any name or title, spiritual or temporal, with the Pope of Rome, knowing as they do that he is a temporal potentate. Let the whole people, Christian League, Natives, Odd-fellows, Freemasons, Whigs, Democrats, Conservatives, and all unite in one great national petition to the Congress of the United States, and in one fervent and loud prayer to the God of mercy, that he may give the said Congress a correct view of their duty, and cause them to hear and grant our prayer. This, with such improvements as wiser heads may suggest, is the course I would advise to be pursued in the present posture of our national and moral condition. The time seems propitious; our executive is said to be a Christian. God send he may prove so, and that the blandishments of office may not blind him to a sense of his duty to God and his country!

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DESTRUCTION OF THE INQUISITION IN SPAIN.

IN 1809, Col. Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. And while in that city, said Col. L., I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the Priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition. It had been decreed by the Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and Monasteries should be suppressed, but the decree, he said, like some of the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the Inquisition had not been opened. One night, about 10 or 11 o'clock, as he was walking one of the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an alley, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defence, and while struggling with them, he saw at a distance, the lights of the patroles,—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not however before he saw by their dress that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Col. L. told him that his regiment (the 9th of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments,—the 117th, and another, which he named, he would undertake the work. The 117th regiment was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like Col. L., a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded (said Col. L.) to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket, and shot one of my men. This was the signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breast work upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no can-

non, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for cannon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident, which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms, as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces, and their arms crossed over their breasts, their fingers resting on their shoulders, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "*Why do you fight our friends, the French?*" !

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused

them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room; found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes, and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practised there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings, and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us that they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me, "Colonel, you are commander to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, colo-

nel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were large and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor, to see if the water passed through. Presently Col. De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of one of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers with their swords, and the soldiers with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others with the butts of their muskets striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale as Belshazzar, when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a stair-case. I stepped to the altar, and took from the candlestick one of the candles four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look said, "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands; they are holy."—"Well," I said, "I will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility!" I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached

the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat called the Throne of Judgment. This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition.

From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hoped never to see again.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes and of every age, from three score years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world! and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women, who had been shut

up for many years. Here, too, were the middle aged, and the young man and the maiden of fourteen years old. The soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Col. L., aware of the danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Col. L., to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Col. L. here described four of these horrid instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint in the hands, arms, and body, were broken or drawn one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head, suspended the circulation in a few moments, and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound; the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs all in small pieces. The fourth surpassed

the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

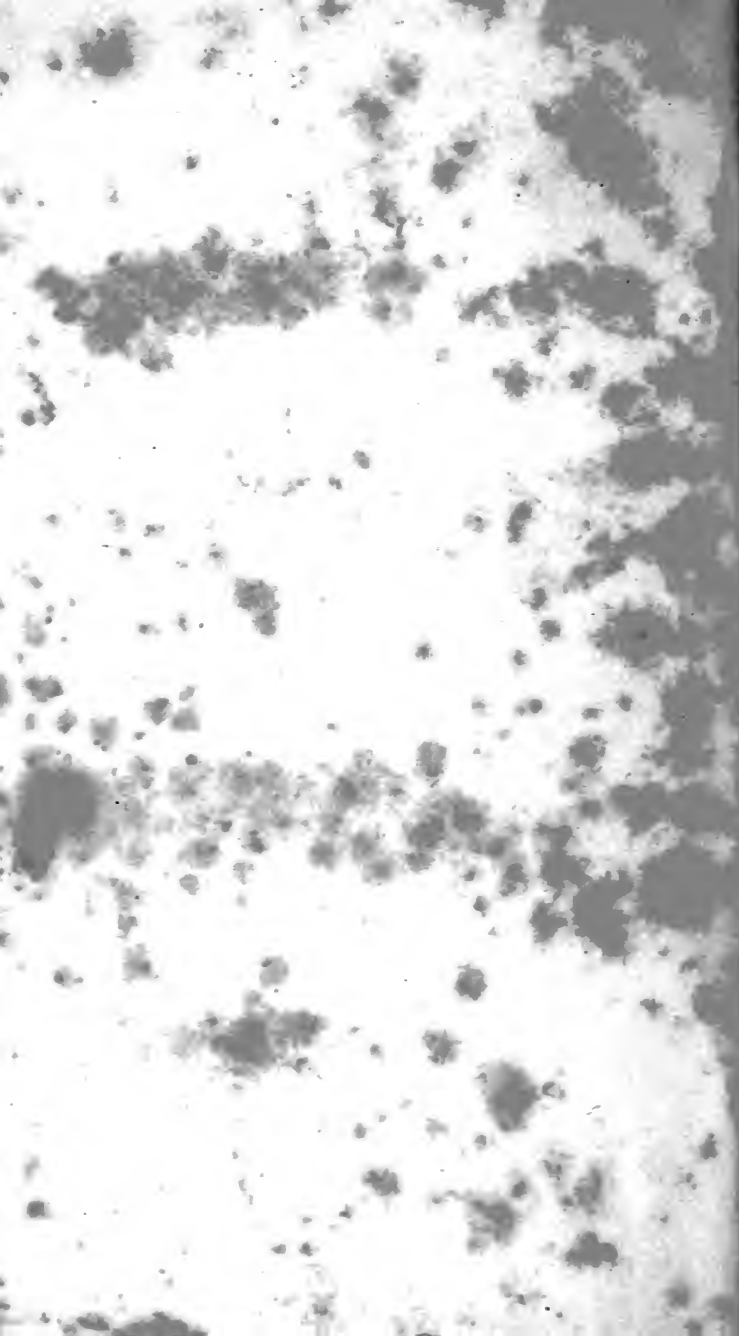
Col. L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Col. L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him, if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machine for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The inquisitor general was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begs to be excused. "No," said they; "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Col. L. said, that he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreak their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house of hell.

In the mean time it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred who had been buried for many years were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers, and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Col. L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, &c., to be removed, and having sent to the city for a wagon load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in the vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more!—*Phil. Christ. Obs.*

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